Miss America

TEEN-L

February

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HOLLYWOOD'S *Younger Set*

By May Mann

Want to know about Hollywood? Who dates whom? Who's going places? May Mann knows and she tells you. . . .

SAW Jeanne Crain at three garden parties in a row. Twice with Paul Brooks, and again with Henry King, Jr. She's just signed a new seven-year contract with 20th-Fox, and she's the top femme "Star of Tomorrow" in Hollywood's Younger Set according to the Motion Picture Herald's Annual Poll. Diana Lynn's in that forecast and so's Peggy Ann Garner and Marilyn Maxwell. The actors are Dane Clark, Keenan Wynn, Cornel Wilde, Tom Drake, Lon McAllister, and William Eythe—wouldn't you know!

This poll is considered reliable. Van Johnson, Turhan Bey, Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly and Sonny Tufts were polled previously and they made it!

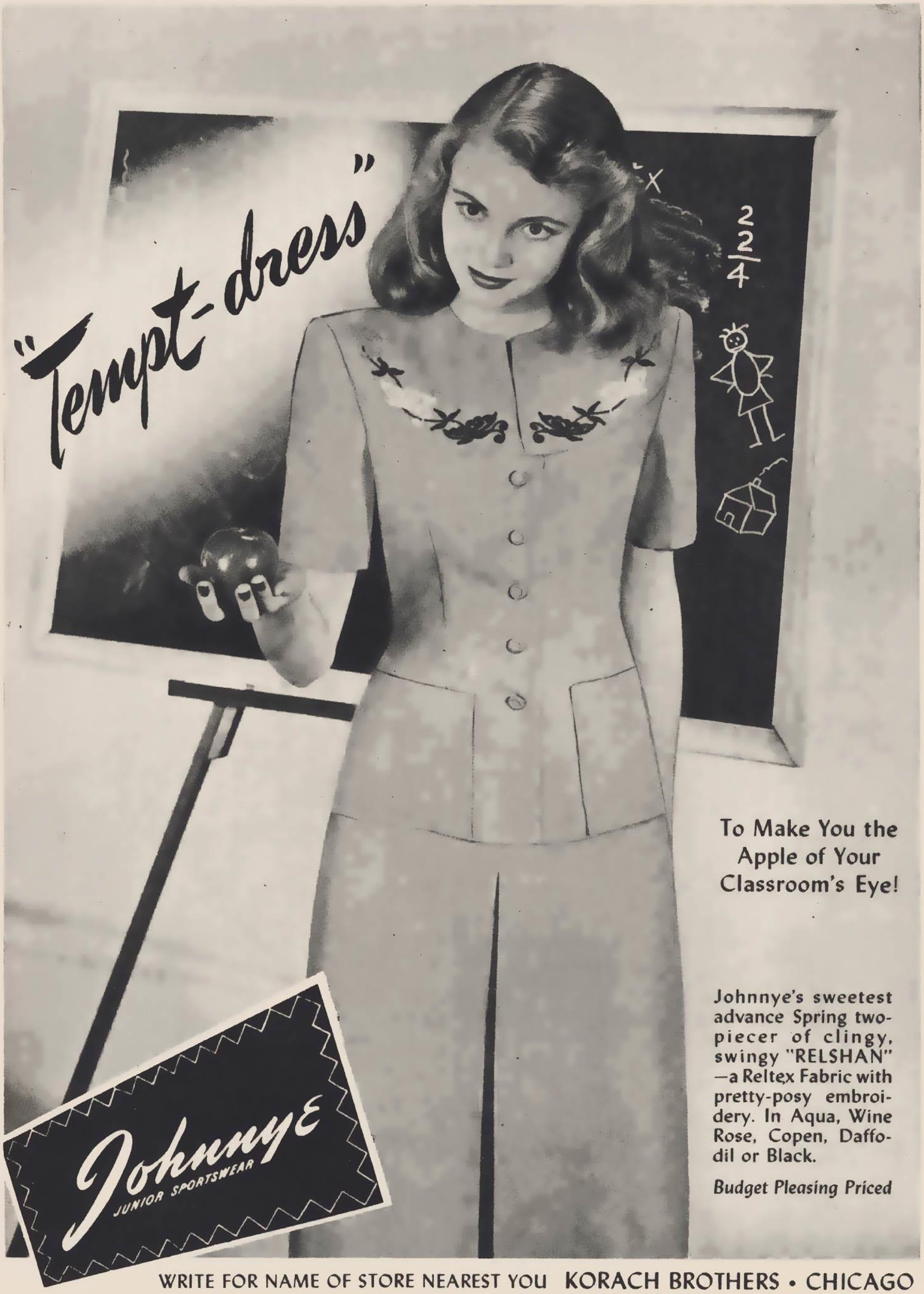
Lovely Mona Freeman all but caught the bride's bouquet at a Hollywood wedding, and within a week she announced her engagement to Pat Nearny. And before you could say "Umbriago" she was married. He's a lucky fellow to win pretty Mona Freeman's heart!

Pamela Britton, the blonde cutie, who was Frankie Sinatra's girl friend in "Anchors Aweigh," was so excited way back on V-J Day when we were driving together and the news flashed from the car's radio. "That means that maybe my fiancé will soon be home," she said, with tears bubbling up in her blue eyes. She said that he, Capt. Arthur Steel, had been gone for two years with General Clark's staff in Europe. Now that he's back, Pamela revealed he's her husband, and that they were married before he went to war! She's so happy, (*Continued on page* 58)

A well-established American custom, that Saturday night movie. It's "two, please" for blonde and blooming Jane Powell and dark and darling Roddy McDowall.

"Too Young To Know" should be a treat since the "young" are lovely, teen-aged Joan Leslie and the latest teen-age rave boy, Bob Hutton. Look well together, yes?

The Time is noon, the Place, Warners' lot, the Girl, Martha Vickers, taking time from (that's right!) "The Time, The Place and The Girl" to lunch with Dick Erdman.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Wear a gleam in your eye, your softest smile, your dreamiest dress and he'll see stars and holler *uncle!*

A tip for toes — ballet slippers, unrationed, are stepping out on all the youngest prettiest feet.

It's smart headwork to shine your crowning glory with cotton threaded through the bristles of your brush to catch the grime . . . and to put Arrid at the top of your grooming list. Glamour gals go for Arrid because it safely stops under-arm perspiration and odor, is kind to skin, harmless to clothes, because it's a soothing antiseptic cream that disappears presto, because it says bye-bye to underarm odor and keeps you always angel-sweet.

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Cover: Kodachrome by Hal Rieff

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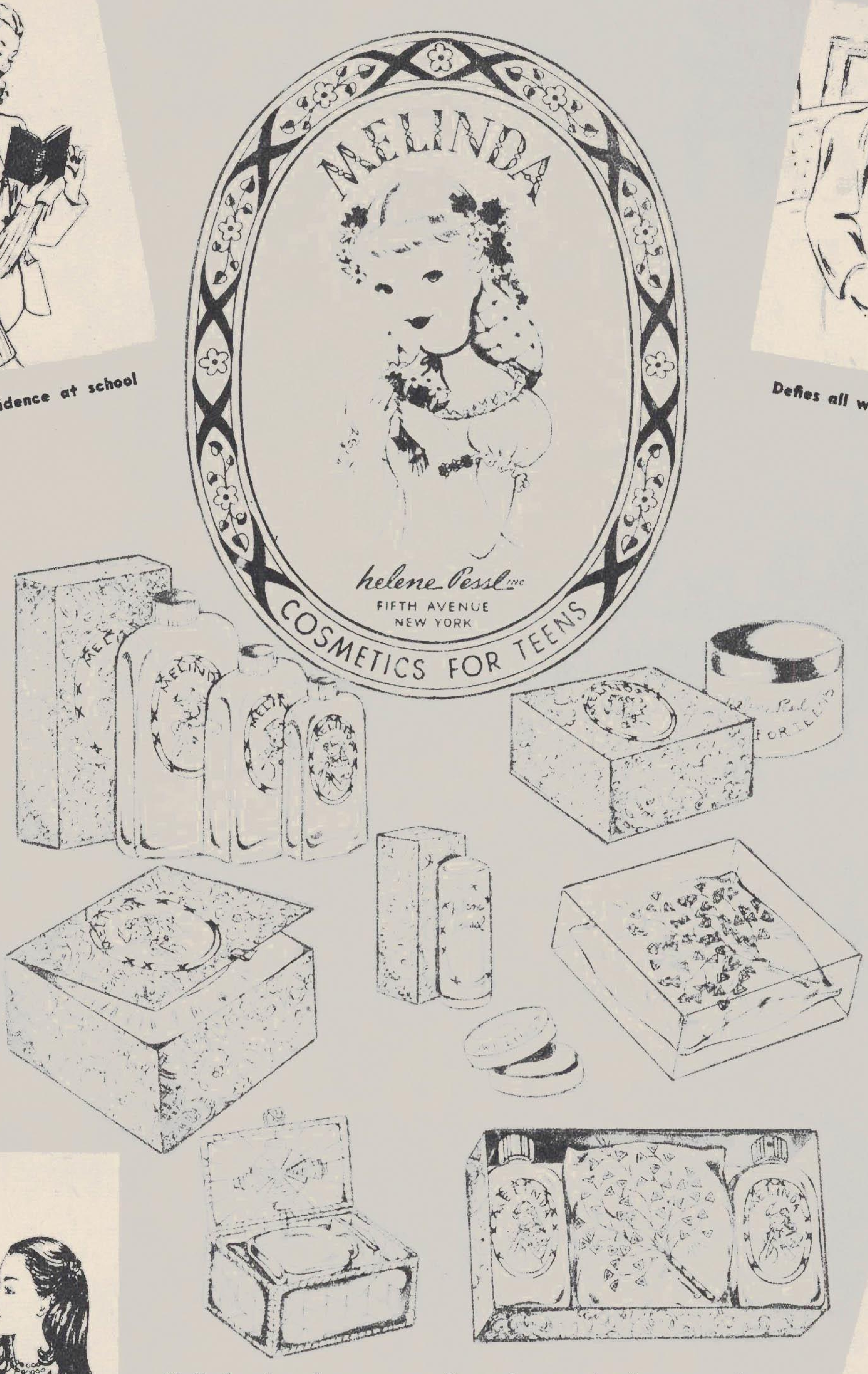
Defies all weather at games



Gives poise for that special date

Melinda, that dreamy new line of cosmetics for teens, is carefully prepared and exquisite in every detail. It is designed especially for you—to help you keep meticulously groomed on all occasions. You'll love *Melinda!* It comprises just about every cosmetic or toilet article your teen-age heart could possibly wish for. On sale at better stores from coast to coast. Single items from $1. plus tax.

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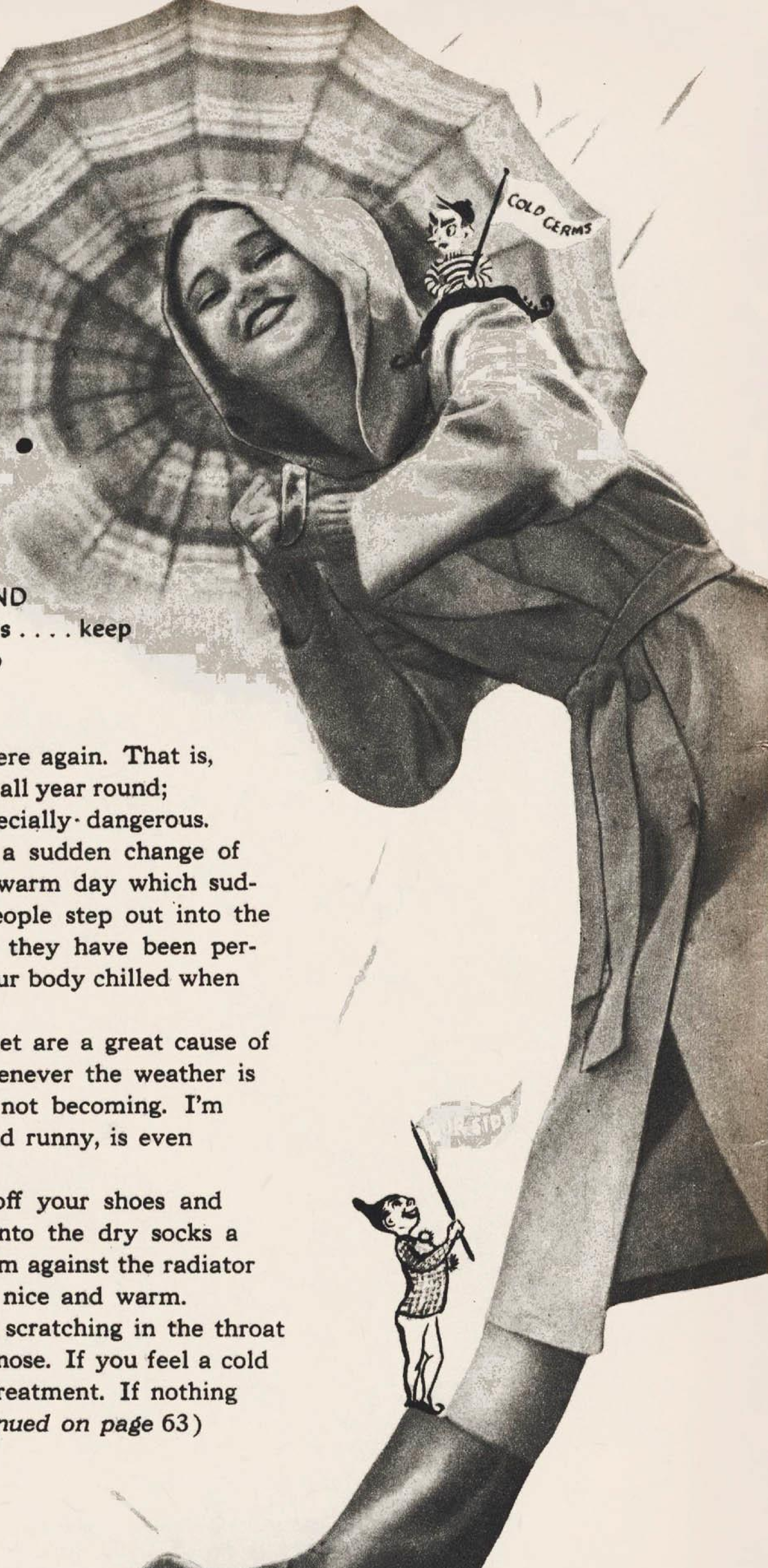
the cold, COLD FACTS..

by John Oliven, M.D.



Shocking! Dr. Oliven, your adviser on BODY AND SOUL, tells you to be selfish . . . with your colds . . . . keep them to yourself. Better yet, he tells you how to avoid them altogether.

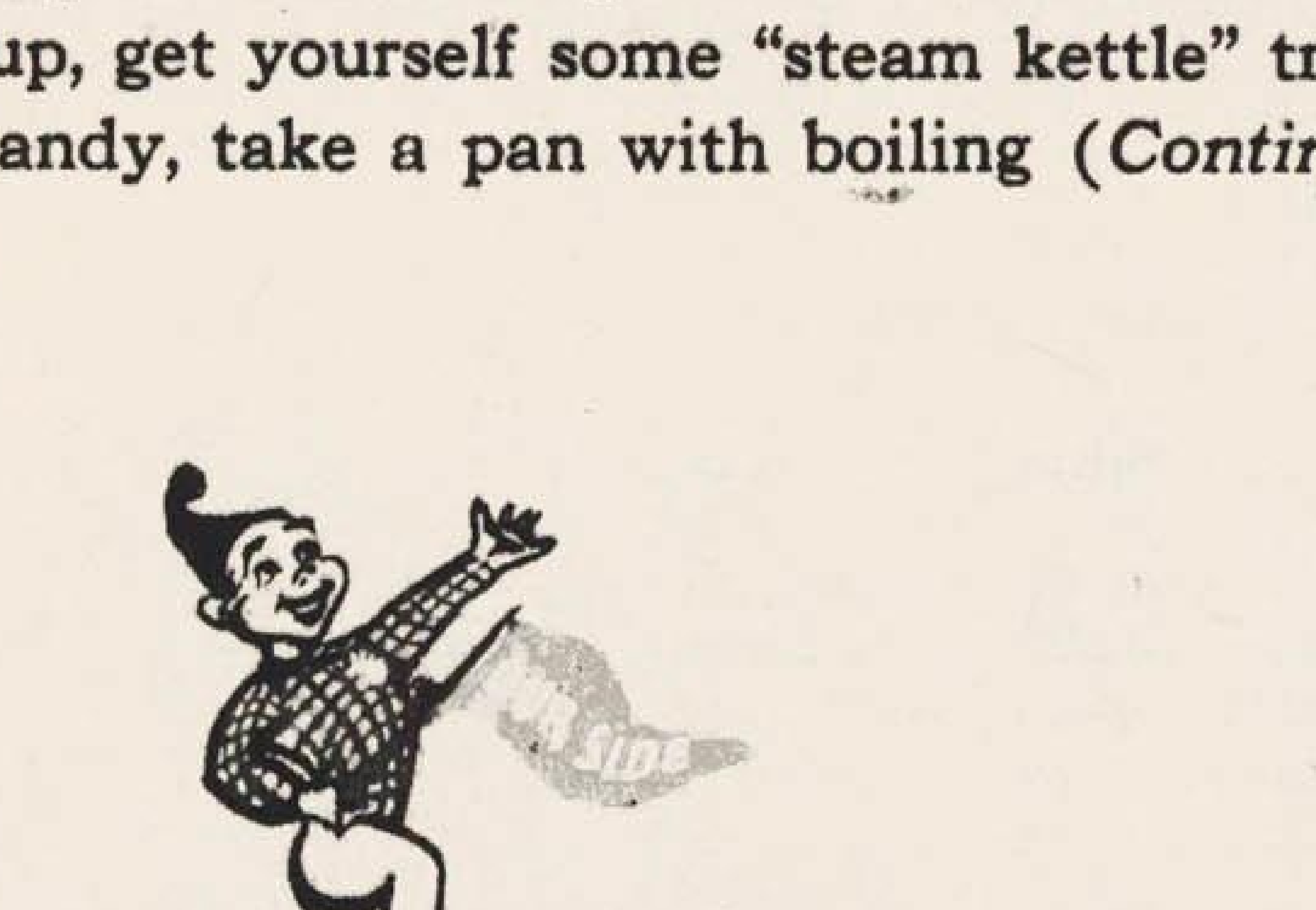
CAREFUL, girls—the season for colds is here again. That is, one of the seasons. Because colds happen all year round; only there are some months which are especially dangerous.

Colds come on most often when there is a sudden change of temperature in the air. For instance a nice warm day which suddenly changes into a cold night; or when people step out into the cold from an overheated room, especially if they have been perspiring. It is always a matter of not getting your body chilled when you are warm and wet.

Another thing to remember is that Wet Feet are a great cause of colds. You really ought to wear galoshes whenever the weather is rainy, even though you may think they are not becoming. I'm sure you'll agree that a sniffle-nose, all red and runny, is even less becoming.

Every time you get your feet wet, take off your shoes and stockings, and dry your feet well. Breathe into the dry socks a few times before you put them on, or hold them against the radiator for a little while, just to make sure they are nice and warm.

The first signs of a cold are a burning and scratching in the throat and an unpleasant tickling at the back of the nose. If you feel a cold coming up, get yourself some "steam kettle" treatment. If nothing else is handy, take a pan with boiling (*Continued on page* 63)



Are you in the know?

How to belittle a too-big foot?

- ☐ *Wear shoes with instep interest*
- ☐ *Choose cut-out toes*
- ☐ *Shun fussy, light-hued shoes*

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is *really* inconspicuous, for those special *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show! The fact is, Kotex' flat pressed ends actually prevent revealing outlines. So there's no worrisome "give-away" bulge with Kotex!

Is this the technique for a—

- ☐ *Water wave*
- ☐ *Pin curl wave*
- ☐ *Finger wave*

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut . . . wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. *Now, Kotex contains a deodorant.* Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

Do you think she's carrying a—

- ☐ *Ditty bag*
- ☐ *Knitting bag*
- ☐ *Bicycle bag*

Grand carry-all for those umteen gadgets you're always cramming in your purse. A large charge—the bicycle bag! No need to wait for cycling weather. You can tote this high-wide-and-handsome job practically anywhere, right now. And *any day*, you can be carefree, confident—when you have the *plus* protection of Kotex. You're confident for you know Kotex has a special *safety center* that won't betray you. It keeps moisture away from the sides of the pad. You're assured because you're safe—with this exclusive Kotex feature.

Should you let him pay your way if—

- ☐ *It's a pre-arranged date*
- ☐ *You meet unexpectedly*
- ☐ *You never saw him before*

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—*unless* it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. And you're free from bunching . . . roping!

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A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX* NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST . . .

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Containing a Deodorant
Kotex
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More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Game of Hearts...

by Karen Van Lissel

Margie didn't stand a chance with Joe—not while Lyn with her devastating looks and oh so lovely clothes, clung to his arm . . . But Lyn made one mistake and—

MARGIE JACKSON sat ill-at-ease on a bench in the Fairmount High School gymnasium during the Saturday night "Recreation Hour." Just two minutes before, she had walked in behind Joe Morley and Lyn Willson. Lyn had been twirling her short fur jacket on two fingers of one hand and holding onto Joe with all the fingers of the other. Joe had been dividing his attention between the jacket and Lyn's platinum curly hair. Margie had glanced at her own brown cloth jacket and had edged over to the bench at the side of the gym.

As soon as everyone looked in her direction, Lyn called out, "Hi, kids," and drew Joe a little closer to herself.

"Yeh, we see him," one of the girls leaned over and whispered to Margie.

But Margie didn't answer. Her heart was hammering too hard. Of all the boys in school, Lyn would have to pick out Joe!

Suddenly, Margie caught her breath. Joe and Lyn were walking directly toward her!

"How about a ping-pong game?" Joe asked.

How about a ping-pong game? He had said it so easily. How could he know that Margie had waited months for that question? That she had practised long, low serves and tricky cuts on the ball five nights a week for the whole semester because Joe's game was ping pong? For a moment, she just stood and stared at Joe.

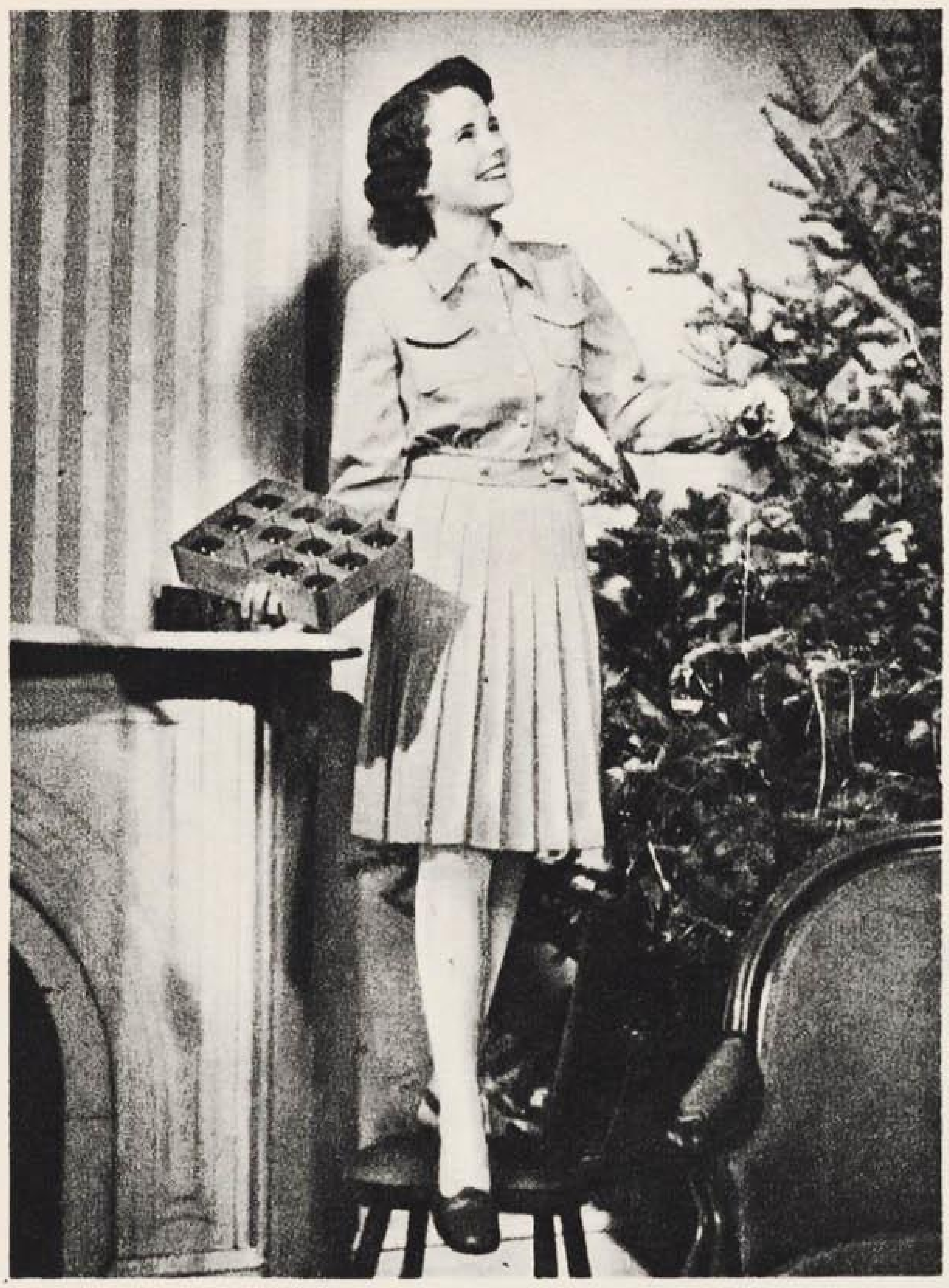
"Do play, Margie. It will be amusing," Lyn urged her. "Play him! O, boy! A game (*Continued on page 66*)

Suddenly, Margie realized that she would be able to win . . . Joe was playing wild. The girls enthusiastically cheered her on.

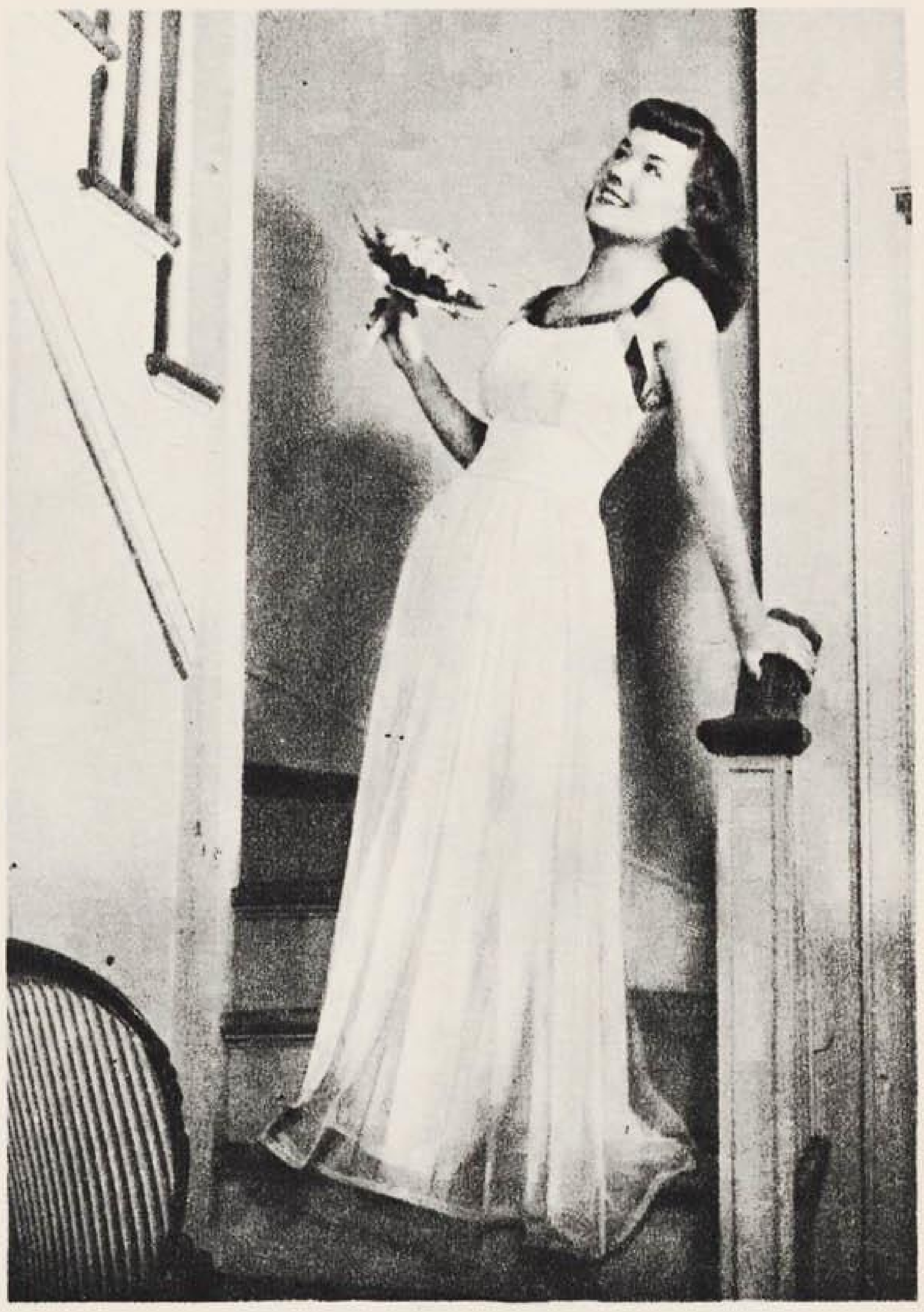
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

New Year – New You

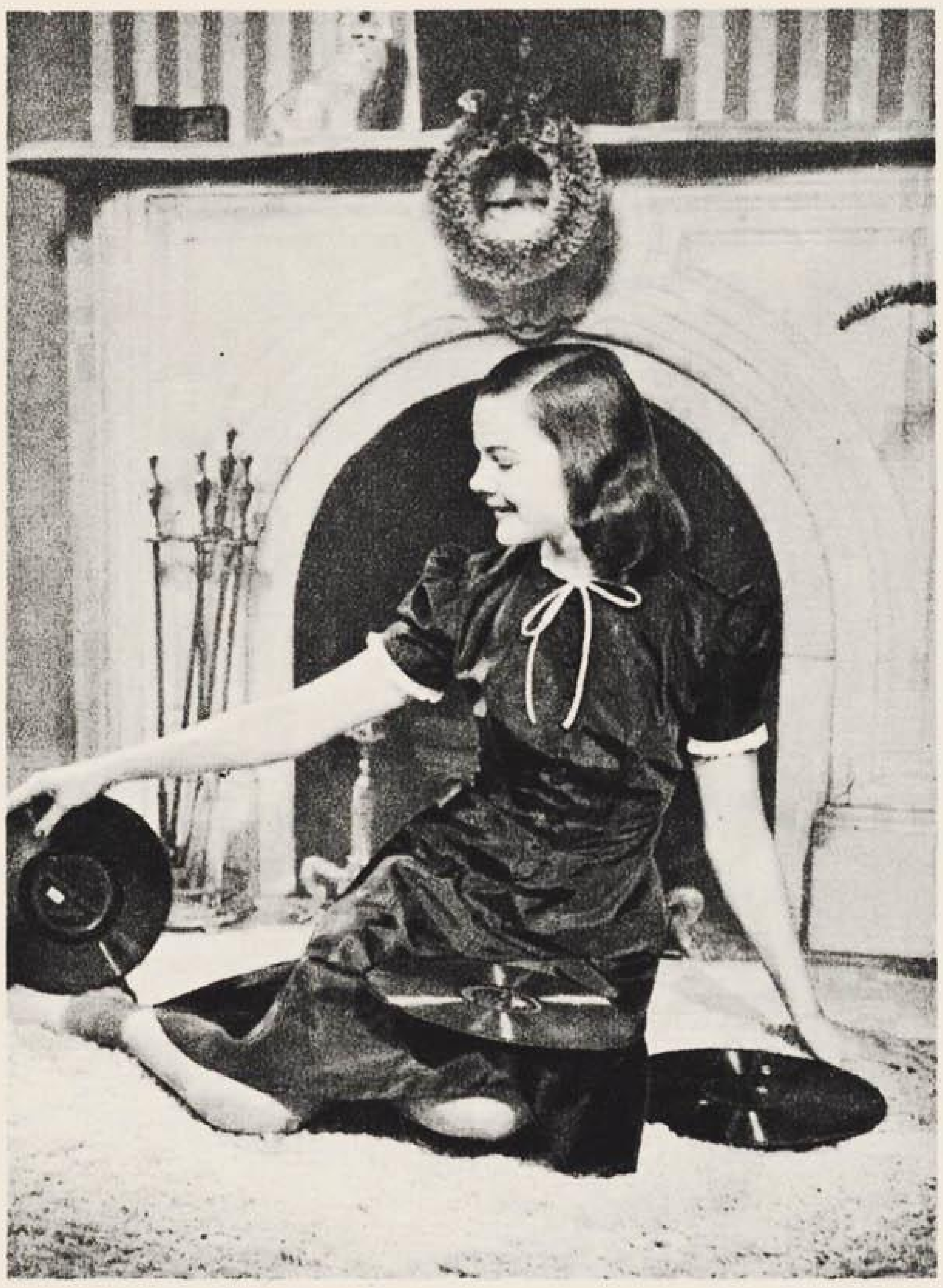
—with a new look. It's a light-hearted, "c'mon-over-to-my-house-for-cocoa" look, and doesn't depend on fluffy ruffles but on good fabrics, easy lines, singing colors . . . Have a look-see right here!



Maybe you don't *have* to wear a lumber jacket for untrimming the tree, but you'll *want* to when you eye one in a 100% wool suit version by Barbelle Sportswear. Gold buttons, all-around pleated skirt. All colors. About $18, at leading dept. stores.



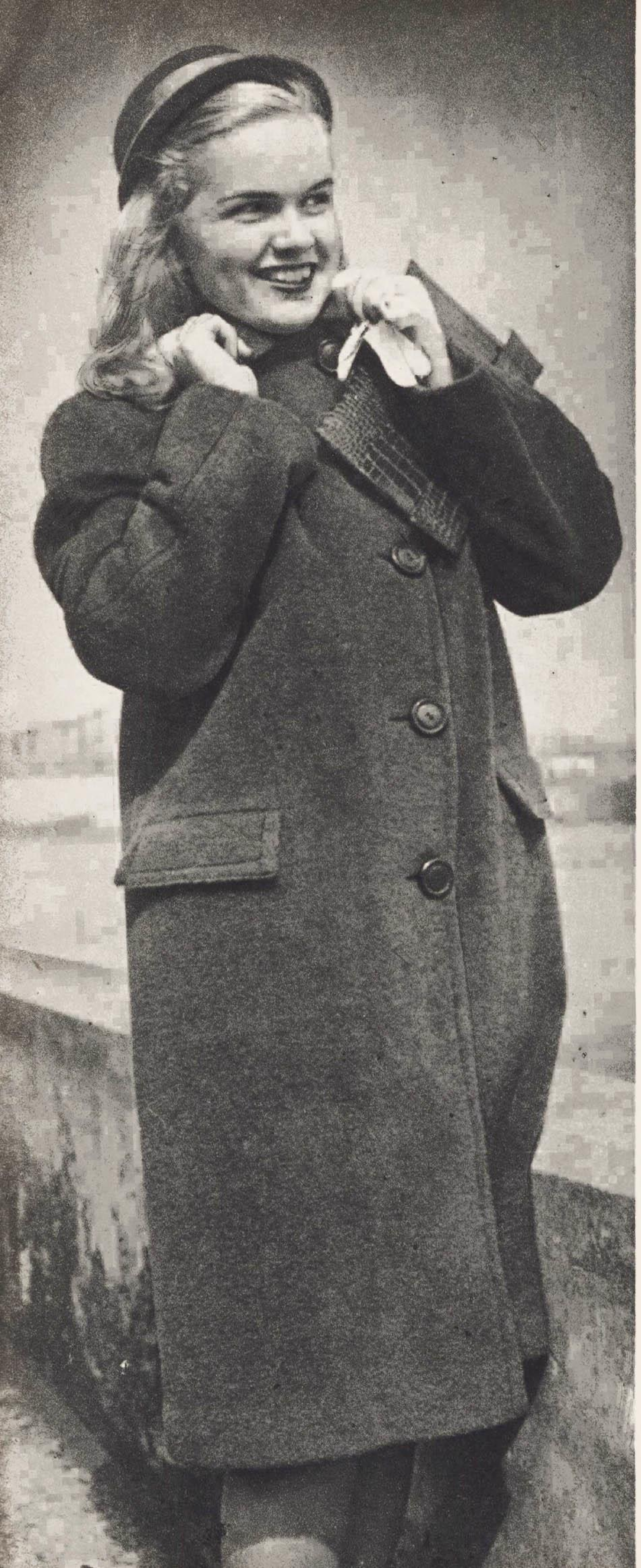
What a wonderful way to start the New Year! Lenox's floating white net formal is spiked with plaid taffeta trim to make it the dream dress you'll remember all your life. Sub-junior sizes 9-15. Under $29 and sold at B. Altman's, New York.



Born to dance is this Junior First taffeta princess dress with smoothie lines. Hess, Goldsmith fabric. In young black with contrasting neck, sleeves and hem facing. Lace trimmed. Sub-junior sizes 7-15. About $8.95. L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, Ind.

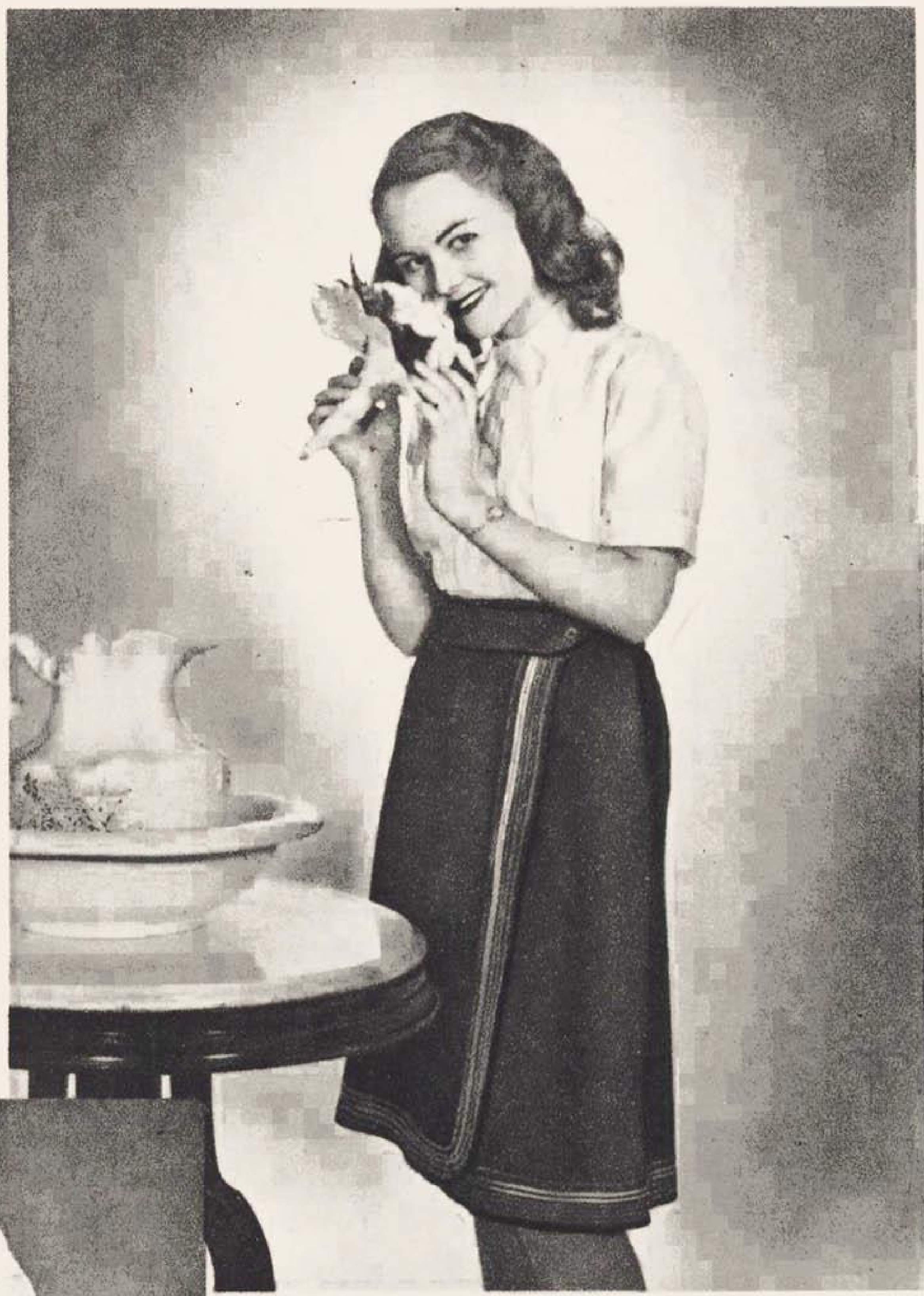
←

Competition won't bother a girl in this wool sheer date dress by Juniorette. It has three-quarter length wing sleeves, self bow, white collar. Luscious colors. Sizes 10-16. About $9 at leading department stores. Another sure winner is Delltown's two-piece suit, short sleeved and single-buttoned over a white waffle pique dicky. Blue, rose, green in sizes 10-16 at leading department stores.



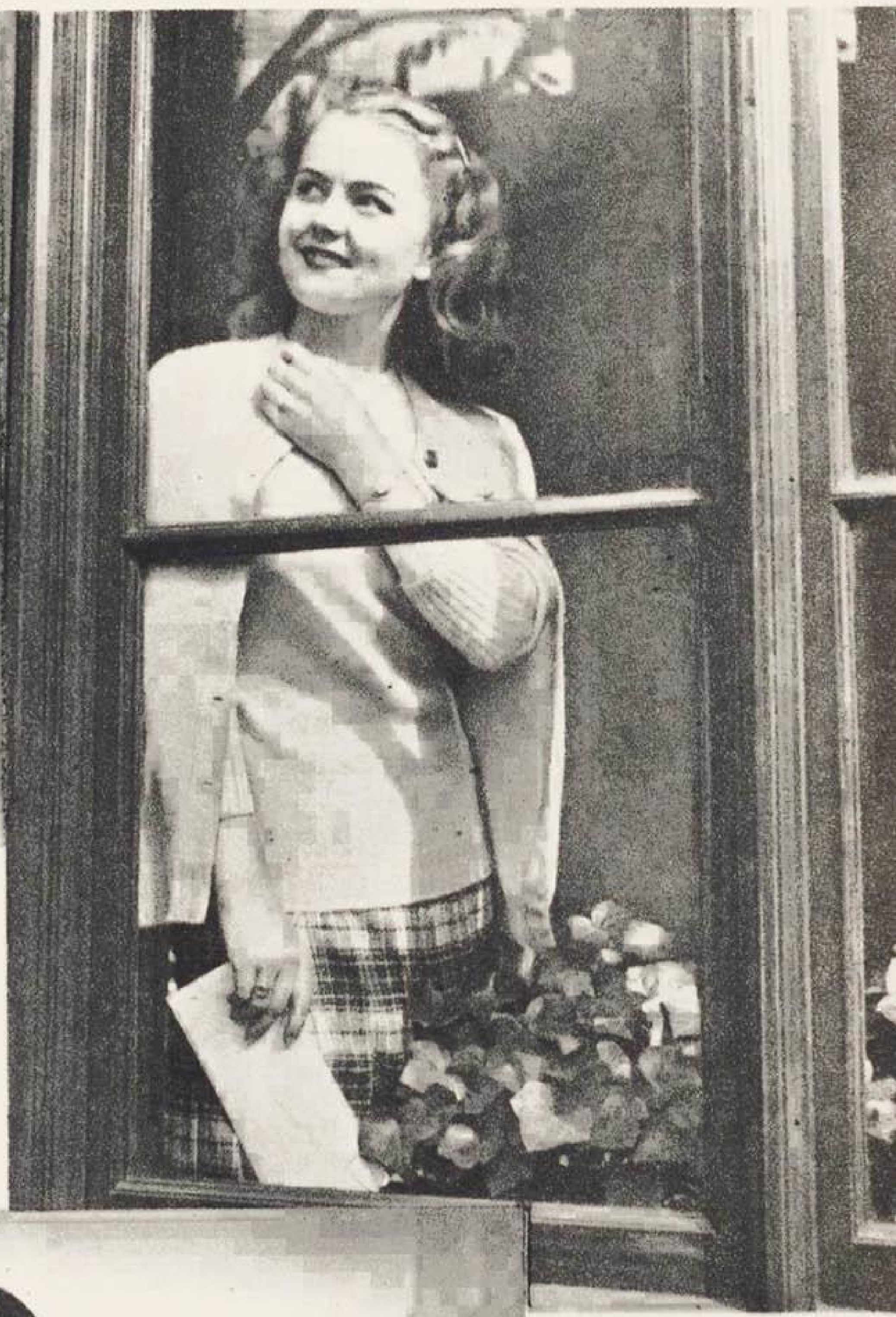
COLD Comfort

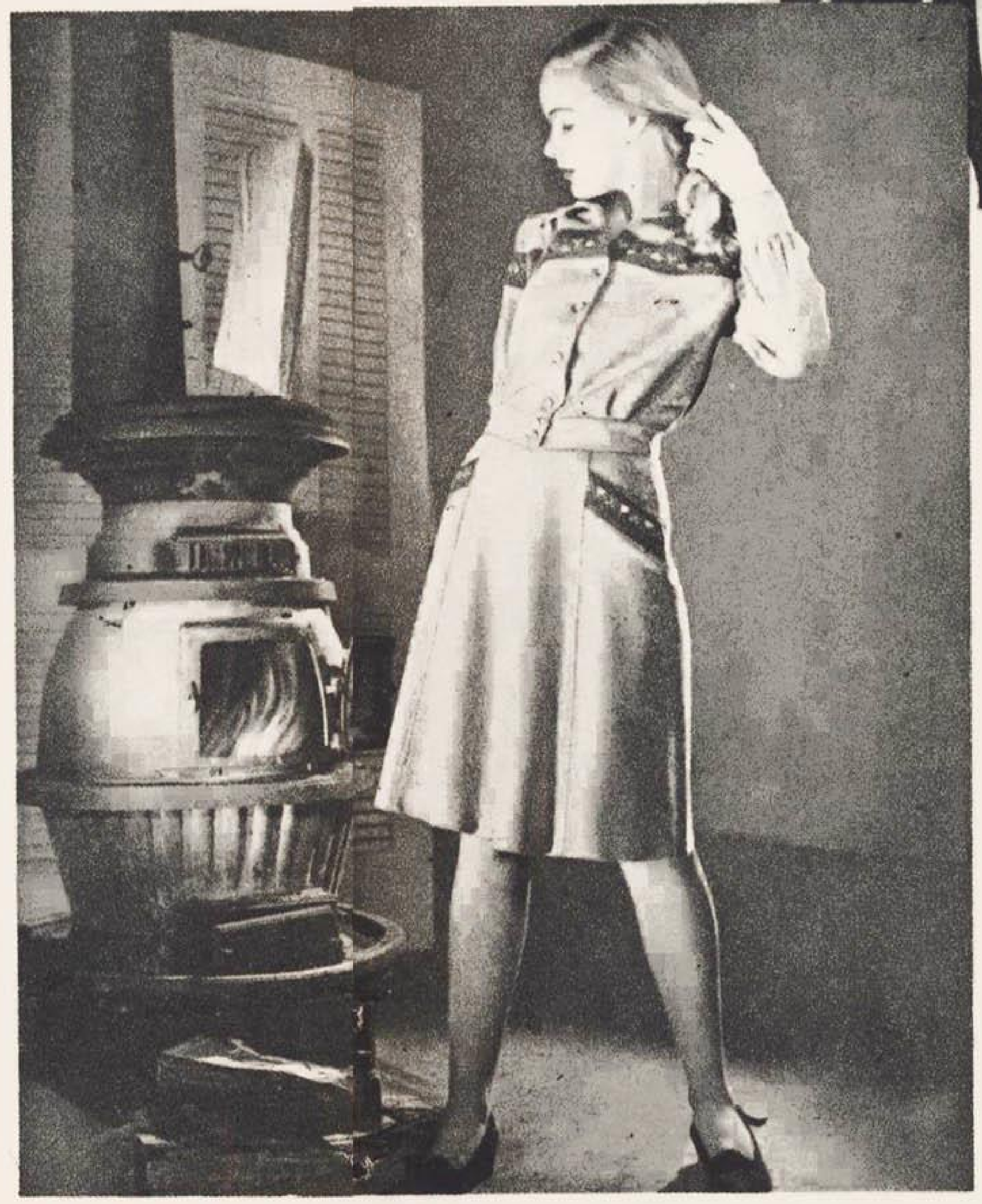
Brrrrr! Nothing mild about winter! But MISS AMERICA'S selections for you for the snowbound season will temper the winds. From "bitter blaw" to first thaw, you can have a warm body and, of course, a warm heart . . . .

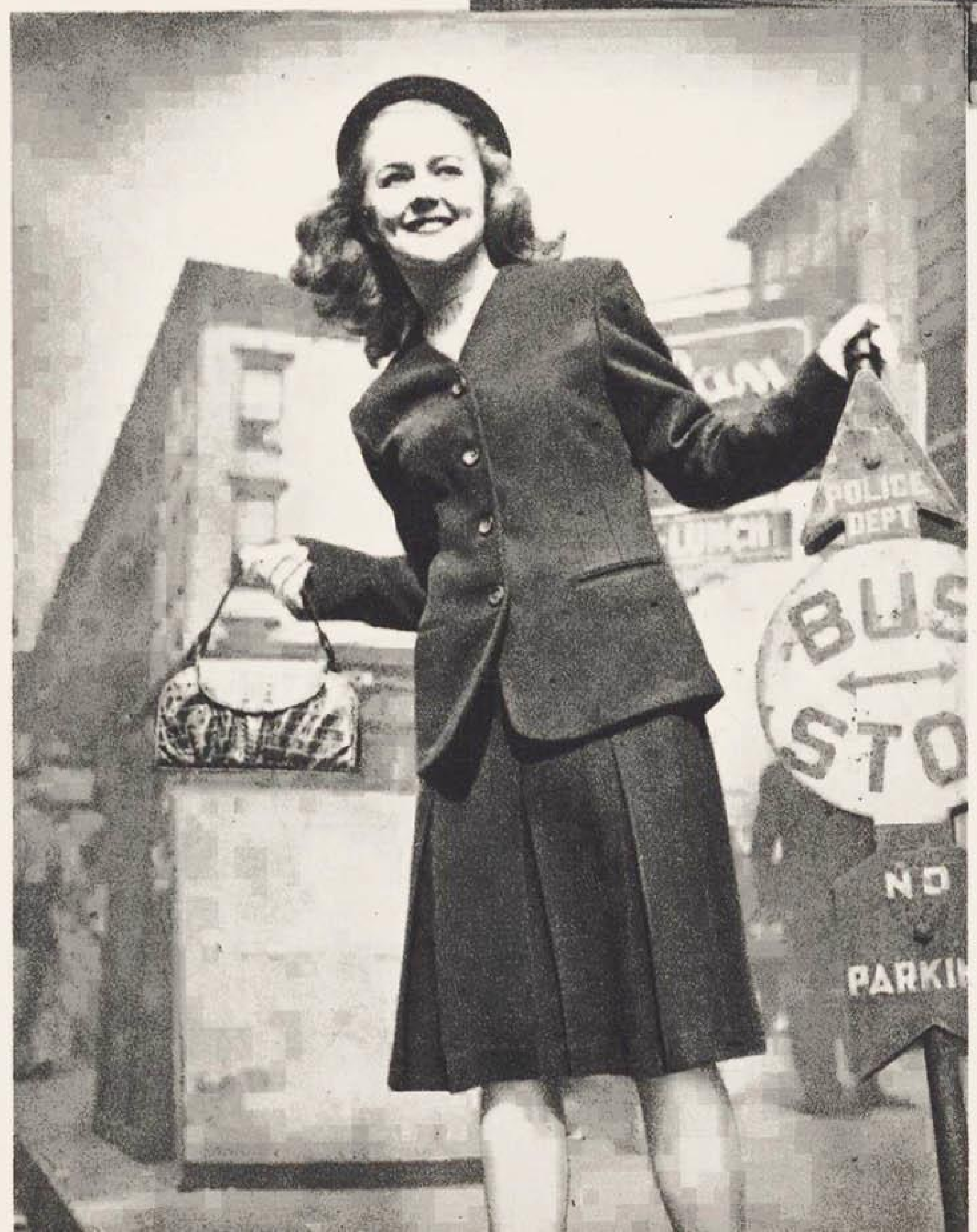


Judy Kent white batiste blouse with short sleeves, bow neck, and precise pin tucks. Sizes 10-16. About $3.50. Mademoiselle Modes navy Glowvara aralac fabric skirt with bright braid outlining. Sizes 10-16. About $5. Leading dept. stores.

What's sweeter and snugglier than a sweater? Two sweaters! Tish-u-knit makes this team in 100% wool, all colors. Sizes 32-38. Pullover about $4.95. Cardigan about $5.95. At Franklin Simon, N. Y. Sportrix-Petiteen clothes the "other half" in 100% wool plaid. About $7.95, at Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D. C.







Waldman and Co. makes you a sturdy overcoat to weather the storm, with a silky disposition of Kitten's Ear Fleece. Boxy and slash-pocketed in brown, blue, green, aqua, wine and caramel. Comes in sizes 10-16. About $25. You can get one at any leading department store.

Bags are Teentown by Pyramid at B. Altman, N. Y.
Gloves by Nolan at Arnold Constable, N. Y.

Gordon Maid can brighten the dreary winter days, with a casual lumberjack suit in grey part-wool fabric, with gay red tyrolean trim, and the comforting warmth of long sleeves. Sizes 10-16. Sells for about $12.00 at Blauner's, Phila., Pa.

Toasty comfort in a 100% wool suit by Joan Lord with a cardigan neck that takes to scarves and blouses beautifully. Front and back skirt pleats. Pastel shades that are just right for you. Sizes 10-16. About $20. At all leading dept. stores.

Going Formal

HERE'S something about a formal that does things to a girl's soul! It's that "requests the pleasure of your company"; it's the prospect of a swishing long dress and gleaming slippers and a later-than-usual curfew; it's perfume and maybe a real orchestra and the hope of flowers. . . . No wonder that even if the other guests are to be all the same old gang you've always known, you want to play Cinderella and glow with a prettiness they've never seen before.

It can be done! It does take strategy but proceeding systematically toward that final burst of glory will insure your results and save you from wear and tear and disappointment during frantic last moments.

You start two weeks before the formal—or as soon as you get your invitation—and this is the only part of the pre-formal maneuvers that isn't going to be exactly fun. For right at this time you forswear chocolate sundaes, candy and all the other ooey-gooey wonderfuls that might come home to roost in spots on your chin when the great night comes. Instead you solace the inner woman with milk, tomato juice, raw vegetables and other such grim wholesome items. Cheer up, it's worth it, isn't it? Meanwhile, you start faithfully doctoring existing bumps with medicated lotion or plain milk-of-magnesia coatings—and don't forget that place between your shoulderblades which the stagline will see. Finally you drink water until you think it's going to run out of your ears.

So far, so good! Just keep up the battle, along with your regular daily grooming routine (which *does* include daily lotioning or creaming of elbows and other rough territories, *doesn't* it?). Two days before the Great Event you get down to more detail. Wash your hair then and set it. It will still be clean on party night but lots easier to handle than a just-laundered mane. Borrow a trick from models and movie queens and add a few (we said a *few!*) drops of your pet cologne in the final rinse water for a misty aura of fragrance.

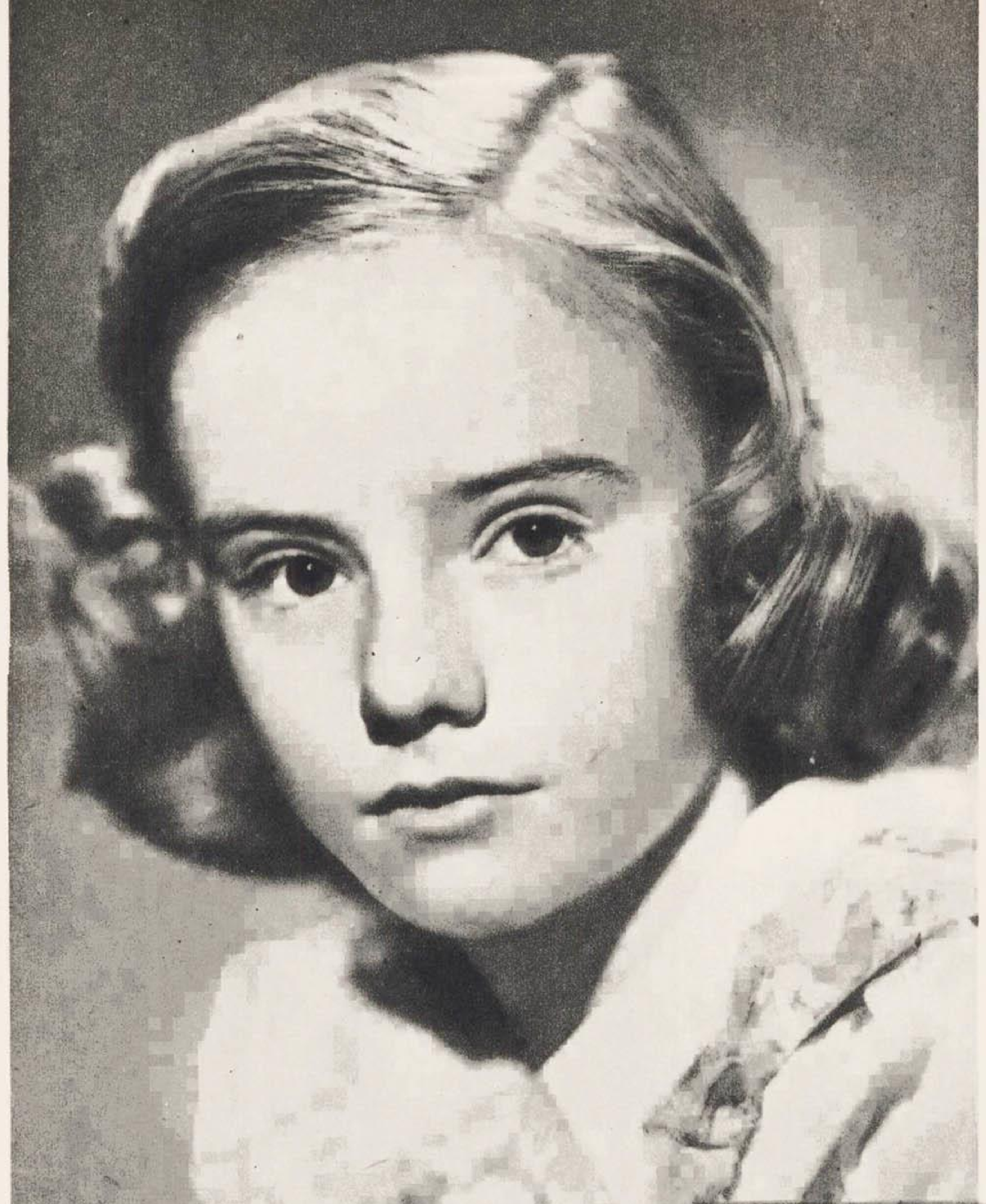
The day before the big date is always a fearfully long one, but it will go faster if you reserve a chunk of it for a deluxe manicure and pedicure with warm oil treatments for cuticles and calloused places, soapy scrubs, meticulous nail shaping, and all the frills. Footnote: Wads of cotton between your toes will keep toenail polish from smearing as it dries

Press your dress the night before the dance to avoid zero hour ironing board woes. And go to bed early—*forward, march!*

And so, when the day itself arrives, the groundwork for your gala appearance has been laid and you can concentrate on the bigtime fixings. A pretty face (says MISS AMERICA, over and over again,), is a clean face first and foremost, so here's an extra-special cleanup trick for an extra-special occasion. First of all, set your hair in pin curls, dry or just slightly moistened with that cologne. Wrap it up in a scarf to keep it well out of the way. Then beat up an egg and apply it, thick and dripping to your whole face except for the area around your eyes. While it dries, you lay cool eye (*Continued on page 63*)

Formals are dream dates . . . always . . . So here is the formula to make you a dream girl that thrilling night you "face the music" . . .

By Nancy Lake



Girl Meets Girl...

Our 14-year-old reporter turns in a neat interview with Peggy Ann Garner . . . and reveals—but let Sandra tell it . . .

by Sandra Marks

THIS was my first "job" as a reporter. I tried to act casual as I sat in the spacious living room waiting for my "victim." But my knees knocked and my heart played off-key drum beats. "I'm being silly," I told myself. "After all, Peggy Ann Garner is just a teen-ager—a girl—like myself." I must admit I had more poise when I wore my first formal and went to my first dance—with a boy.

While I waited I glanced at my notes, questions I was prepared to ask Peggy. I remembered the editor's instructions when she gave me the exciting assignment. "A good reporter jots down a few notes . . ." And I remember my answer to that: "Oh, but I've got so many things I want to ask Peggy . . . about boys and dates and allowances and—and . . ." Our editor smiled at my girlish enthusiasm.

But now, as I actually waited for this brilliant teen-aged screen star I was thankful I had jotted down those notes, for I found myself more than slightly nervous. Suddenly the doorbell buzzed. Quickly my notes flew back into my pocketbook. I smiled, as writers would say, a timid smile. I was ready for the formal introductions to the golden-haired girl.

The sunny smile that lighted Peggy's face when we shook hands banished all my nervousness. Faster than it takes to tell she *(Continued on page* 57)

1 Meet Peggy Ann Garner, charming "Junior Miss" who tells you here all about her favorite subjects . . .

2 When girls get together . . . Peggy Ann and Sandy get acquainted and immediately discover a subject of mutual interest . . . BOYS, of course!

3 Another topic both teen-agers are keenly concerned with . . . Peggy, soon to be seen in 20th Century-Fox's "Home, Sweet Homicide" helps Sandy raid the ice-box!

4 Yes, even a real movie star gets crushes on creamy Hollywood actors . . . Here Peggy Ann compares notes with Sandy on her latest screen favorites . . .

5 Quite a figure(skater) . . . Any resemblance to Sonja Henie is purely intentional, for Peggy cuts a mean "Figure Eight" on those shiny blades. She loves skating.

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GIVE THE GANG A PARTY...

by Ruth Baller

Take a generous helping of food, add a heap of fun, mix well—and you have the perfect party recipe.

IF you're planning to ask the crowd over to your house for a holiday get-together, you'll probably ask yourself: What to serve? Well, why not set a buffet? (a home-style cafeteria or smorgasbord) where your pals help themselves to a little of this 'n' some of that 'n' one or two of those!

A buffet supper is especially nice because most of the food will have been prepared by the time your guests arrive, and the table will be set, so all you'll have to do while your guests are gathering is to fry the midget hamburgers (if you decide you want to serve 'em) and place the food on the table.

Informal buffet service doesn't require any elaborate or expensive centerpiece, just tall candles (and don't forget to light them!). If you happen to have evergreens, place a sprig here and there for color and atmosphere. Your food will be arranged attractively to give color harmony, and of course, you'll have a nice tablecloth.

Dishes, food, forks should be placed near the edge of the table so your guests can reach them easily. Other dishes and food for the next course should be on another service table. When your friends are told to "Come 'n' get it," have 'em follow the leader—this is so they'll go in one direction and no one bumps.

Your guests help themselves first to a large dinner plate, then to the various foods. Put the napkins (paper ones will be all right for this occasion) and forks so they'll be picked up last,—why carry 'em any longer than necessary? Of course, ask your guests to take seconds—provided there's enough to go 'round.

Naturally, you'll want to use as few dishes as you can. There'll probably be many dishes to be washed (unless you use paper dishes)—but be sure you leave the kitchen and the rest of the house in proper condition, or promise you'll tidy-up the first thing in the morning, otherwise, this might be your last party! Of course, if your friends offer to help . . .

When it's dessert time, gather up all used dishes, clear off the table and re-set it with the nibbles, candies, cookies, glasses, beverage, and fresh paper napkins.

IF POSSIBLE:

Serve foods which don't require cutting.

Don't serve juicy, creamy or drippy food.

Provide small tables or bridge tables from which to eat. Use hassocks if you don't have enough chairs to go 'round.

Here are some suggestions for your menu. You may make it simple, or more elaborate, by adding your own specialties. After you've decided what to serve, make out a complete shopping (*Continued on page* 68)

FOOTLIGHT FUN...

By Julie Easton

If we couldn't pretend, make-believe or dream of being somebody else, life would be rather dull . . . The thing that makes an actress great is her ability to pretend . . . That's why it's such fun to join up in school dramatics . . .

SO THERE'S going to be a play at school—bright footlights, gay costumes, an applauding audience—all the pulse-quickening excitement! Just thinking about it makes you feel breathless. Gosh, but you'd like to have a part in it!

You'd like to—but you think you haven't a chance. You aren't as pretty as Helen or as talented as Peggy. Why, Helen was class queen last year and Peggy—well, she's been speaking pieces and even singing at parties and women's club meetings ever since her first lisp, practically. You can dream but —*sigh*—that's all. You'll never trod those glamorous boards.

Brace up. Take heart. You've got as good a chance as anyone. The parts haven't been assigned yet, and tryouts give everyone a fair and equal opportunity.

The first thing for you to do—if you're in earnest and not just doing a lot of wishful namby-pamby envious thinking—is to get hold of a copy of the play, of course. Read it over carefully and try to visualize each role.

The important thing about playing a part well is—be somebody else! Forget yourself. Act, speak, even more important—think—the way the character you're portraying does. Step into another world. Live another life sincerely. Forget you're Susan Smith who lives on Walnut Street in Middleton.

Practice in the privacy of your room. Firmly ignore any smart cracks from small fry relatives. Experiment with tones and inflections. You'll be surprised what you can do with your versatile vocal apparatus when you try.

Try to see what the character must be *thinking* when she says the lines. That one thing alone will do a great deal to give reality to the words you speak. Walk, stand and sit, make gestures indicated in the "business" until you feel natural doing so.

Stop comparing yourself with others who are trying out. Helen may be a dream walking—granted—but that doesn't necessarily mean she'll make a good or even a middling actress. She may be so in the habit of thinking about herself—and herself alone—(*Continued on page 61*)

BROWN PAINT
BLUE PAINT
marion

Jam Session

**Here's diggin' with another solid jive jam-boree . . .
Pat tells you where to find the latest pop tunes, and who makes em, if you'll peek into his Hepcat's Handbook . . .**

by Pat Parks

THIS has been a gallivantin' month in New York. When winter gets into full gear, the cold seems to bring out all of the ginger in Manhattan's musicians and the entertainment world goes into high!

I checked into the Copacabana the other night to see the new floor show and ran into more celebrities than you could shake a 1946 calender at. Milton Berle sat at a ringside table cracking jokes. Singer Harry Prine was enjoying the scenery, and bandleader Charlie Barnet was surrounded by songpluggers!

I accepted Vaughn Monroe's invitation to a Victor record session last week and had a great time watching the process. It took two hours to get a single three minute disc "on wax." Vaughn confided that it usually only takes about an hour for a three minute record but that this was an unusually tough arrangement! Incidentally, the Victor engineers tell me that a phonograph record contains no wax whatsoever. Another theory exploded!

Notes and chords: The army has done wonders for Sgt. Bob Eberle, longtime (*Continued on page* 69)

1. But lovely! It's Kay Starr, a star indeed, who has announced that she will continue with Charlie Barnet's orchestra.

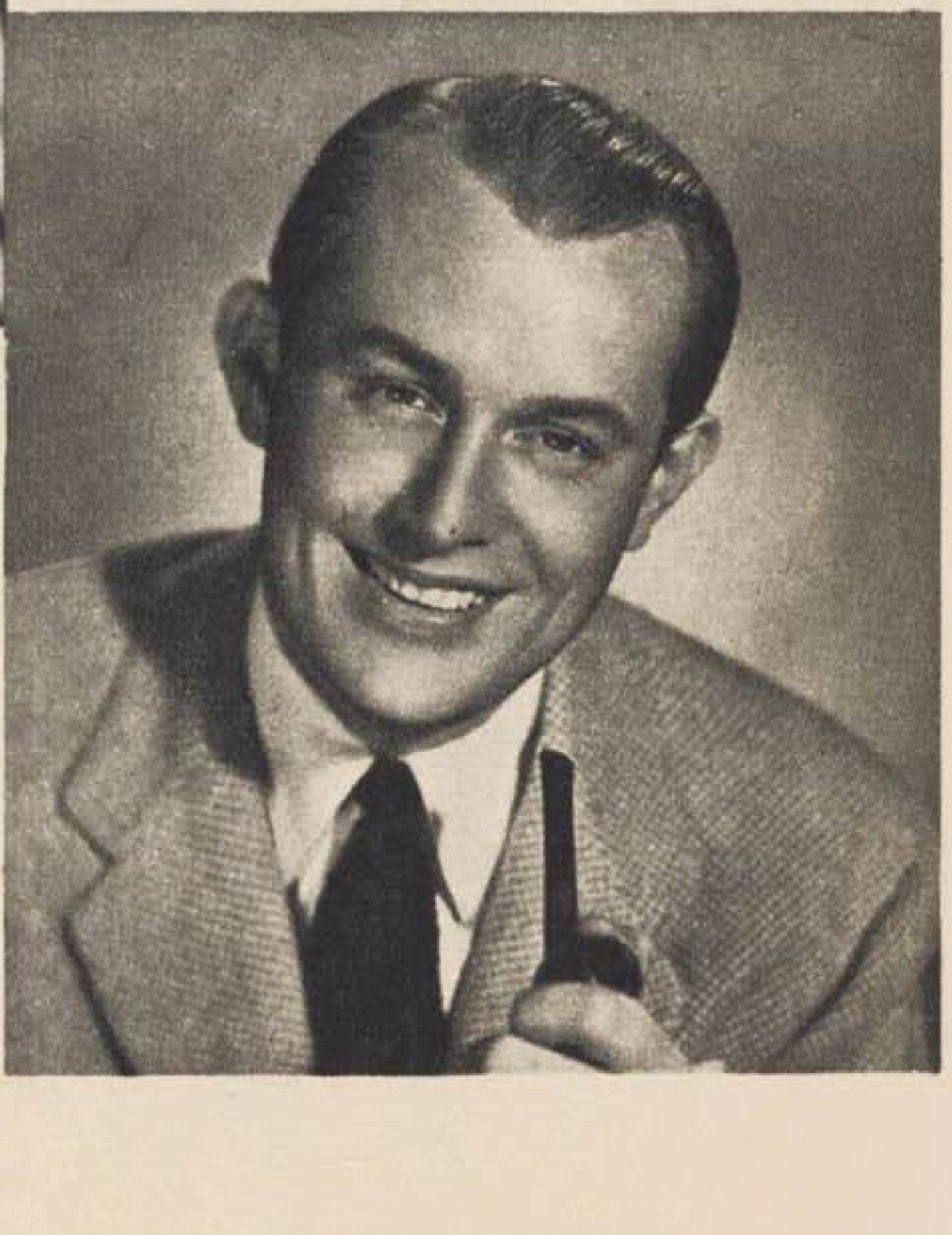
2. Artie Shaw and his blow-boys really work hard at rehearsals. Here they rise and shine in a spiff riff—it's terriff!

3. A nice-lookin' guy, Vaughn Monroe. And when he lays down his pipe and picks up the baton he looks even better.

2

1

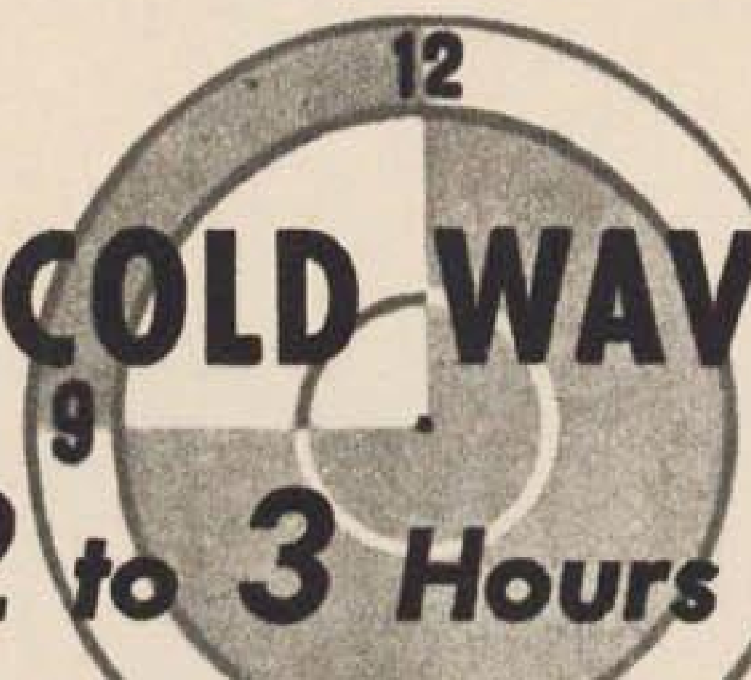
3



Now a Salon-Type COLD WAVE

FOR MISS AMERICA READERS

DEBUT
For 'teen queens, lustrous . . . long . . .
Styled by
FRASER HAIR FASHIONS



A NEW COLD WAVE PERMANENT

In 2 to 3 Hours at Home

Here, at last, is a new COLD WAVE home permanent wave kit that gives natural-looking curls and waves in 2 to 3 hours, at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving COLD WAVES costing up to $10.00, $15.00 or more. Think of it . . . luxurious curls and soft, easy-to-manage waves, which will last months and months . . . and costs only 98c plus tax.

BEAUTIFUL CURLS AT LOW COST

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Only Charm-Kurl *SUPREME* contains "*Kurlium*"* the quick working hair beautifier — that's why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less.

*** "*Kurlium*" is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.**

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Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type COLD WAVE solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.

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GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 232, New York 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Imperial Dair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name ....

Address ....

City.............................. **Zone**...... **State**............

PEN PALS

Heaps 'n heaps of girls want to build up wonderful, lasting friendships—Here are some more . . .

Alabama—Mary Cox, 5144 So. 6th Ave., Birmingham 6. Age 15.

California—Patricia Burkard, 1185 W. 30th, Los Angeles 7. Age 13. Patsy McKinney, 1370 Topeka St., Pasadena 6. Age 13. Betty Farned, 844 E. Rosecrans, Los Angeles 2. Age 16.

Colorado—Shirley Robinson, Box 1065, Greeley. Age 15.

Connecticut—Jacqueline Carroll, 47 So. Leonard St., Waterbury 13. Age 13.

Florida—Geneva Tweedell, 528 W. Garden St., Pensacola. Age 14.

Illinois—Dolores Gawrys, 8119 Marquette Ave., Chicago 17. Age 16. Masha Bernstein, c/o S. Golden, 1337 N. Hoyne Ave., Chicago. Age 15. Genevieve Dyrczon, 4814 S. Winchester Ave., Chicago 9. Age 16. Jean Werner, Box 124, Peoria 1. Age 16.

Indiana—Mary Jane Winsor, Corydon. Age 14. Lois Ann Bishop, Box 325, Star City. Age 15.

Iowa—Donna Siechert, 712 Vernal St., N. W., Cedar Rapids. Age 14.

Louisiana—Joan Bufkin, 306 Filhiol Ave., West Monroe. Age 15.

Maine—Hedwidge Pelletier, R. 4, Box 75, Fort Kent. Age 15.

Massachusetts — Eileen Callahan, 152 Clark Ave., Chelsea. Age 15. Janette Marenghi, 25 Hilton St., Framingham. Age 15. Marilyn O'Brien, 137 Pine St., West Springfield. Age 14.

Michigan—Beverly Schoenfield, 1071 Alton Ave., Flint 7. Age 15. Elsie Knutson, 424 Partridge St., Flint 3. Age 15.

Minnesota—Peggy Thompson, Box 126, Milan. Age 16.

Missouri—Anita Horn, Herculaneum. Age 15.

New Jersey—Peggy Coakley, 915 Roanoke Ave., Hillside. Age 13.

New York—Sue Farhas, 21 Joval St., Brooklyn 29. Age 15. Rosemary Noonan, 30 William St., Whitehall. Age 14. Rita Leonard, 1326 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn. Age 14. Sonja Koster, 161 Jefferson Blvd., Staten Island 12. Age 13.

North Carolina—Barbara Johnston, 315 E. Main St., Belhaven. Age 15.

North Dakota—Glenna Paupst, Arvilla. Age 15½.

Ohio—Glenna Mong, 457 State St., W., Barberton. Age 15.

Oklahoma—Wilda Savoy, Beaver. Age 14.

Pennsylvania — Romaine Pernot, 143 Stephenson St., Duryea. Age 16. Betty Frey, 215 E. Mt. Pleasant Ave., Phila. 19. Age 16. Thelma Reagan, 427 South Ave., Media. Age 14. Sally Spearing, 1009-22nd St., Altoona. Age 16.

Rhode Island—Helen Godin, 99 Grove St., Central Falls. Age 15. Gisele Pincince, 136 Jenks Ave., Central Falls. Age 14.

Texas—Louise Ware, 508 W. 3rd St., Sweetwater. Age 14.

Wisconsin—Shirley Pierquet, 515 Hartung, Green Bay. Age 13.

Canada—Ruth Tree, 85 Kenneth Ave., Toronto, Ont. Age 13.

England—Patsy Wilkinson, 4 St. Matthew's Rd., Bankfoot, Bradford, Yorkshire. Age 15.

Wales—Joyce Davies, Westfield House, Aberdare Rd., Glyn Neath, So. Wales. Age 17.

Puerto Rico—Norma Sanchez, 70 San Augustin St., Box 5136, Puerto de Tierra. Age 16.

I hope you are all going to enjoy your Pen Pals thoroughly. And, I know this column is going to mean such a lot in building complete understanding among ourselves here and with teen-agers in other countries, too. Don't forget to send in your ages with your requests!

Vicky comes face-to-face with a situation that gives her a chance to go dramatic in a truly Lauren Bacall manner... Breathlessly, she confides the exciting details to her dearest friend...

VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Betty Ann—

I am really in the middle of the most gigantic project. Really, if this works—well, I will have made my mark in life. I mean, I will be well on my way to a set future.

It all began the other day in history. Our teacher was talking about the rains in the Great Sahara Desert, (they rarely have 'em), and I was thinking. Only I was not thinking about the rains in the G.S.D., I was looking out the window of "Hollywood High," and across the street at the little malt shop, where so many famous movie stars have been discovered. And Betts, I happened to put my hand inside the desk, and there was a note!

It read: "This is the desk used by Alexis Smith and Lana Turner and Sheila Ryan at 'Hollywood High.' Whoever finds this note will become a movie star!"

Imagine it, Betts! You know that in spite of my artistic temperament and my Lauren Bacall moods, I have truthfully never imagined I would be destined to become a movie star!

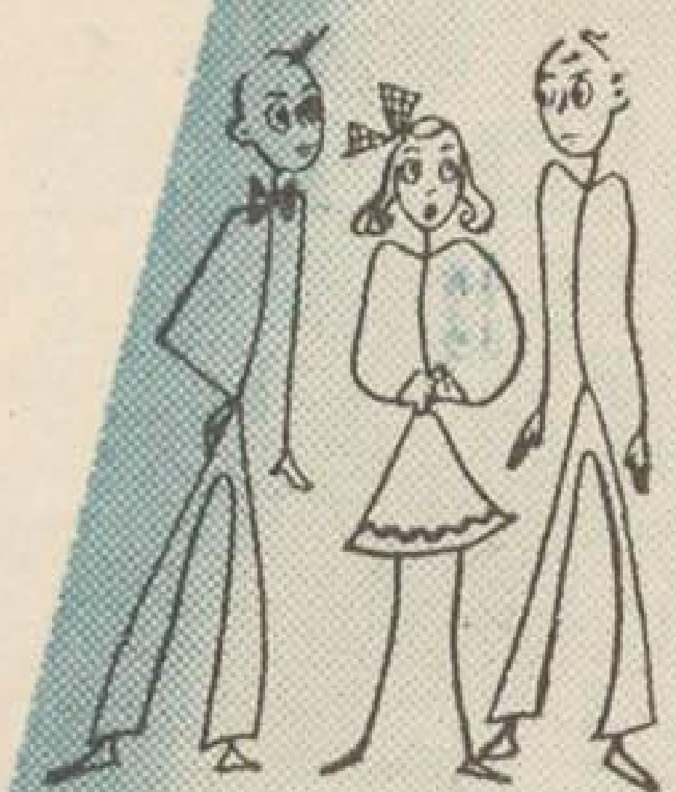
The note was fate. Just plain fate. I examined the desk carefully, and sure enough there were the carved initials—A.S., standing for Alexis Smith! I kept on looking and there was L.T. for Lana Turner, too.

I said to myself, "Stranger things have happened, Miss Dunford. If your destiny is to become an actress, there is nothing you can do to help yourself!"

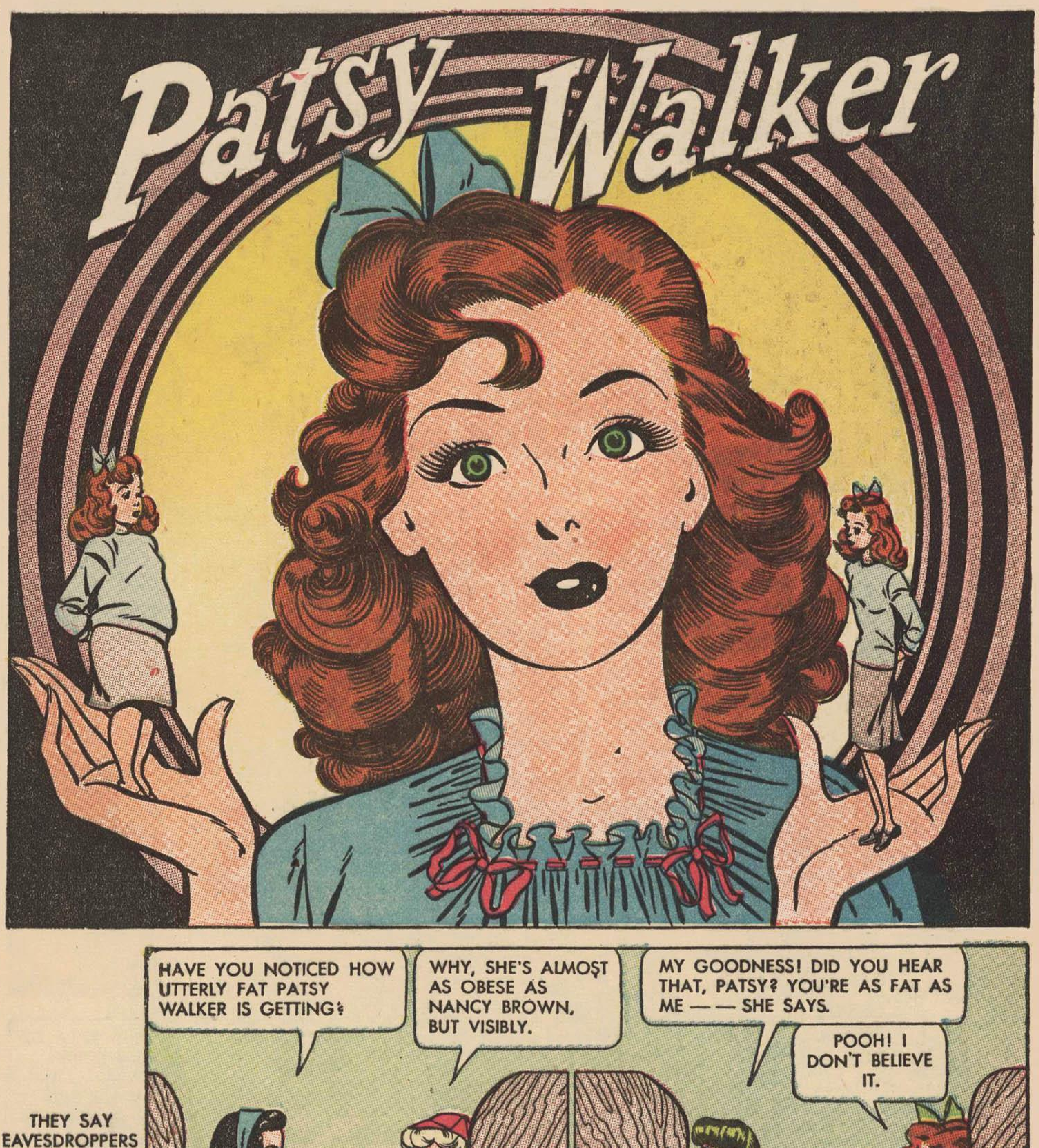
Before I knew it I had pulled the walnut pin that Walter Miller made for me in manual arts, out of my scarf, and without my realizing it I was scratching V.A,D. right next to A.S.

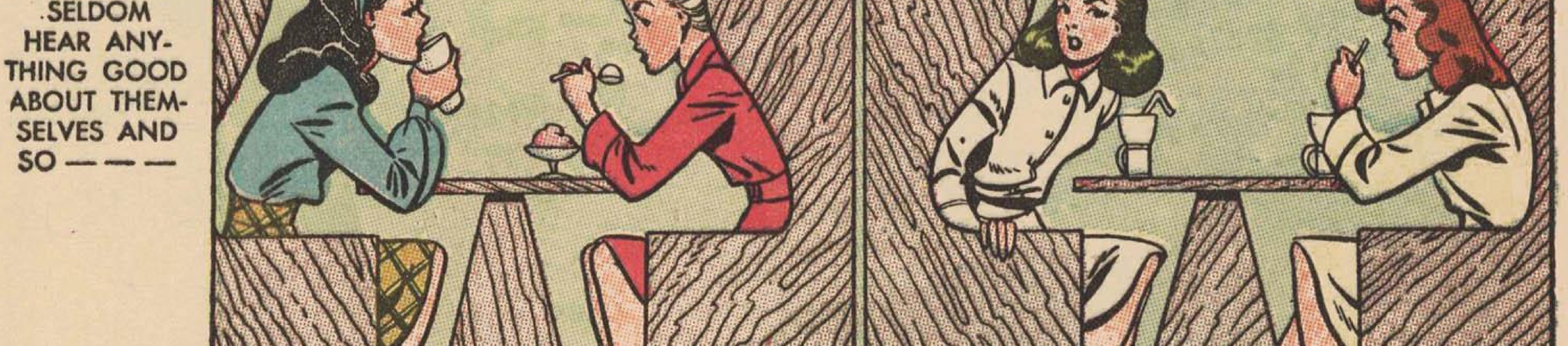
I had no sooner finished cutting my initials when the teacher said, "Miss Dunford,

(Continued on page 46)

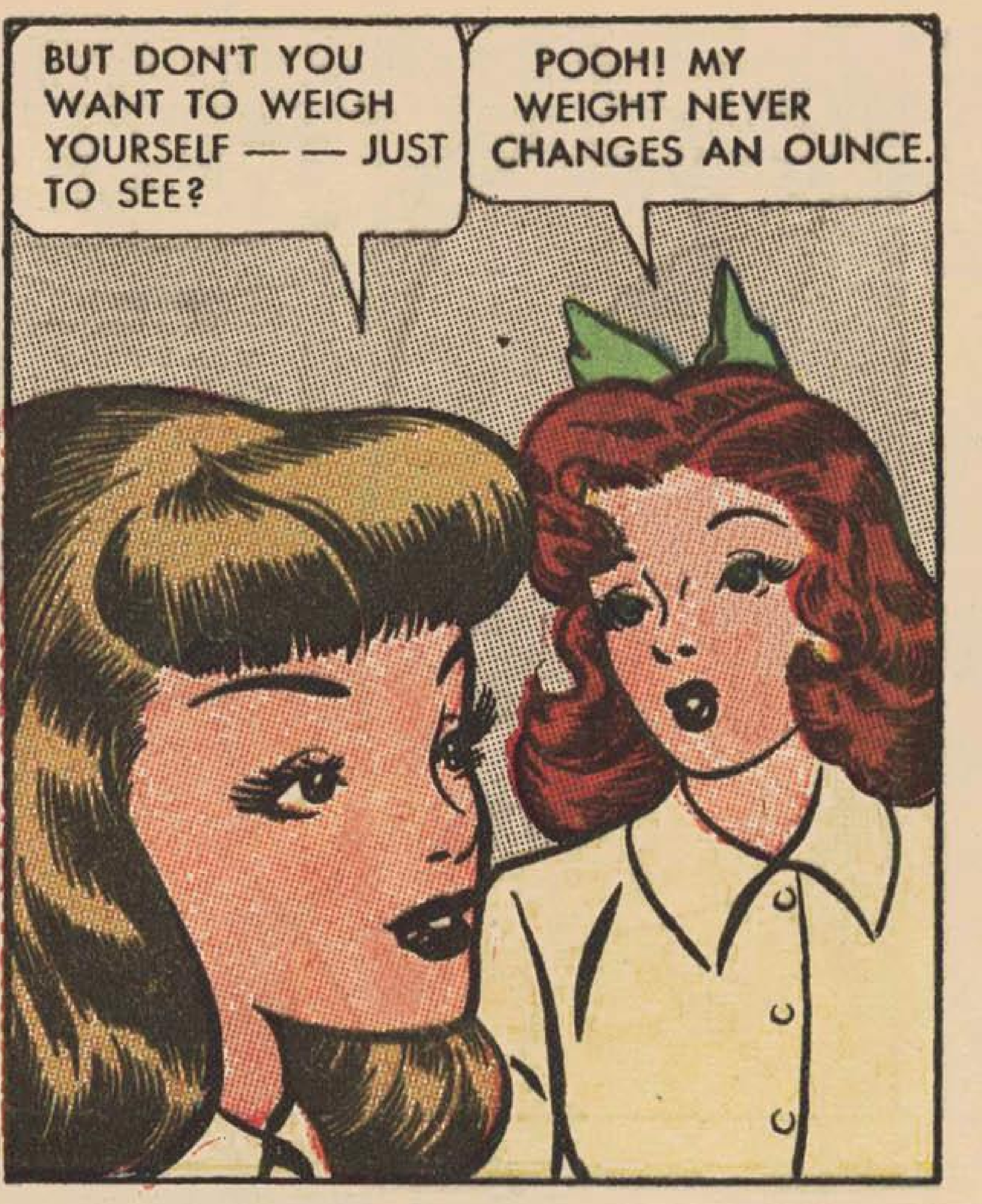


Patsy Walker

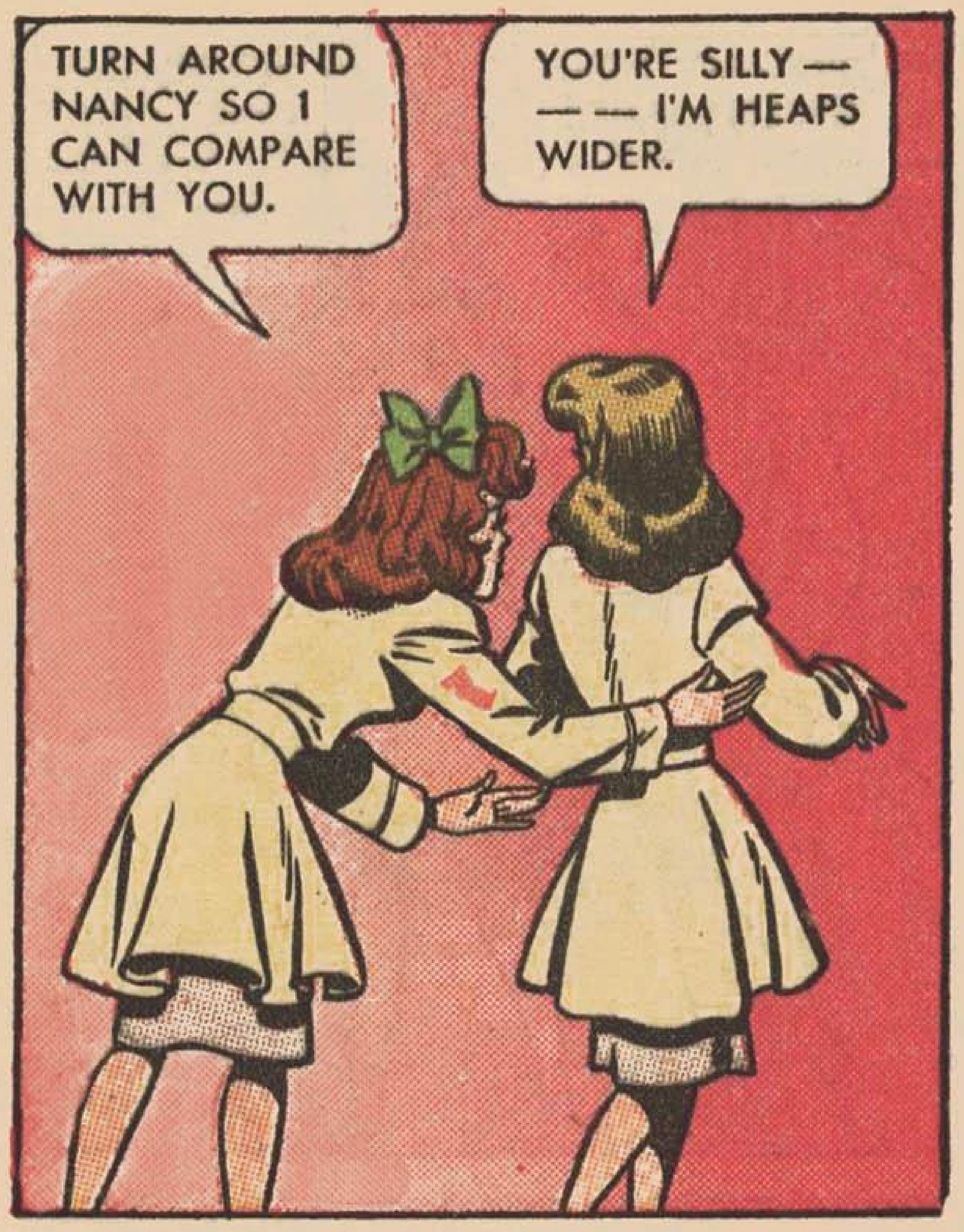


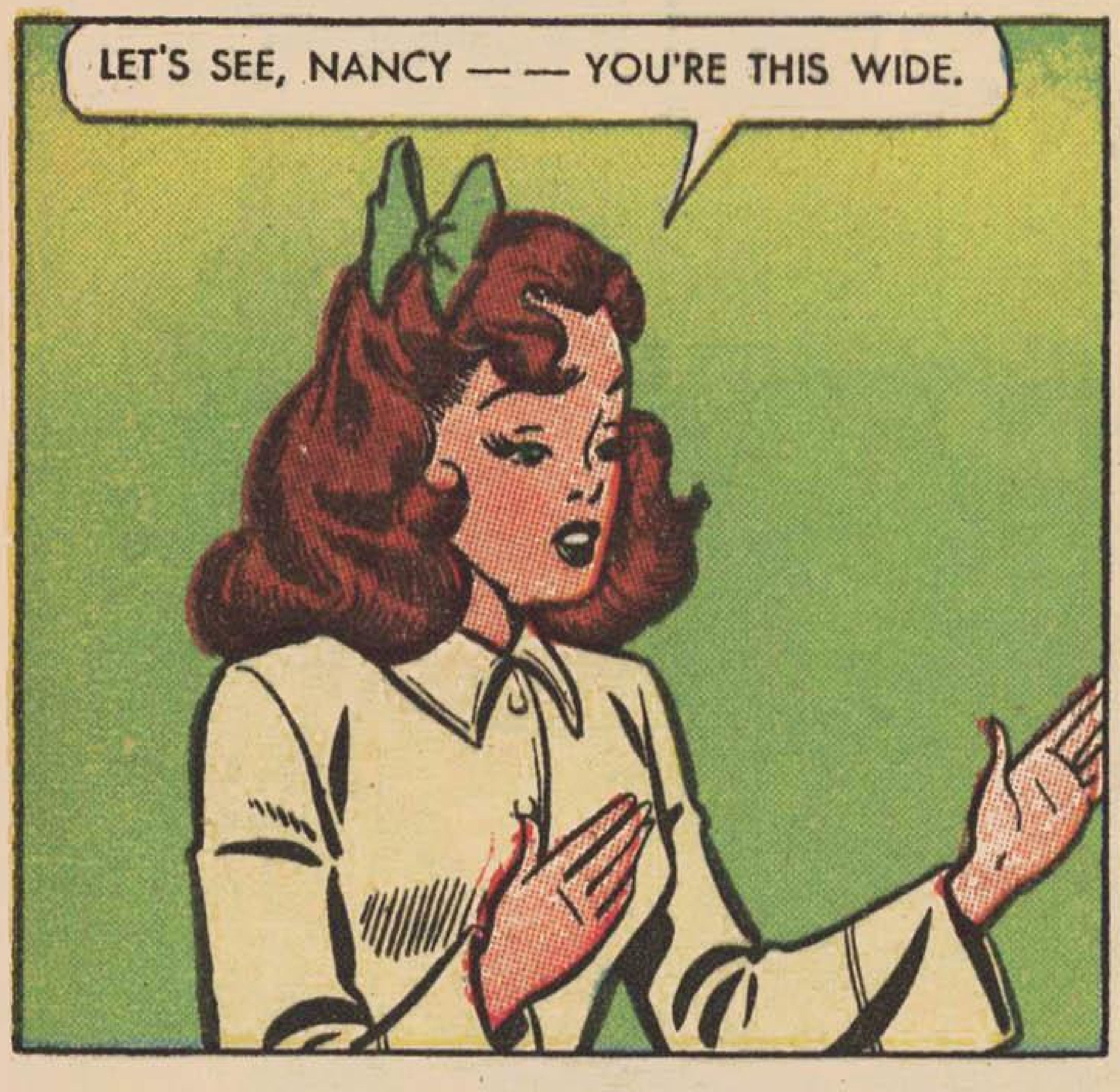

THEY SAY EAVESDROPPERS SELDOM HEAR ANYTHING GOOD ABOUT THEMSELVES AND SO — — —
HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW UTTERLY FAT PATSY WALKER IS GETTING?
WHY, SHE'S ALMOST AS OBESE AS NANCY BROWN, BUT VISIBLY.
MY GOODNESS! DID YOU HEAR THAT, PATSY? YOU'RE AS FAT AS ME — — SHE SAYS.
POOH! I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

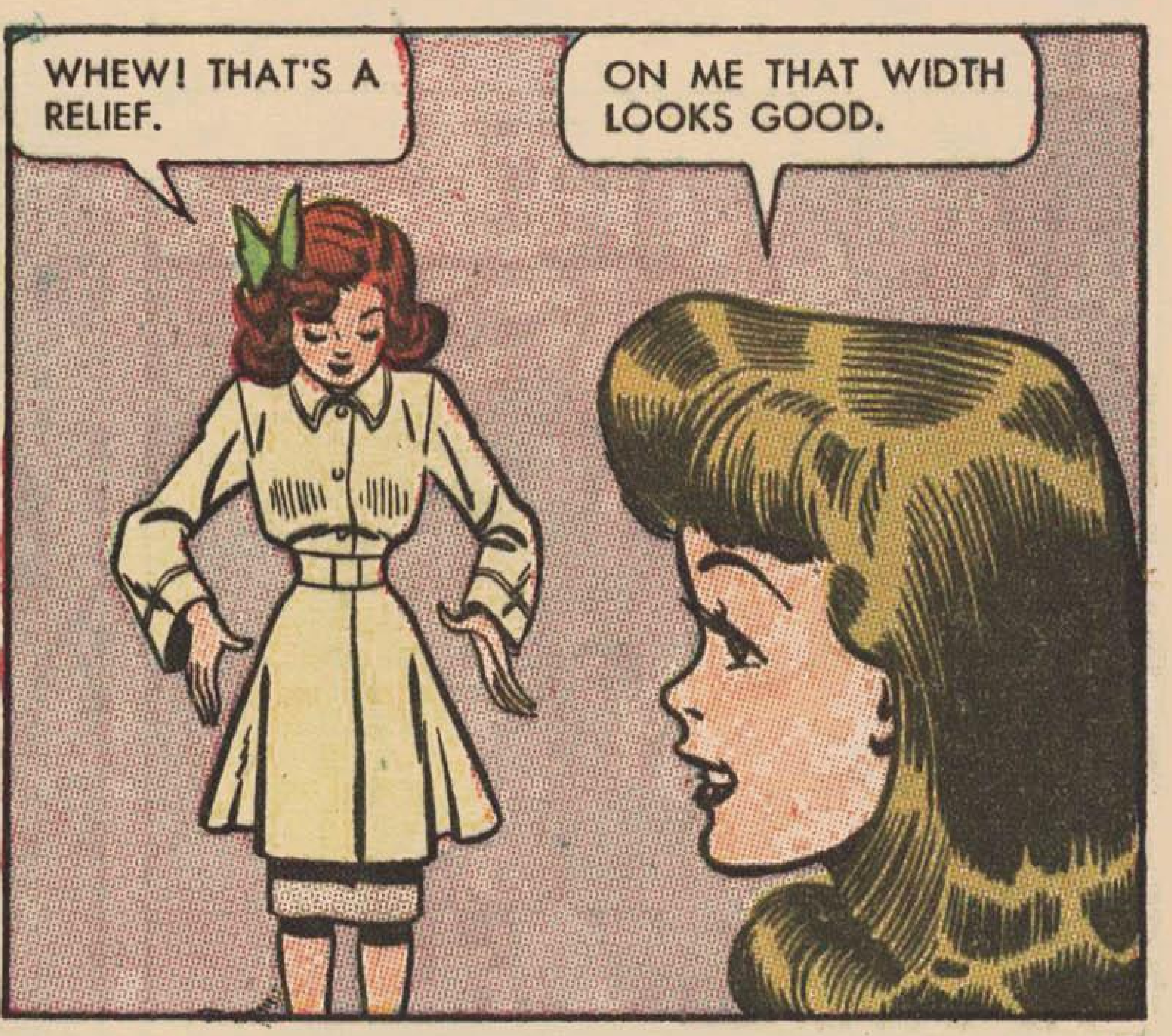
OF COURSE PATSY ISN'T FAT AND SHE KNOWS IT ———


BUT DON'T YOU WANT TO WEIGH YOURSELF —— JUST TO SEE?
POOH! MY WEIGHT NEVER CHANGES AN OUNCE.

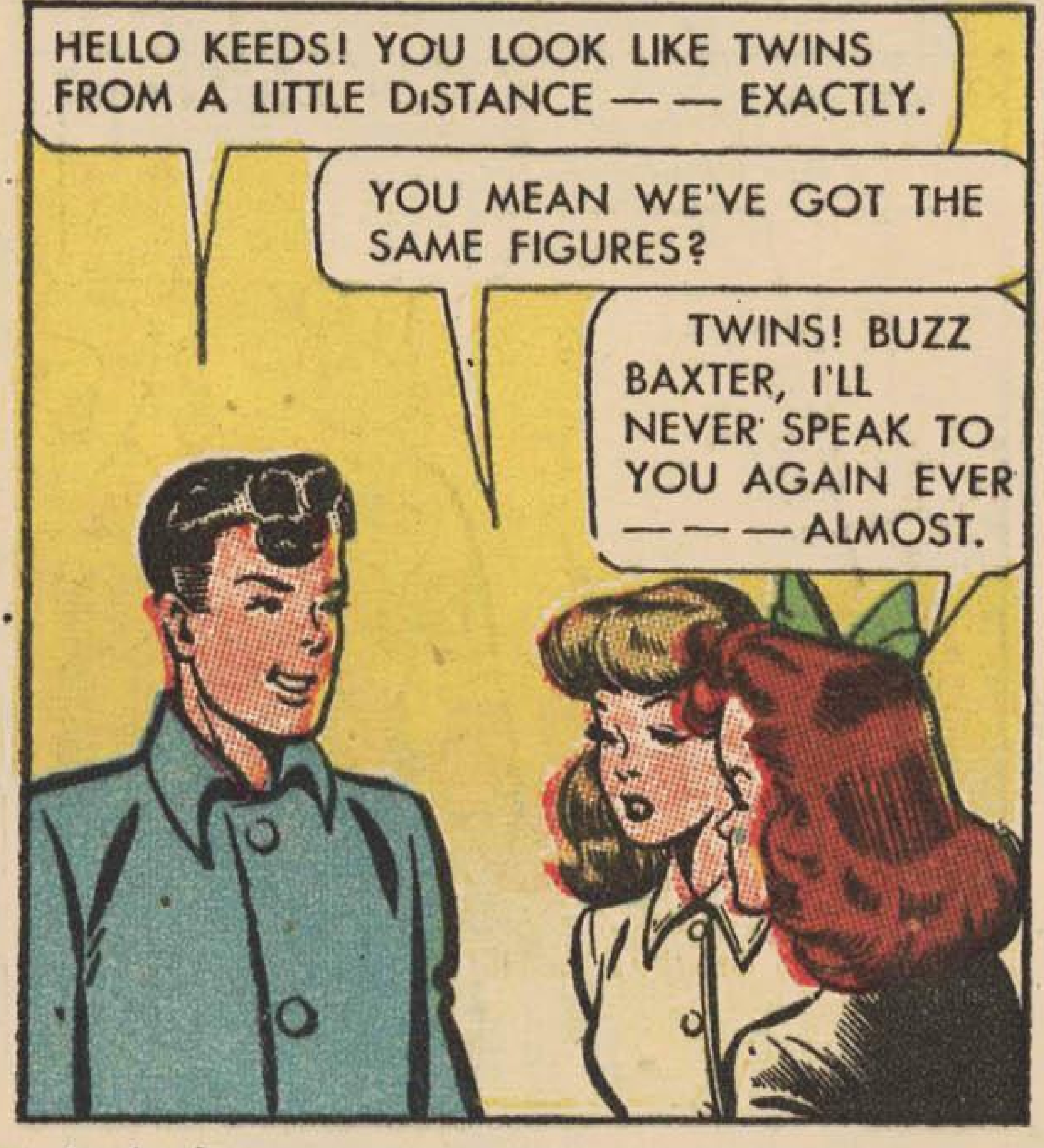
BUT A GIRL CAN CHECK A LITTLE, CAN'T SHE?


TURN AROUND NANCY SO I CAN COMPARE WITH YOU.
YOU'RE SILLY — — — I'M HEAPS WIDER.

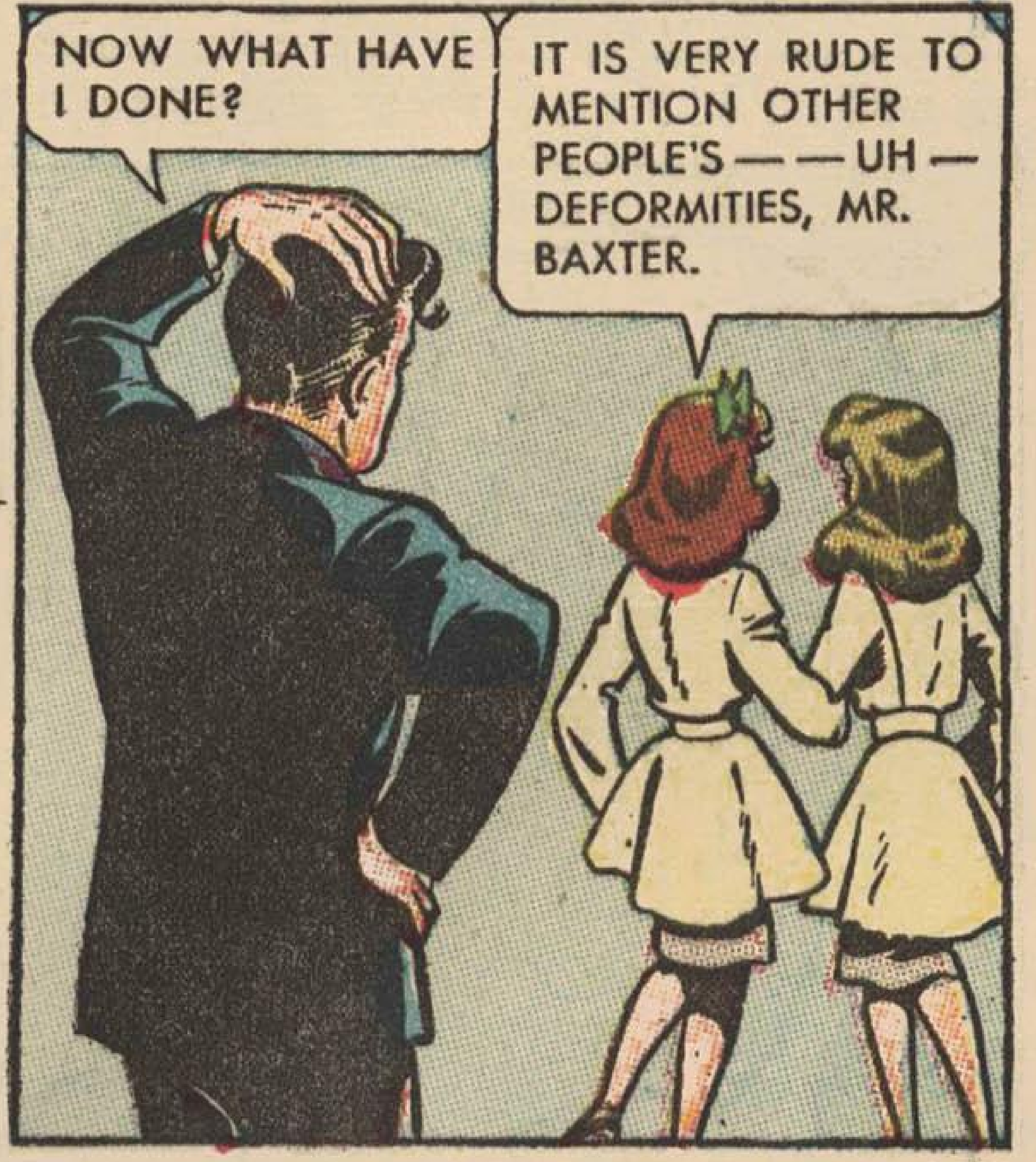

LET'S SEE, NANCY —— YOU'RE THIS WIDE.

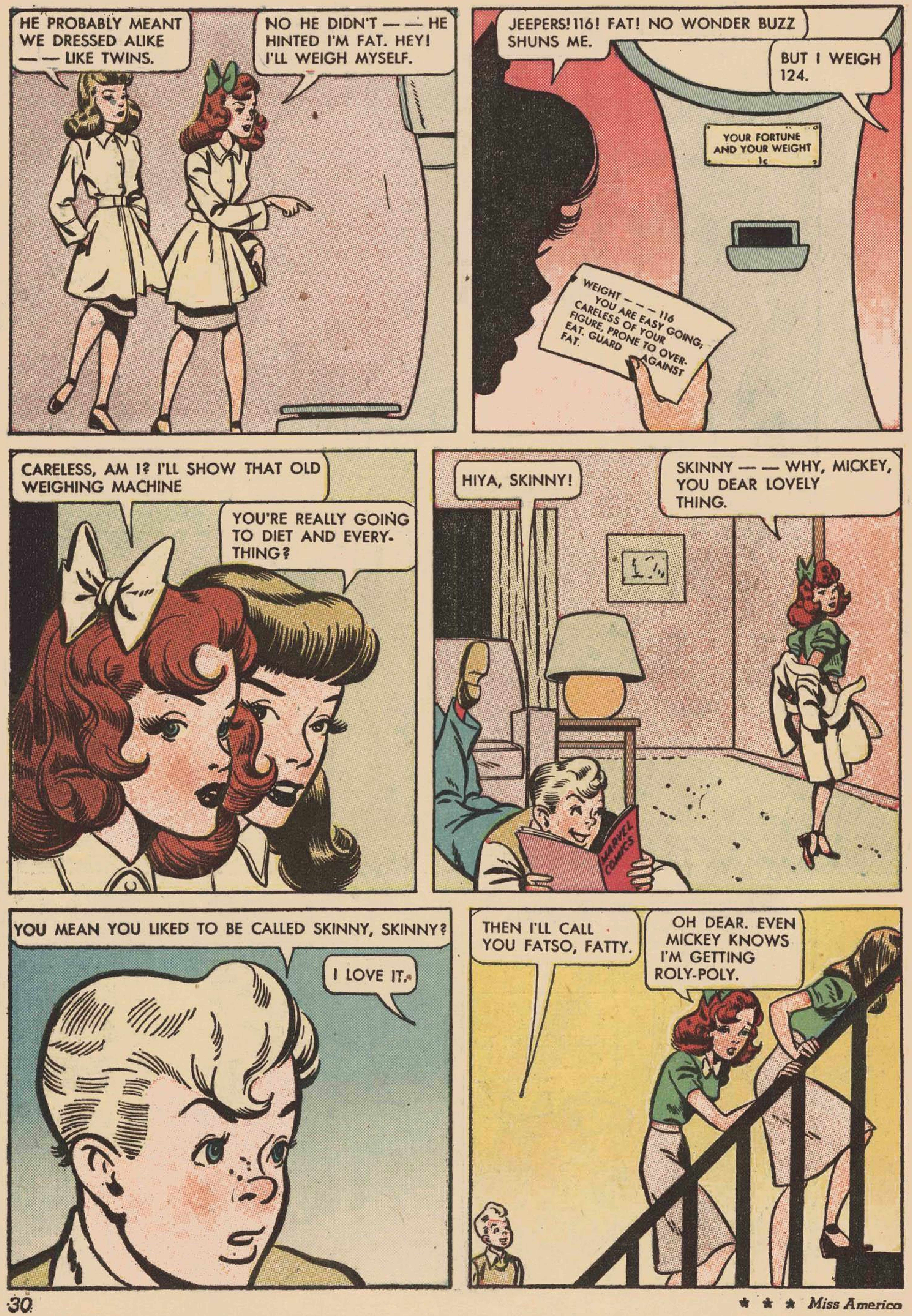

WHEW! THAT'S A RELIEF.
ON ME THAT WIDTH LOOKS GOOD.

WELL, HERE'S BUZZ BAXTER, PATSY'S ADMIRER..

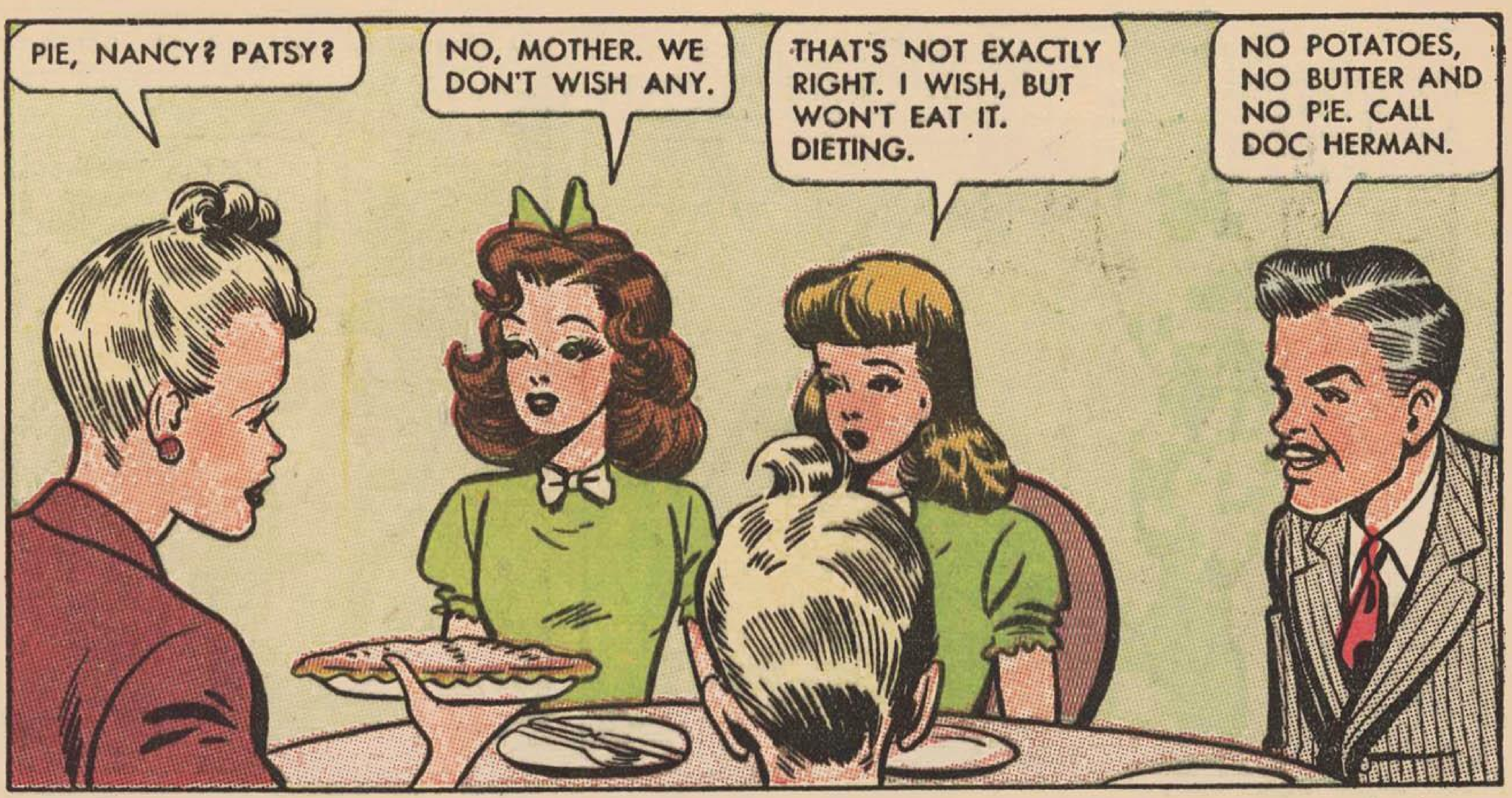

HELLO KEEDS! YOU LOOK LIKE TWINS FROM A LITTLE DISTANCE —— EXACTLY.
YOU MEAN WE'VE GOT THE SAME FIGURES?
TWINS! BUZZ BAXTER, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN EVER ——— ALMOST.

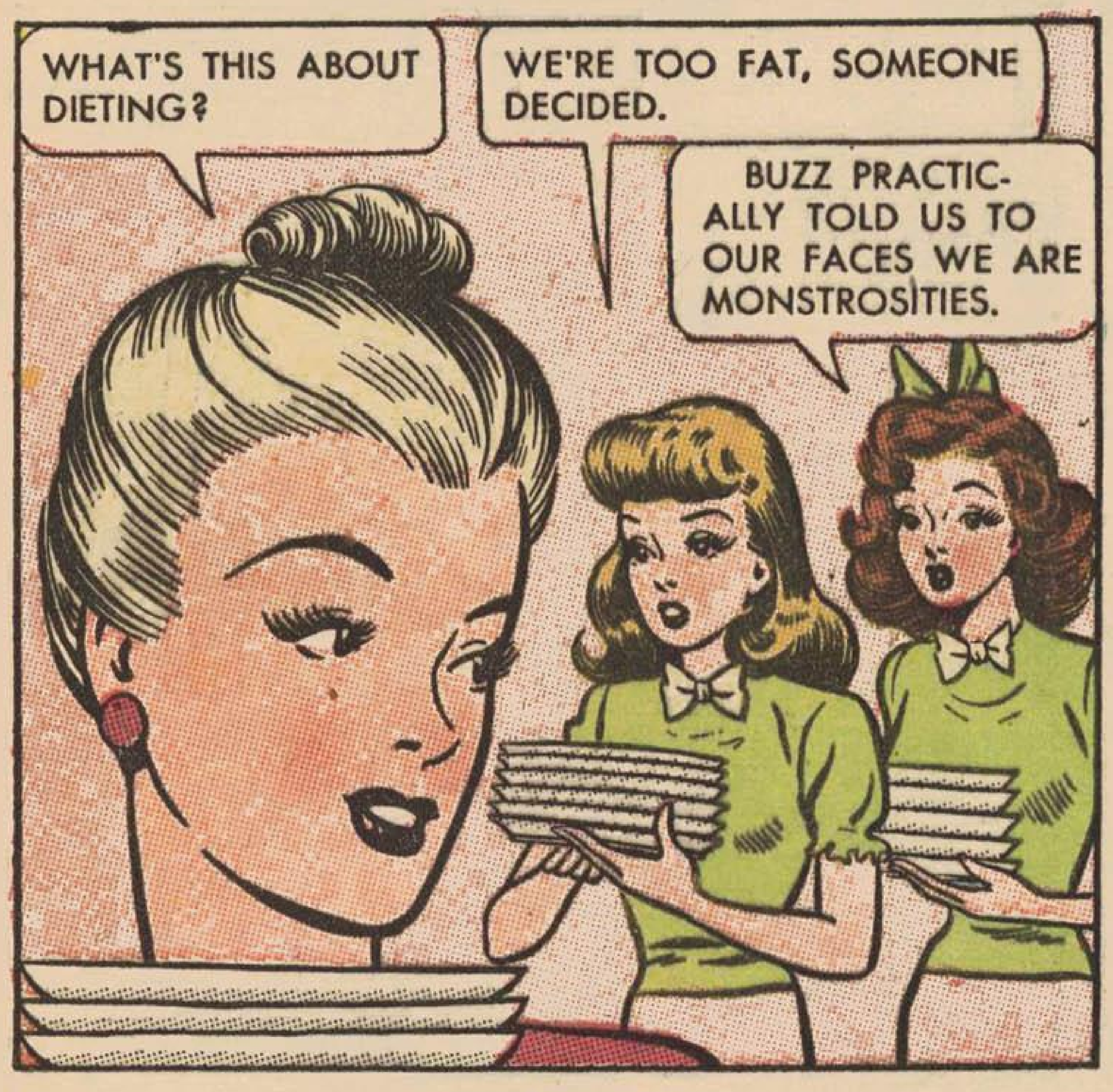
SOMETIMES THE MOST INNOCENT REMARKS BACKFIRE LIKE CRAZY.

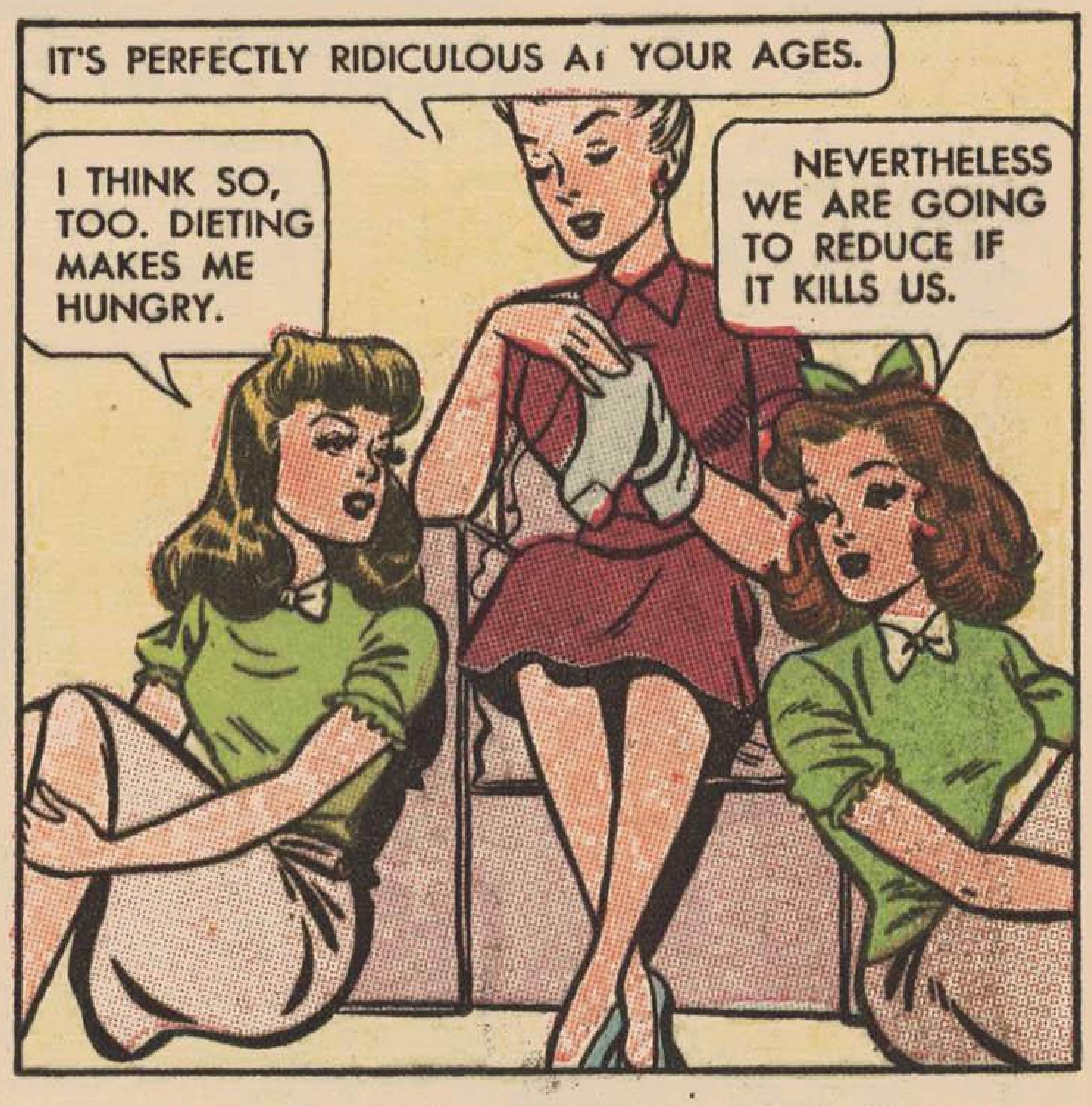

NOW WHAT HAVE I DONE?
IT IS VERY RUDE TO MENTION OTHER PEOPLE'S —— UH — DEFORMITIES, MR. BAXTER.


HE PROBABLY MEANT WE DRESSED ALIKE — — LIKE TWINS.
NO HE DIDN'T — — HE HINTED I'M FAT. HEY! I'LL WEIGH MYSELF.
JEEPERS! 116! FAT! NO WONDER BUZZ SHUNS ME.
BUT I WEIGH 124.
YOUR FORTUNE AND YOUR WEIGHT 1¢
WEIGHT — — — 116 YOU ARE EASY GOING; CARELESS OF YOUR FIGURE, PRONE TO OVER-EAT. GUARD AGAINST FAT.
CARELESS, AM I? I'LL SHOW THAT OLD WEIGHING MACHINE
YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO DIET AND EVERYTHING?
HIYA, SKINNY!
SKINNY — — WHY, MICKEY, YOU DEAR LOVELY THING.
MARVEL COMICS
YOU MEAN YOU LIKED TO BE CALLED SKINNY, SKINNY?
I LOVE IT.
THEN I'LL CALL YOU FATSO, FATTY.
OH DEAR. EVEN MICKEY KNOWS I'M GETTING ROLY-POLY.

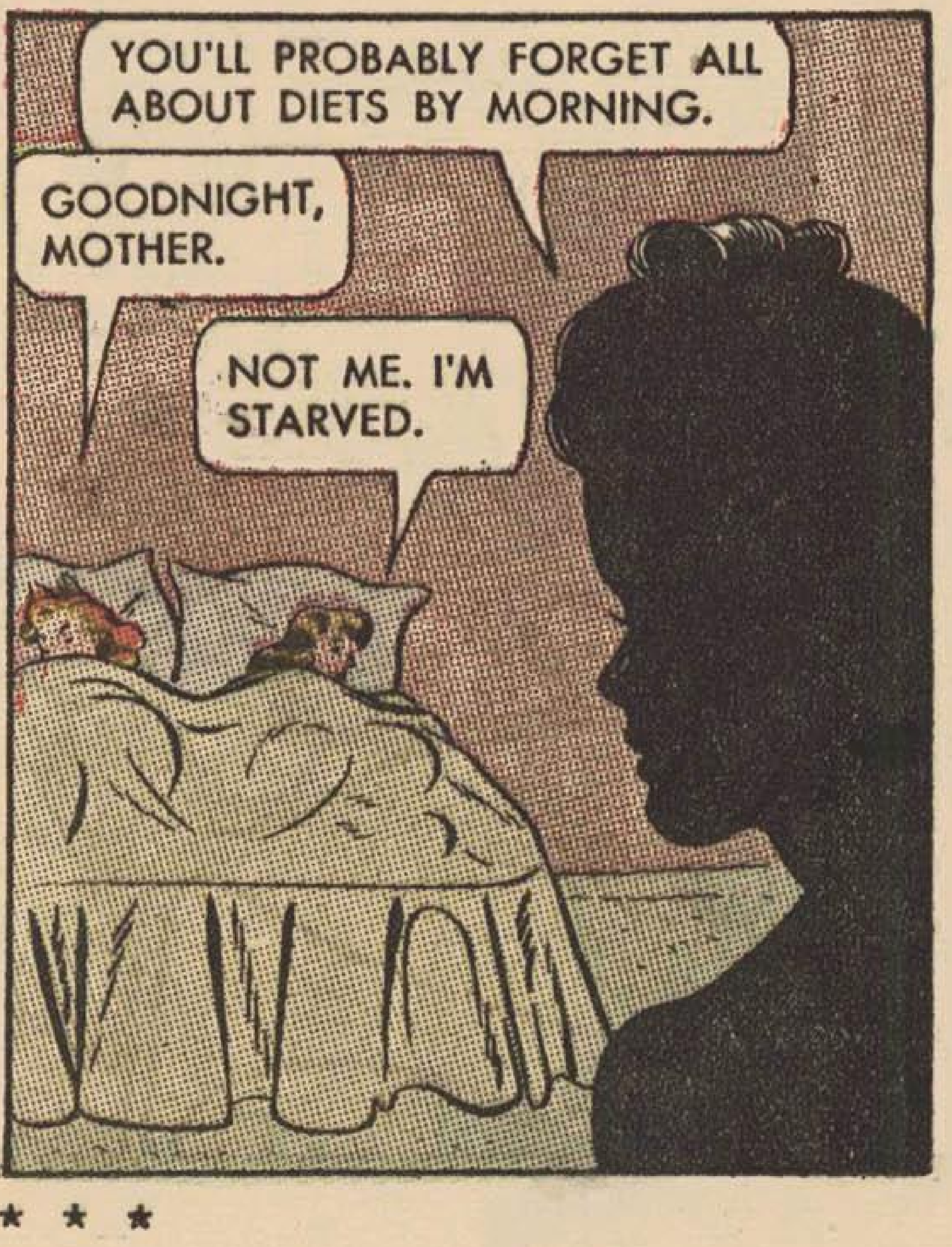
THAT NIGHT PATSY AND NANCY BEGIN THEIR DIETING...


PIE, NANCY? PATSY?
NO, MOTHER. WE DON'T WISH ANY.
THAT'S NOT EXACTLY RIGHT. I WISH, BUT WON'T EAT IT. DIETING.
NO POTATOES, NO BUTTER AND NO PIE. CALL DOC HERMAN.

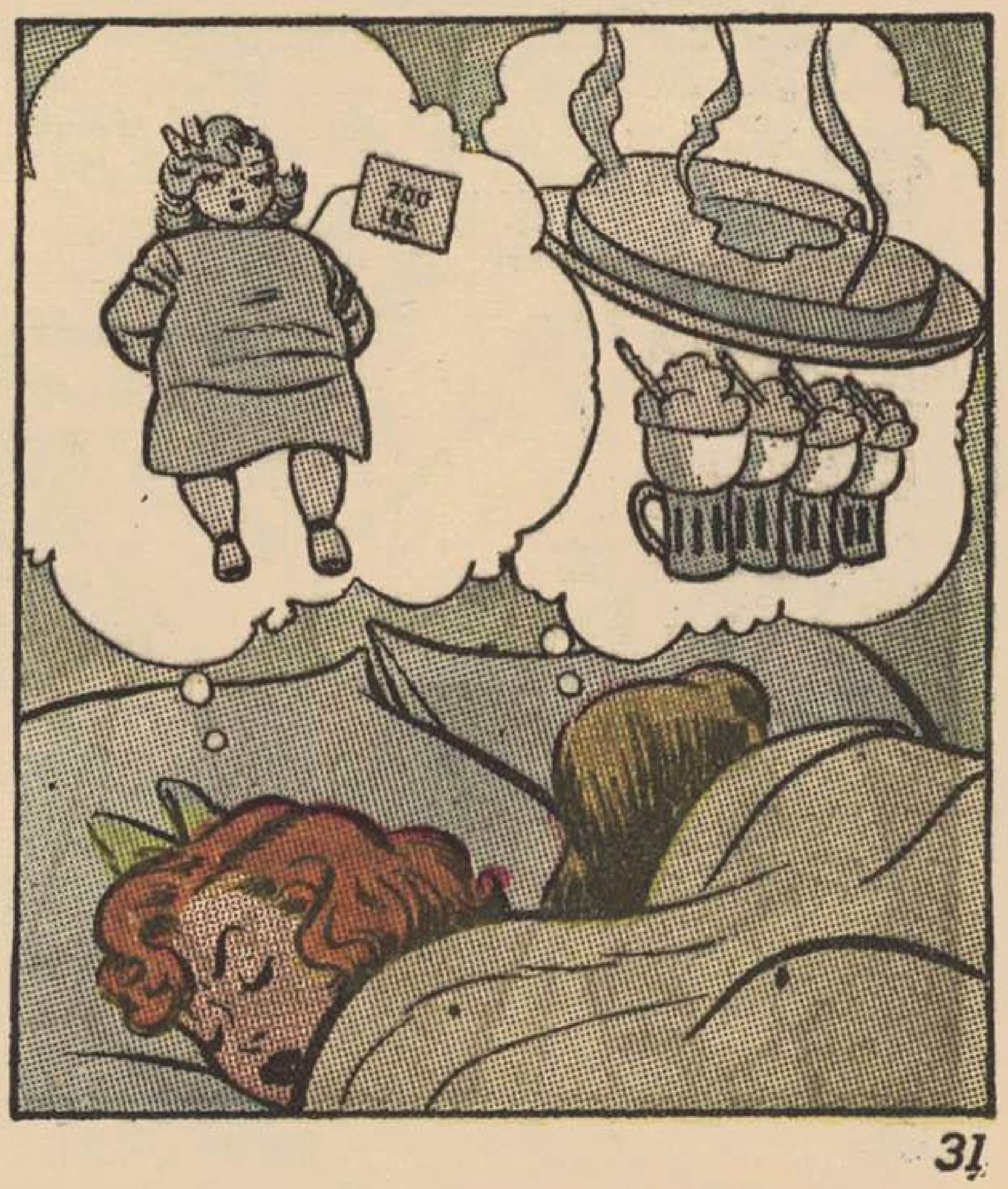

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT DIETING?
WE'RE TOO FAT, SOMEONE DECIDED.
BUZZ PRACTICALLY TOLD US TO OUR FACES WE ARE MONSTROSITIES.

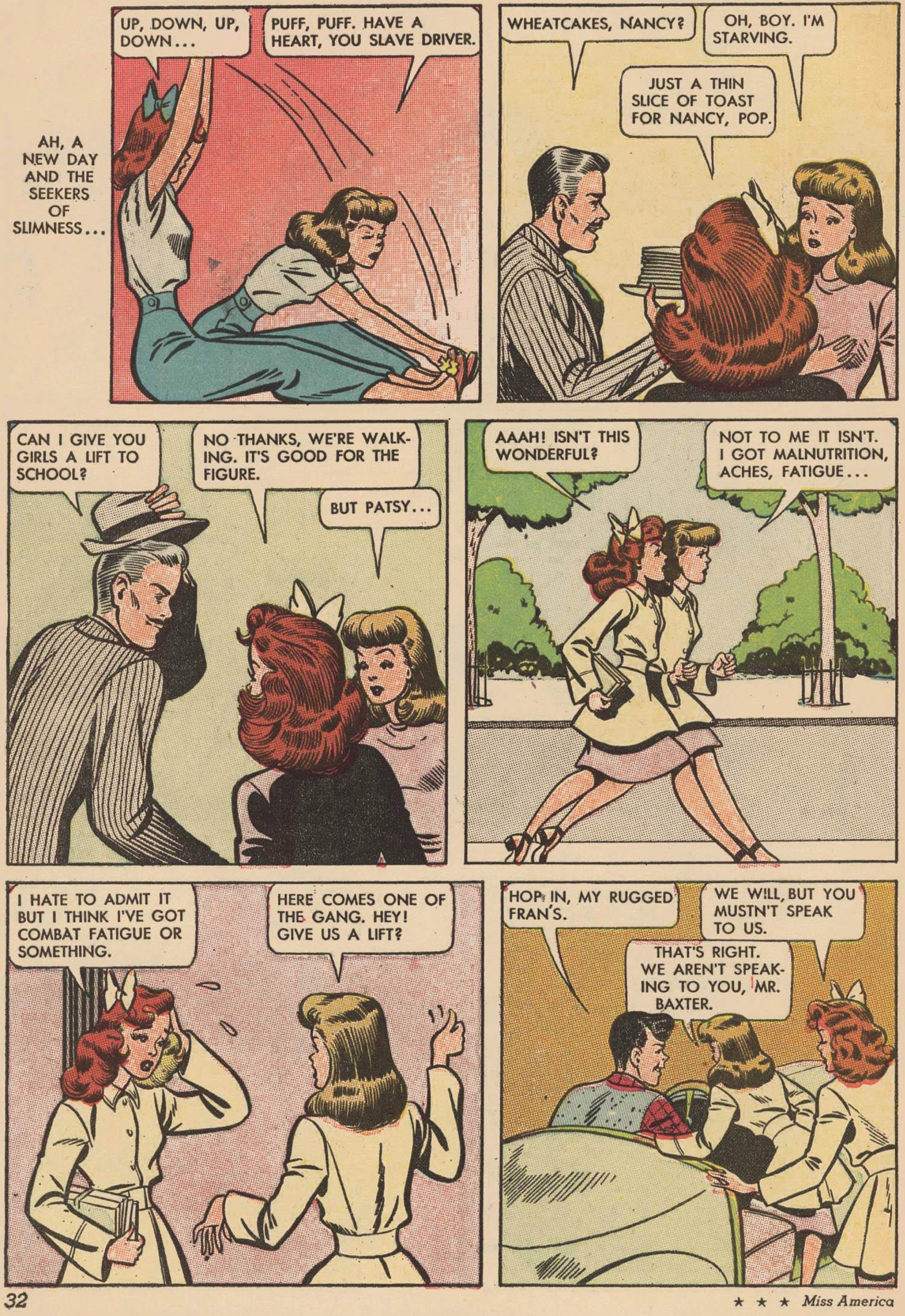

IT'S PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS AT YOUR AGES.
I THINK SO, TOO. DIETING MAKES ME HUNGRY.
NEVERTHELESS WE ARE GOING TO REDUCE IF IT KILLS US.

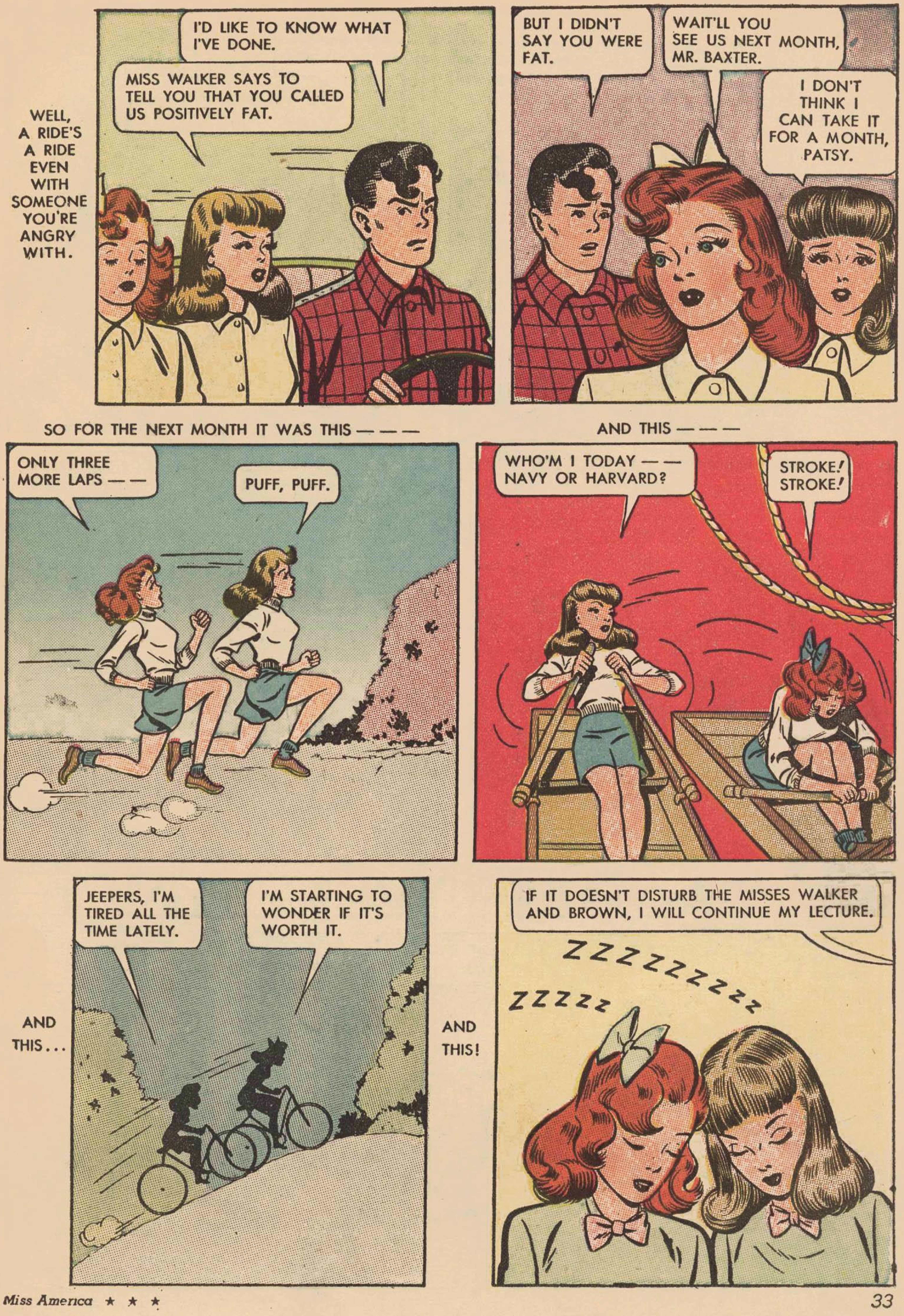
NANCY IS STAYING FOR THE NIGHT WITH PATSY AND...


YOU'LL PROBABLY FORGET ALL ABOUT DIETS BY MORNING.
GOODNIGHT, MOTHER.
NOT ME. I'M STARVED.

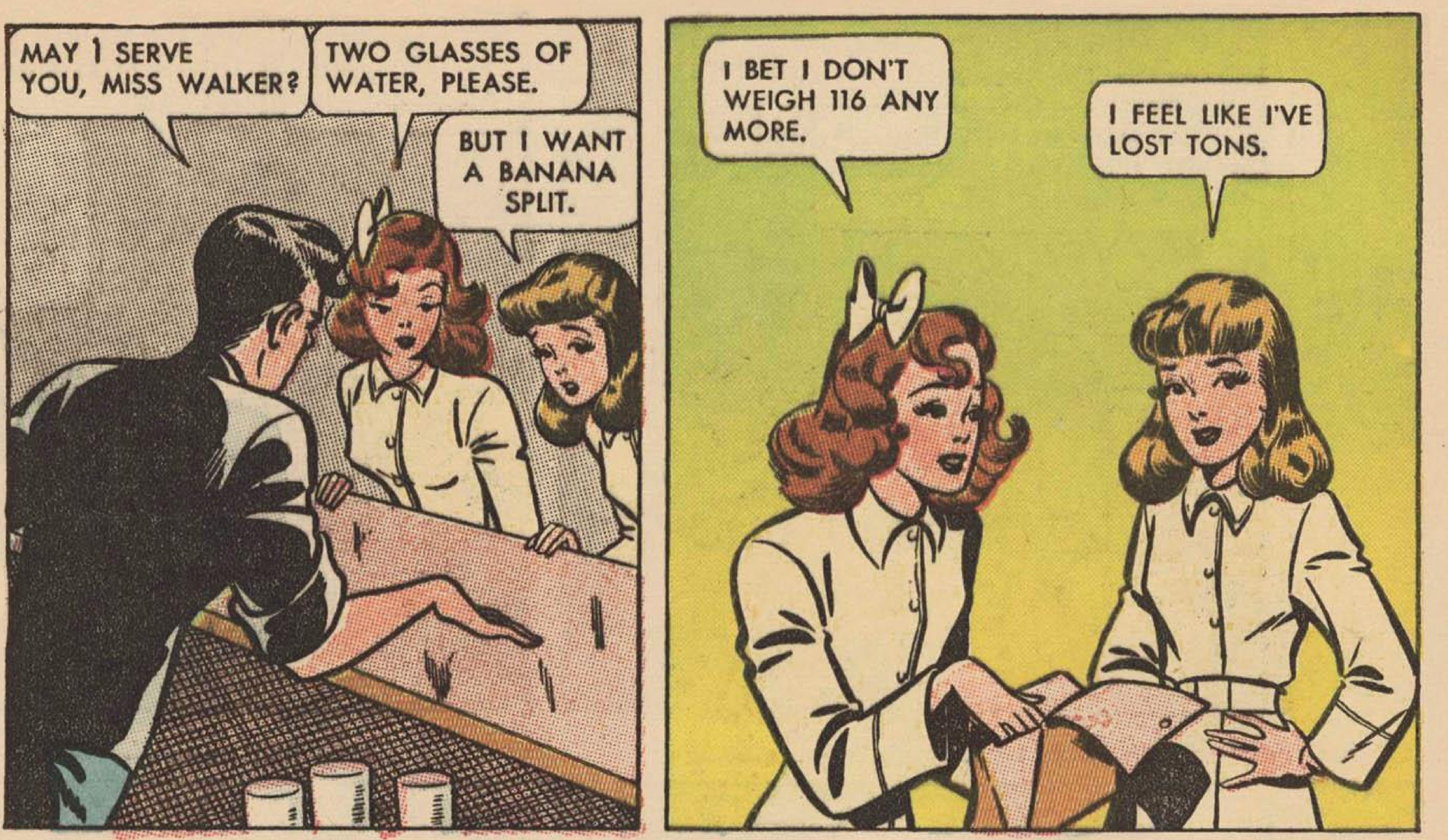
FORGET DIETS? NEVER.

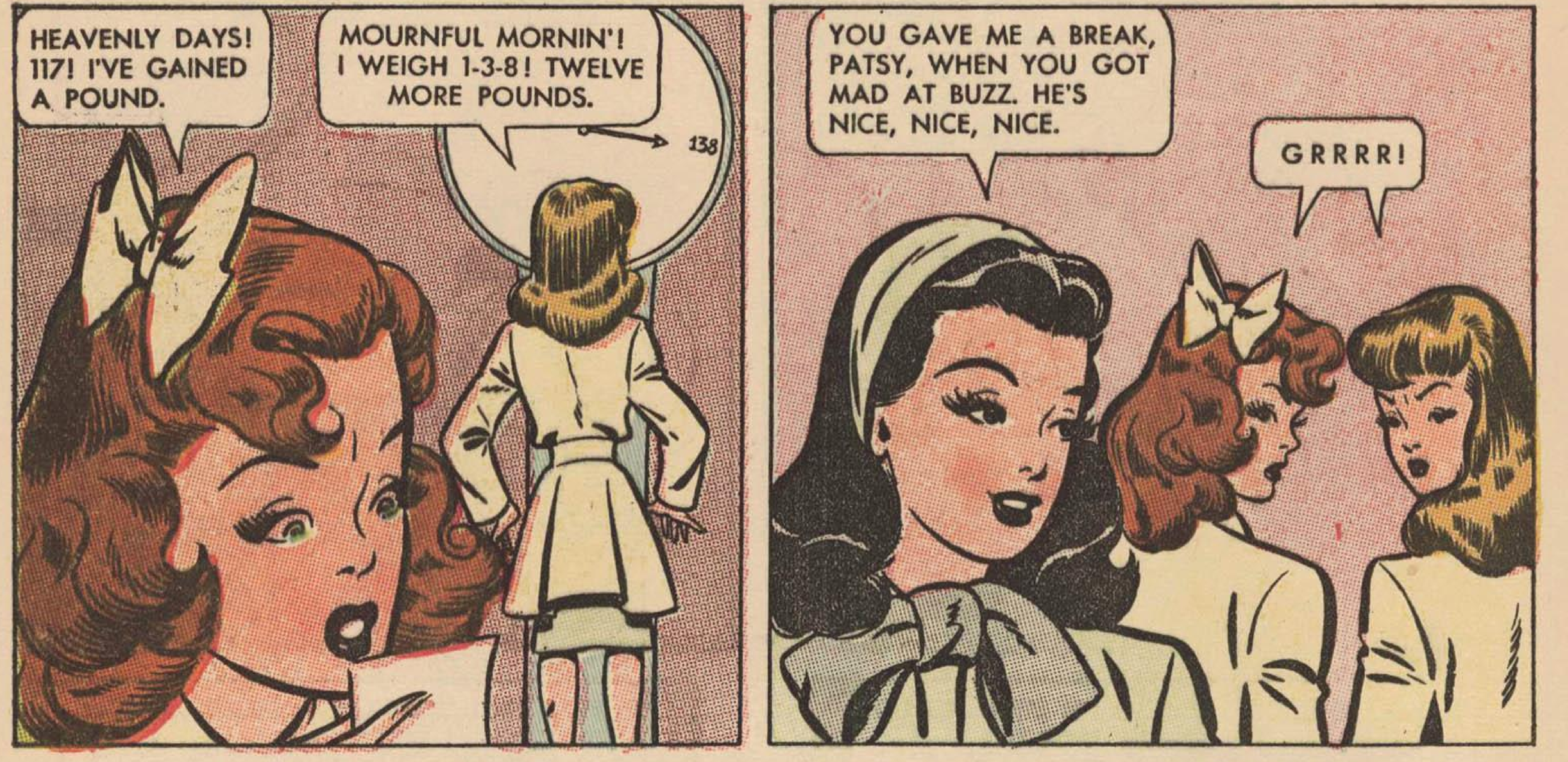



AH, A NEW DAY AND THE SEEKERS OF SLIMNESS...
UP, DOWN, UP, DOWN...
PUFF, PUFF. HAVE A HEART, YOU SLAVE DRIVER.
WHEATCAKES, NANCY?
OH, BOY. I'M STARVING.
JUST A THIN SLICE OF TOAST FOR NANCY, POP.
CAN I GIVE YOU GIRLS A LIFT TO SCHOOL?
NO THANKS, WE'RE WALKING. IT'S GOOD FOR THE FIGURE.
BUT PATSY...
AAAH! ISN'T THIS WONDERFUL?
NOT TO ME IT ISN'T. I GOT MALNUTRITION, ACHES, FATIGUE...
I HATE TO ADMIT IT BUT I THINK I'VE GOT COMBAT FATIGUE OR SOMETHING.
HERE COMES ONE OF THE GANG. HEY! GIVE US A LIFT?
HOP IN, MY RUGGED FRANS.
WE WILL, BUT YOU MUSTN'T SPEAK TO US.
THAT'S RIGHT. WE AREN'T SPEAKING TO YOU, MR. BAXTER.

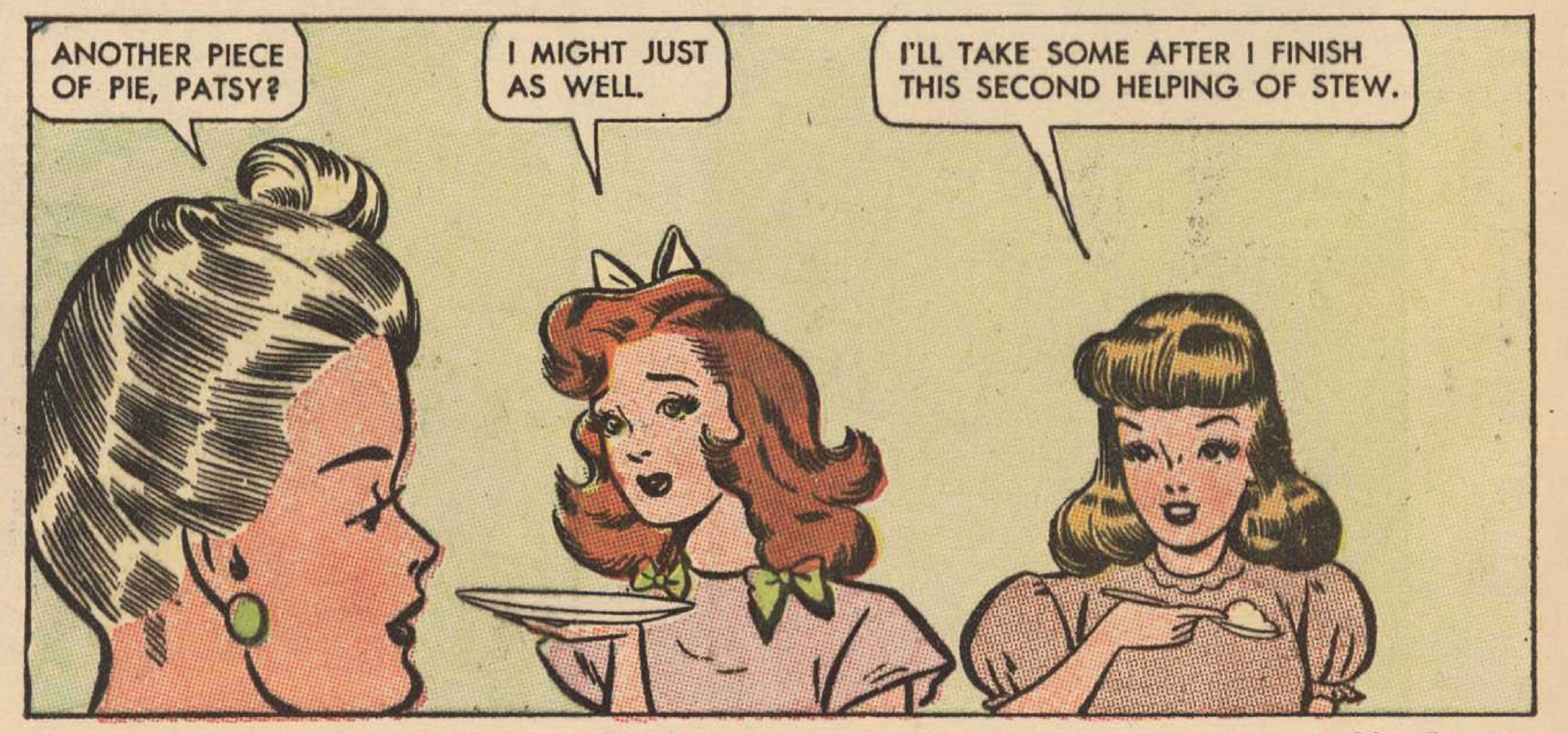

WELL, A RIDE'S A RIDE EVEN WITH SOMEONE YOU'RE ANGRY WITH.
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE.
MISS WALKER SAYS TO TELL YOU THAT YOU CALLED US POSITIVELY FAT.
BUT I DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE FAT.
WAIT'LL YOU SEE US NEXT MONTH, MR. BAXTER.
I DON'T THINK I CAN TAKE IT FOR A MONTH, PATSY.
SO FOR THE NEXT MONTH IT WAS THIS — — —
ONLY THREE MORE LAPS — —
PUFF, PUFF.
AND THIS — — —
WHO'M I TODAY — — NAVY OR HARVARD?
STROKE! STROKE!
AND THIS...
JEEPERS, I'M TIRED ALL THE TIME LATELY.
I'M STARTING TO WONDER IF IT'S WORTH IT.
AND THIS!
IF IT DOESN'T DISTURB THE MISSES WALKER AND BROWN, I WILL CONTINUE MY LECTURE.
ZZZZZ
ZZZZZZZZZZZ

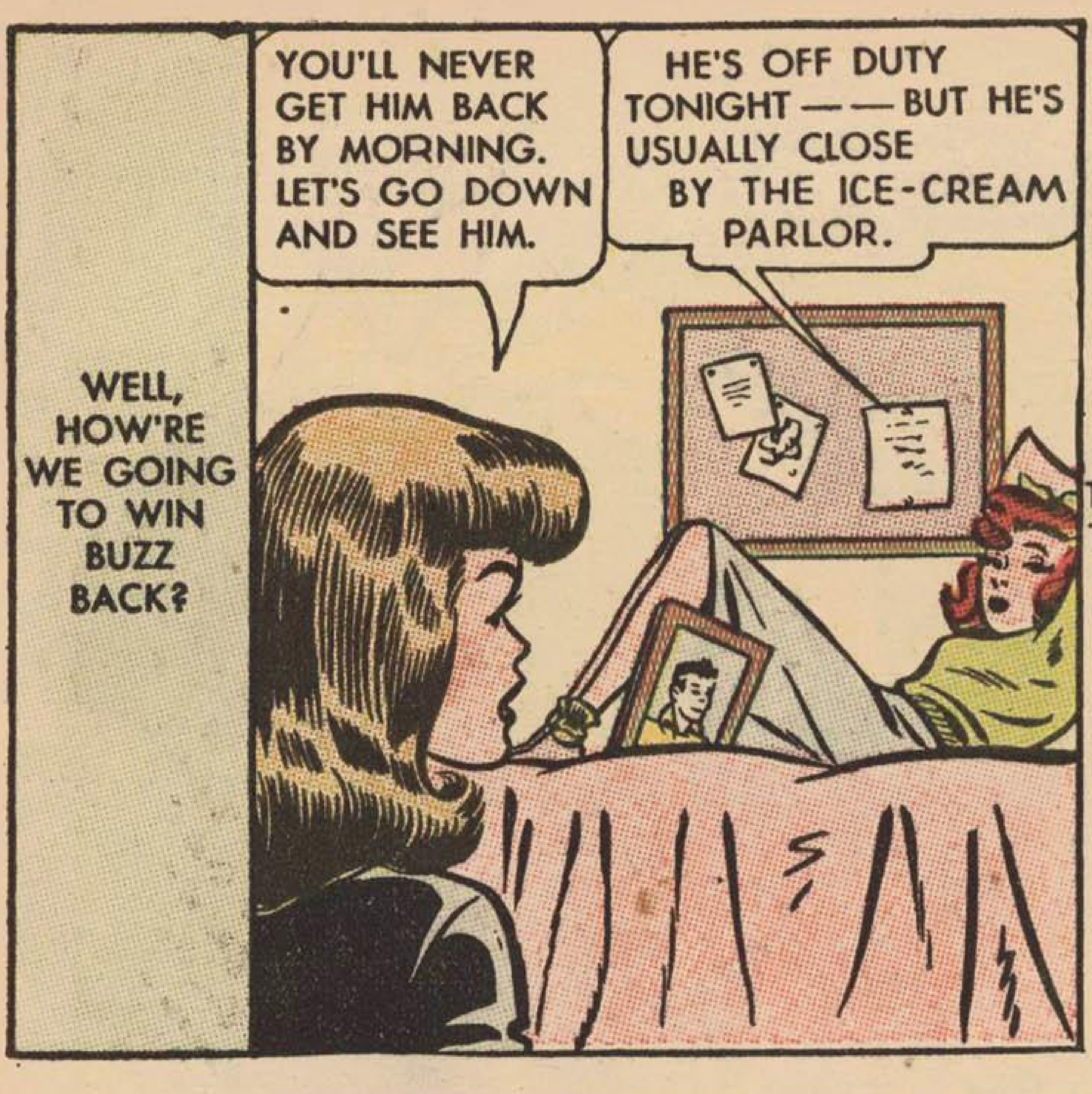
LET'S GET ON WITH THE STORY. A MONTH PASSES...


MAY I SERVE YOU, MISS WALKER?
TWO GLASSES OF WATER, PLEASE.
BUT I WANT A BANANA SPLIT.
I BET I DON'T WEIGH 116 ANY MORE.
I FEEL LIKE I'VE LOST TONS.

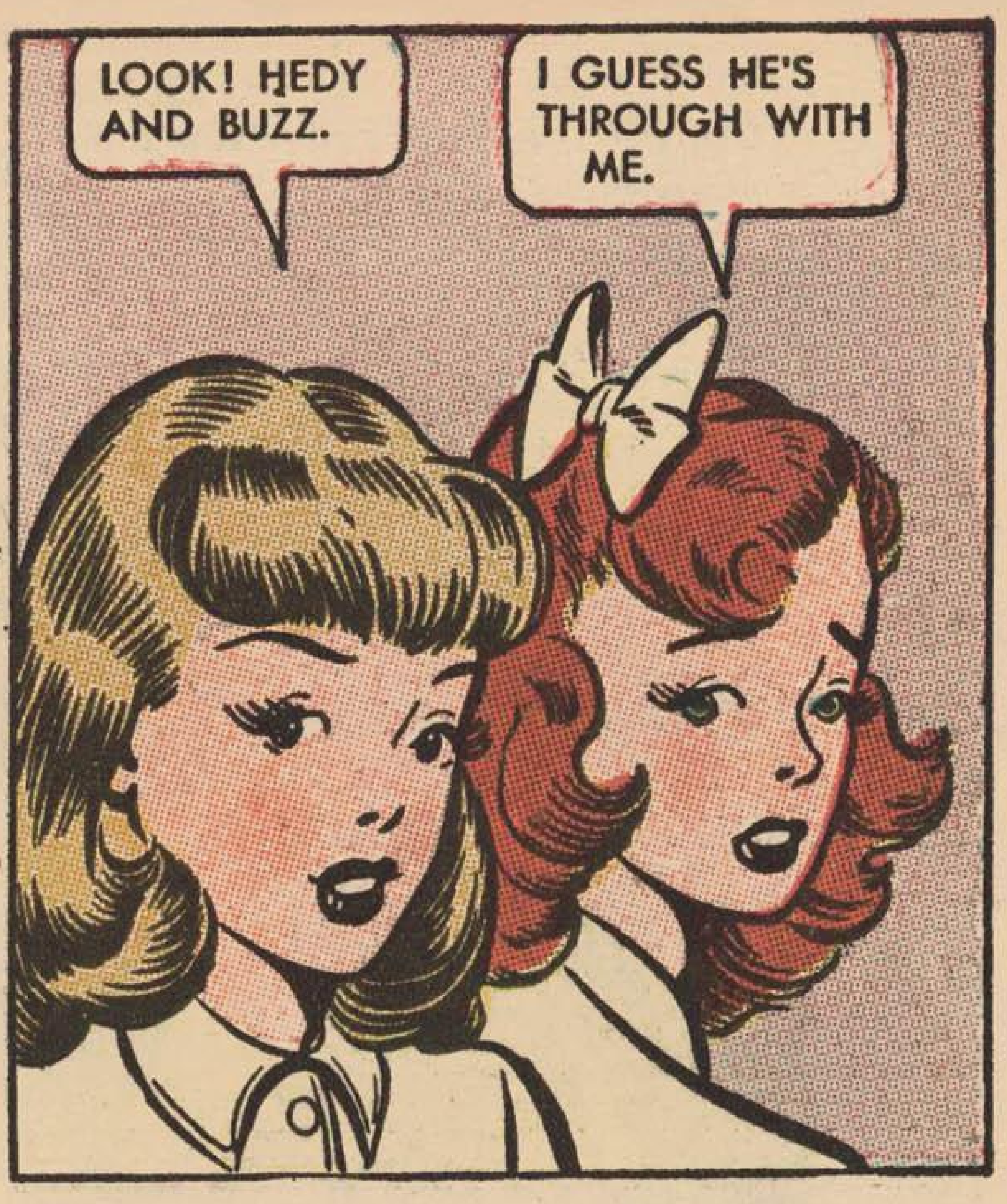

HEAVENLY DAYS! 117! I'VE GAINED A POUND.
MOURNFUL MORNIN'! I WEIGH 1-3-8! TWELVE MORE POUNDS.
138
YOU GAVE ME A BREAK, PATSY, WHEN YOU GOT MAD AT BUZZ. HE'S NICE, NICE, NICE.
GRRRR!

WHAT'S THE USE OF DIETS IF YOU GAIN WEIGHT?

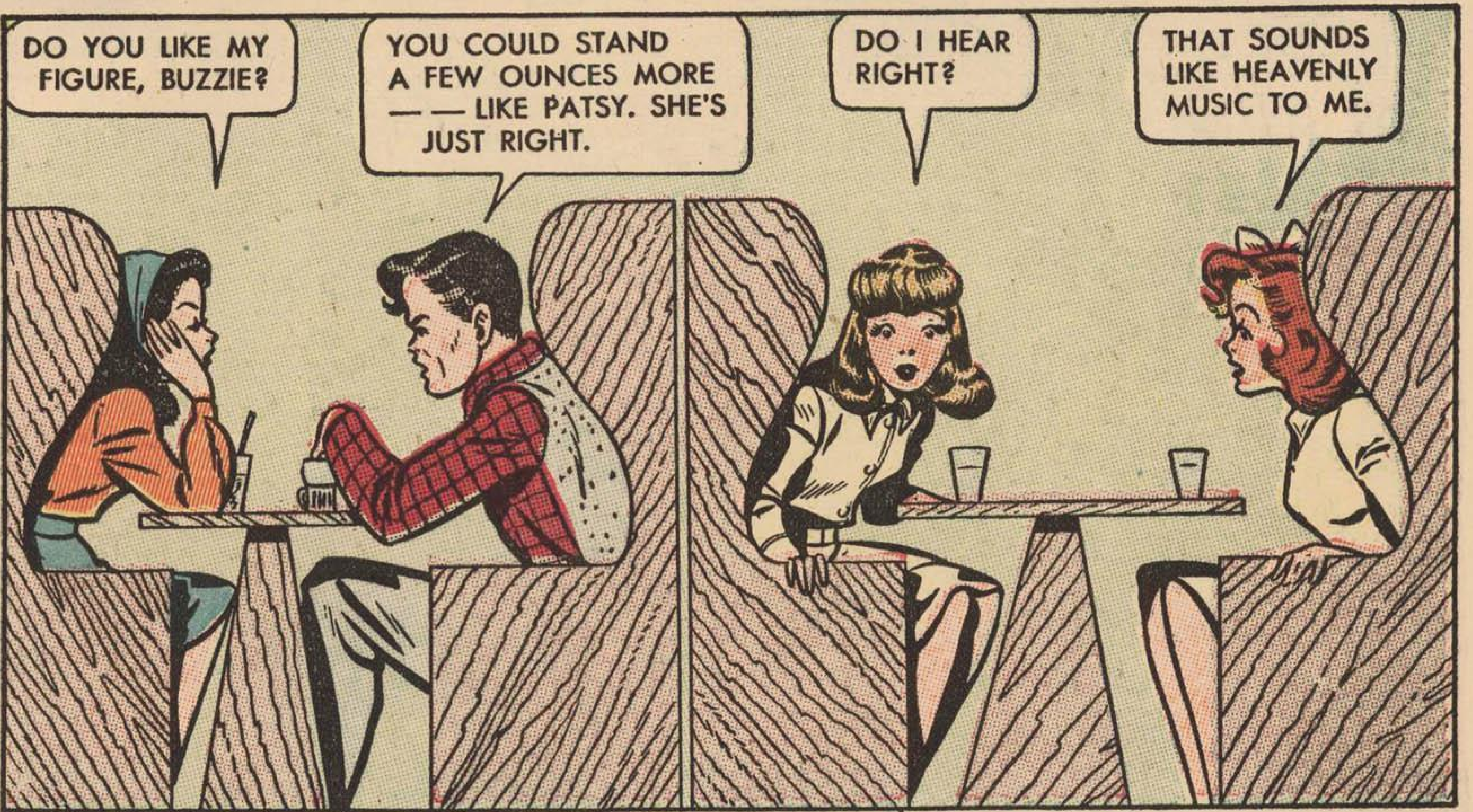

ANOTHER PIECE OF PIE, PATSY?
I MIGHT JUST AS WELL.
I'LL TAKE SOME AFTER I FINISH THIS SECOND HELPING OF STEW.

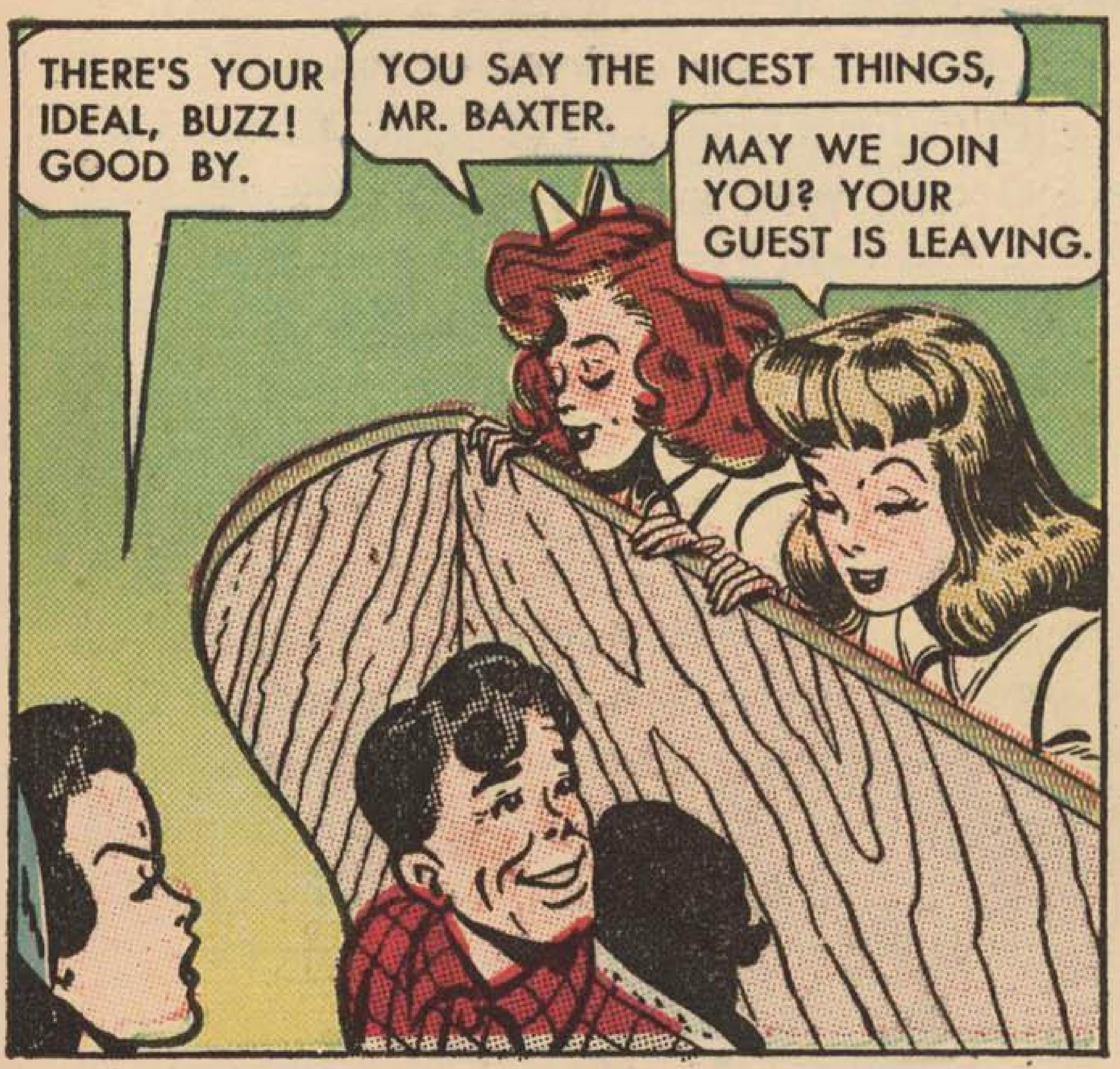

WELL, HOW'RE WE GOING TO WIN BUZZ BACK?
YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM BACK BY MORNING. LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE HIM.
HE'S OFF DUTY TONIGHT — — BUT HE'S USUALLY CLOSE BY THE ICE-CREAM PARLOR.

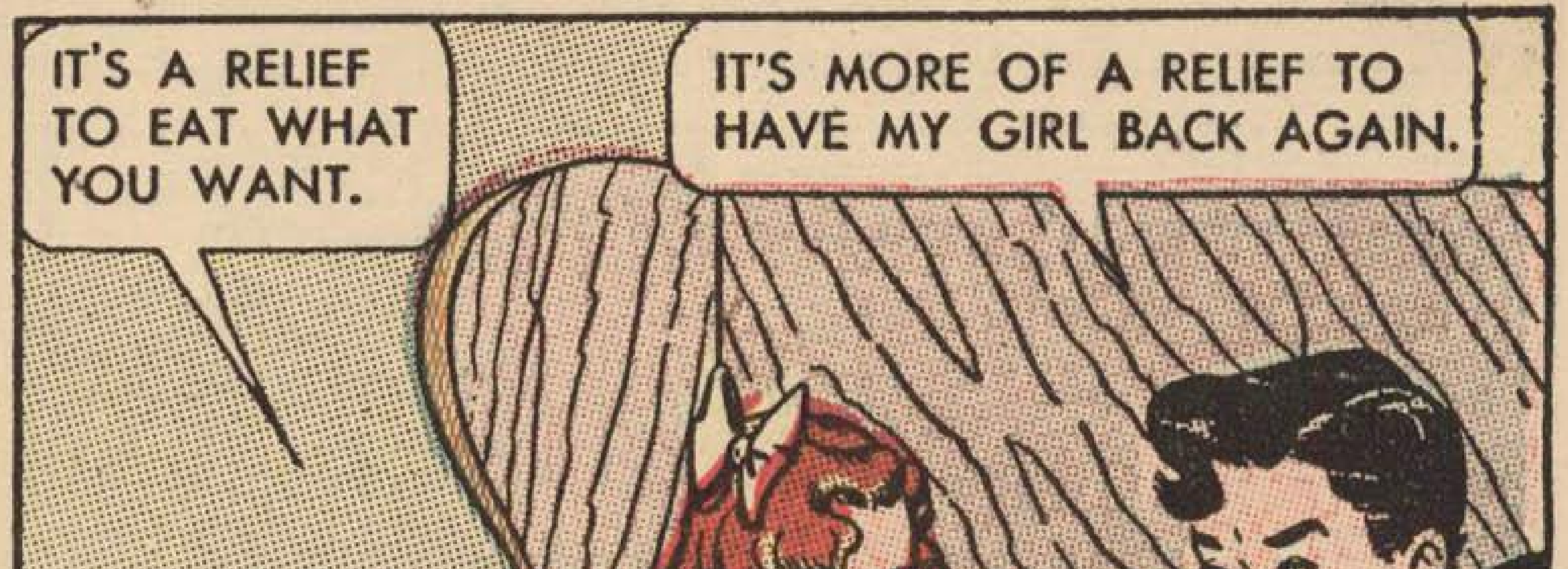
SO OFF THEY GO TO MAKE AMENDS FOR THE SHABBY TREATMENT THEY'VE GIVEN BUZZ.


LOOK! HEDY AND BUZZ.
I GUESS HE'S THROUGH WITH ME.

WHAT WAS IT WE SAID ABOUT EAVESDROPPERS NEVER HEARING NICE THINGS? WE WERE WRONG.


DO YOU LIKE MY FIGURE, BUZZIE?
YOU COULD STAND A FEW OUNCES MORE — — LIKE PATSY. SHE'S JUST RIGHT.
DO I HEAR RIGHT?
THAT SOUNDS LIKE HEAVENLY MUSIC TO ME.


THERE'S YOUR IDEAL, BUZZ! GOOD BY.
YOU SAY THE NICEST THINGS, MR. BAXTER.
MAY WE JOIN YOU? YOUR GUEST IS LEAVING.


IT'S A RELIEF TO EAT WHAT YOU WANT.
IT'S MORE OF A RELIEF TO HAVE MY GIRL BACK AGAIN.

“You Whip me to a Frill...” “You Whip me to a Frill...” “You Whip me to a Frill...”

by Joan Newcomer

It's an "encore" for 15-year-old Joan Newcomer, our July prize winner! We just couldn't resist this rollicking, "young at heart" tale of the eternal triangle. It's giddy and gay! It's bright and breezy! It's—but go ahead, read it yourself and see if you don't cheer Joan's "repeat performance"...

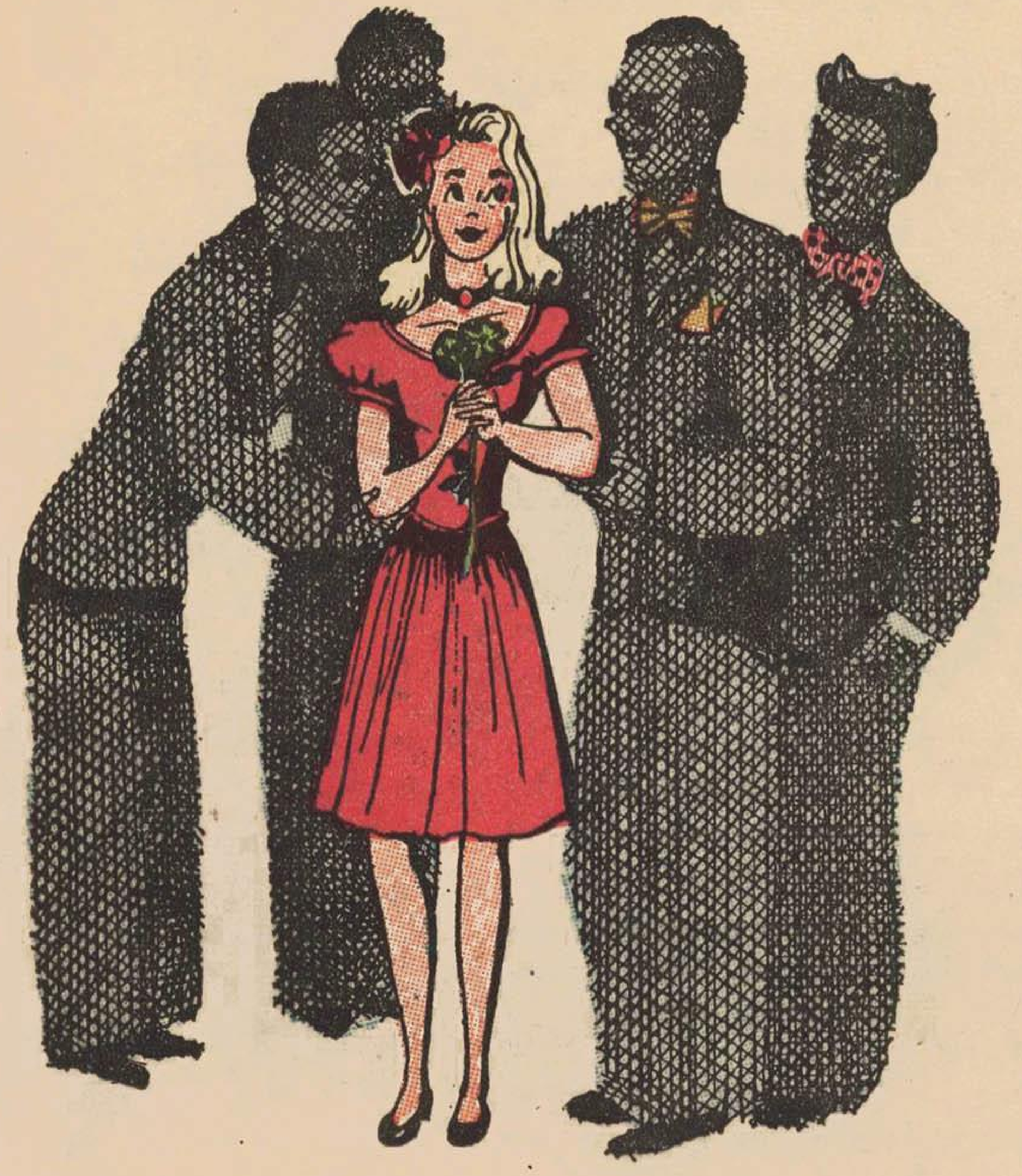
IF I'd known Jane Howard was going to be *anything* but a pure black widow, I'd never have done the things I did. I mean really, just because she was my cousin, I never dreamed—I'm beginning to sound like one of those detective stories—"Had I but known" and so on. But *had* I but known, I wouldn't have been so careless. There are times when a girl has to use all the wiles she has to hold a—a Situation—and that was one of the times. But did I? I practically *pushed* her on Ted, and felt like a heel in the end—but that's not the beginning.

The beginning was this: Mom received a letter from my Aunt Sheila Howard who lives in New York, and because I am her namesake (even if everyone calls me "Sunny" on account of my red hair) she is always sending me the most *divine* things for my birthdays and things, you know—real nice things like my "Carefree" cologne set, and my Count Basie records, which I simply adore! In the letter, she said she wondered if she could send her daughter, Jane, to stay with us for a month on account of she and Uncle George were going to Los Angeles on business, and didn't want Jane to miss school.

So, of course Mom wrote right back and told her we'd be delighted. I was mildly interested too, in a dis-interested sort of way, because I'd seen a snapshot of her when she was about twelve, and she looked kind of intelligent. But of course, I didn't hint that most of my feelings were of boredom, because intelligent wasn't the only word for her. She wore braces, and had straight yellow hair that sort of hung around trying to decide what to do next. She didn't look as if she'd be interested in anything except sitting around all day memorizing encyclopedias, or something. I supposed I'd have to introduce her to The Peeple, which is what our gang calls itself, and after that, maybe drag her to a few shindigs. She probably wouldn't be interested enough in boys to want me to get her a date, so I wouldn't have to worry much. Well—

Cousin Jane arrived at noon on a Saturday. Mom yoo-hooed to me up the stairs, and Jane walked in. Walked in, I should have said *glided* in, because she didn't exactly walk—you know, like Marlene Dietrich? I was so astounded that if I'd had false teeth, I'd have swallowed them! She still had blonde hair, all right, but it was very wavy and long—and luscious! She wore a snorky pale magenta suit, and I might add, her shape was no potato sack, either!

"Hello, Sheila," she said, in a sweet voice. She smiled, and I noticed she wasn't wearing her braces anymore. She batted her eyelashes at me, very charmingly. Ha.



"Hi!" I gulped, trying to be casual, and just *knowing* I'd succeeded.

Boy, was I feeling ducky. I had told The Peeple last night about Jane in not exactly flattering terms. And I had told my leading H. T. (Heart Throb to you), Ted Randall, to be nice to her, as she was my cousin, and I wanted her to have a good time. He said he would, finally, after I begged him, and then he said, "But I'm only doing this because I owe you two bits." The whole thing felt disgusting in my mind—I couldn't tell Ted that she *wasn't* a mothball, and to leave her alone. It was too late.

That night was pure torture—medieval torture.

Ted came by for me at seven, as usual. He stood in the front room and I could mentally see him pick up his eyes as they popped out, one by one, when Jane walked in. He immediately put on his most dazzling smile, reserved for his special lady-killer act, and went into his routine.

"Well, well! Don't tell me this is Jane? Feature that! Geronimo!" he yelled, which is the way the boys in the gang do when they've sighted their target for the night.

"You must be Ted Randall," said Jane, batting her big, blue eyes, and smiling sweetly.

"Yowsah, kiddo! D'ya like chicken?"

"Yes," said Jane, still smiling. I was curdling.

"Then grab a wing!" cracked Ted, as he offered his arm to her. We went...

The gals could have committed homicide on me when they saw Jane. It was only a little later that we four, Sue, Kath, Maggie, and I sat sipping our cokes. The boys were all clamoring for dances with Jane, so we were left to ourselves in the front booth. I tried to defend myself.

"Listen!" I said. "You don't think I wanted her to take Ted off the deep end after I practically forced him to

(*Continued on page 47*)

TEENTOWN, U.S.A. By Joan Lord
YIPPEE! A JOAN LORD FASHIONS JINGLE CONTEST!
AND 2000 DOLLARS IN PRIZES!
JOAN LORD
TEEN-LIFE
HERE'S THE DICTIONARY, WHAT RHYMES WITH LABEL?
LET'S SEE-ABLE-CABLE-TABLE!
GO AWAY! THIS IS A JINGLE SESSION FOR GIRLS ONLY!
JINGLE FEVER'S GOT ME! AM I EVER FULL OF 4-LINE DREAM STUFF!
THIS JINGLE JIVE'S PRETTY KEEN- IT'S REALLY GOT ME ON THE BEAM!
THIS IS FOR ME! WATCH ME BRING HOME THE BACON!
GEE! WHAT CAN BE BETTER THAN VICTORY BONDS, THEY WILL BE MY SHARE IN VICTORY!
$ $ $
U.S. MAIL

$2,000.00 IN PRIZES *for a* JINGLE!

IN VICTORY BONDS

Easy to Do! Free for You! Write a Jingle—Win a Bond!

This is it! A super contest for teen-age girls only! Write a 4-line jingle and walk off with anywhere from $25 to $500 in Bonds! . . . Dish up a jingle for Joan Lord Fashion's famous "jingle-ad" series and get in the money and into print! If your jingle clicks, and is as smart as Joan Lord Fashions, it will be used in an ad and appear in several national magazines! All you have to do in this contest is

WRITE 4 LINES and BE SURE THE FOURTH LINE ENDS WITH THESE WORDS . . .

"...the Joan Lord Label."

Just to make it easier for you, here are two sample jingles to show you what goes:

You can tell a thoroughbred
By the colors of his stable
You can tell smart styling
By the Joan Lord label.

For Swing—it's Harry James
For Pin-Up—Betty Grable
For Swooning—it's Sinatra
For Style—the Joan Lord label.

GET INTO THE CONTEST! Get into the groove! When that jingle-fever hits you, you can't miss! Tell the other chicks to try jingle-jiving too! Make your jingle nutty, make it corny, make it smooth, but make it rhyme! SEND IN AS MANY JINGLES AS YOU LIKE—each one has a chance to win!

REMEMBER THERE'S NOTHING TO BUY —no box-tops to worry about! When the pay-off comes you'll say, "Cross My Fingers and Call Me Lucky!" Start jingling—write now!

See the **JOAN LORD AD ON INSIDE BACK COVER**

WIN ONE OF THESE 46 PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$500 Bond
SECOND PRIZE . . .	$200 Bond
THIRD PRIZE	$100 Bond
5 PRIZES	$ 50 Bonds
38 PRIZES	$ 25 Bonds
TOTAL MATURITY VALUE	$2000

Joan Lord
FASHIONS

519 Eighth Ave.
New York

★ RULES—Read Carefully! ★

1. This contest is open to all girls of 'teen-age living within the limits of continental United States.
2. Submit your entry on the entry form shown on this page or on any sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly.
3. This contest is subject to all federal, state, and local regulations.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, popular interest, and rhyming quality.
5. All entries must be accompanied by a letter of 100 words or less on "What I Want in Postwar Styles." These letters will only be considered in case of ties.
6. The decisions of the judges shall be final.
7. No employees or representatives or Joan Lord Fashions or its advertising agency shall be eligible for this contest.
8. All entries become the property of Joan Lord Fashions.
9. The contest closes on February 28, 1946 and all entries must be postmarked on or before that date.
10. All winners will be notified by mail.

Mail this Coupon with your Entry!

Contest Editor
Joan Lord Fashions

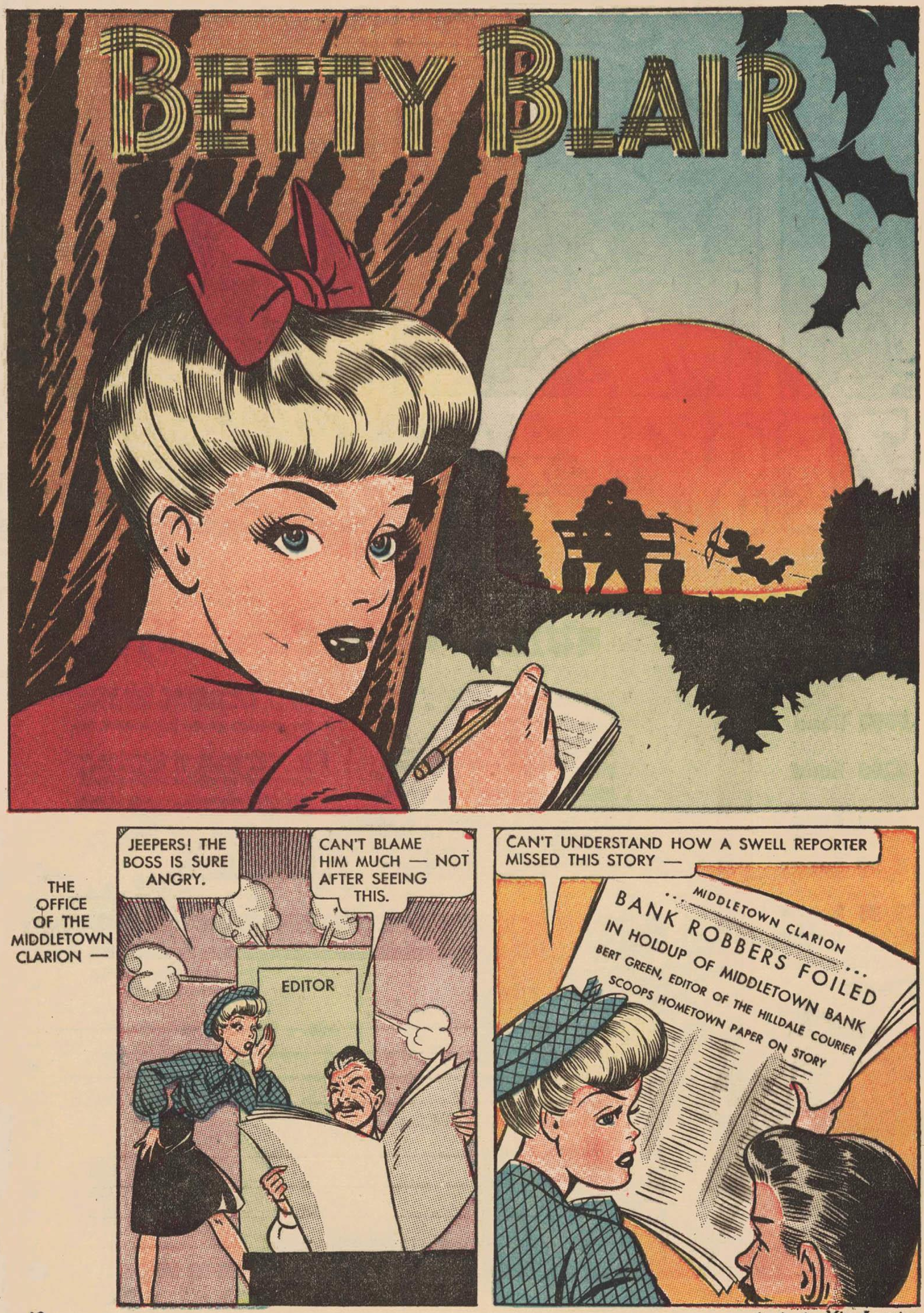
519 Eighth Avenue
New York City

____
____
____
________________________**...the Joan Lord Label.**

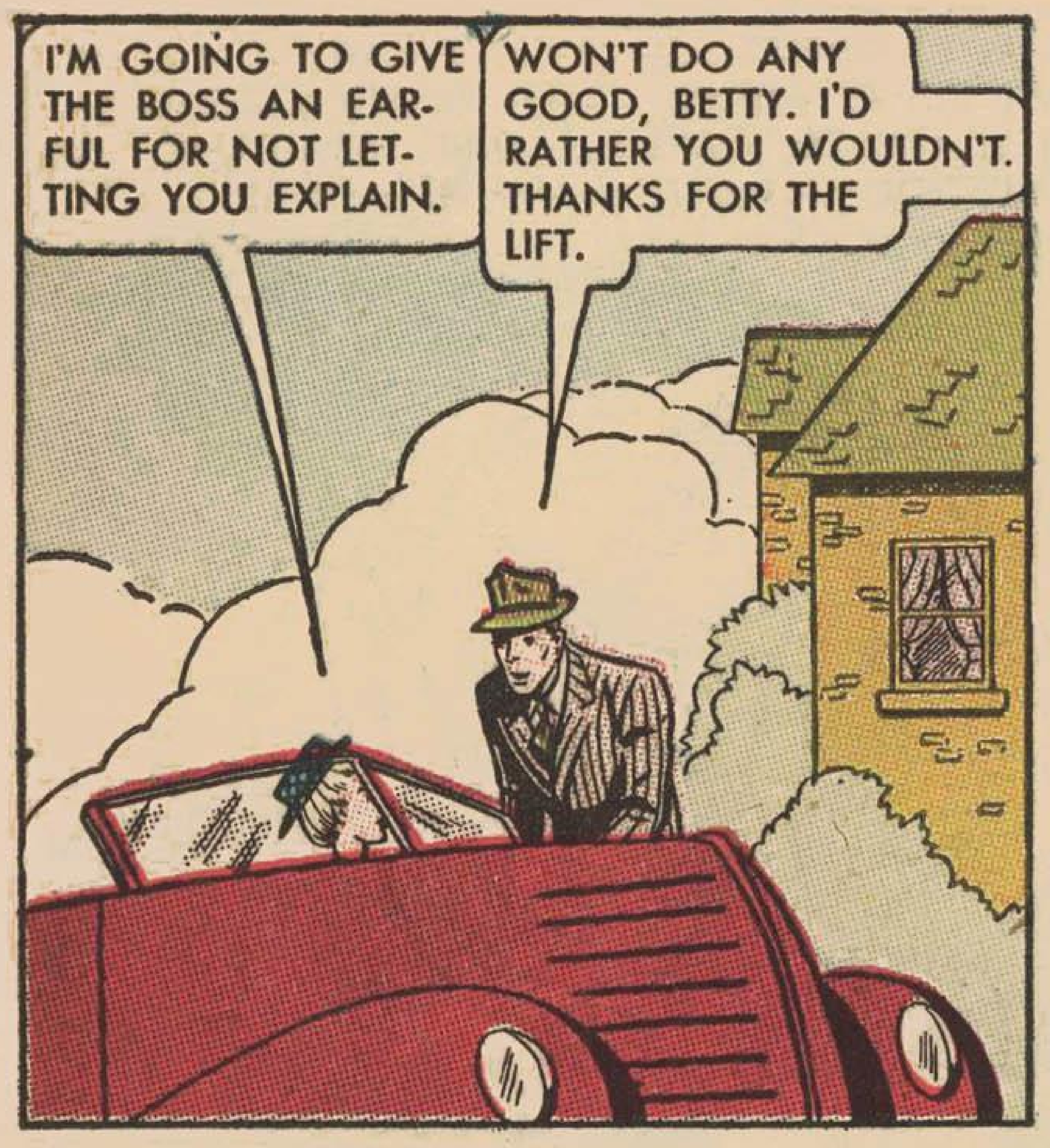
Please print name and address

Name...
Address...
City.......................................State......................
Age..............Store where you shop.........................

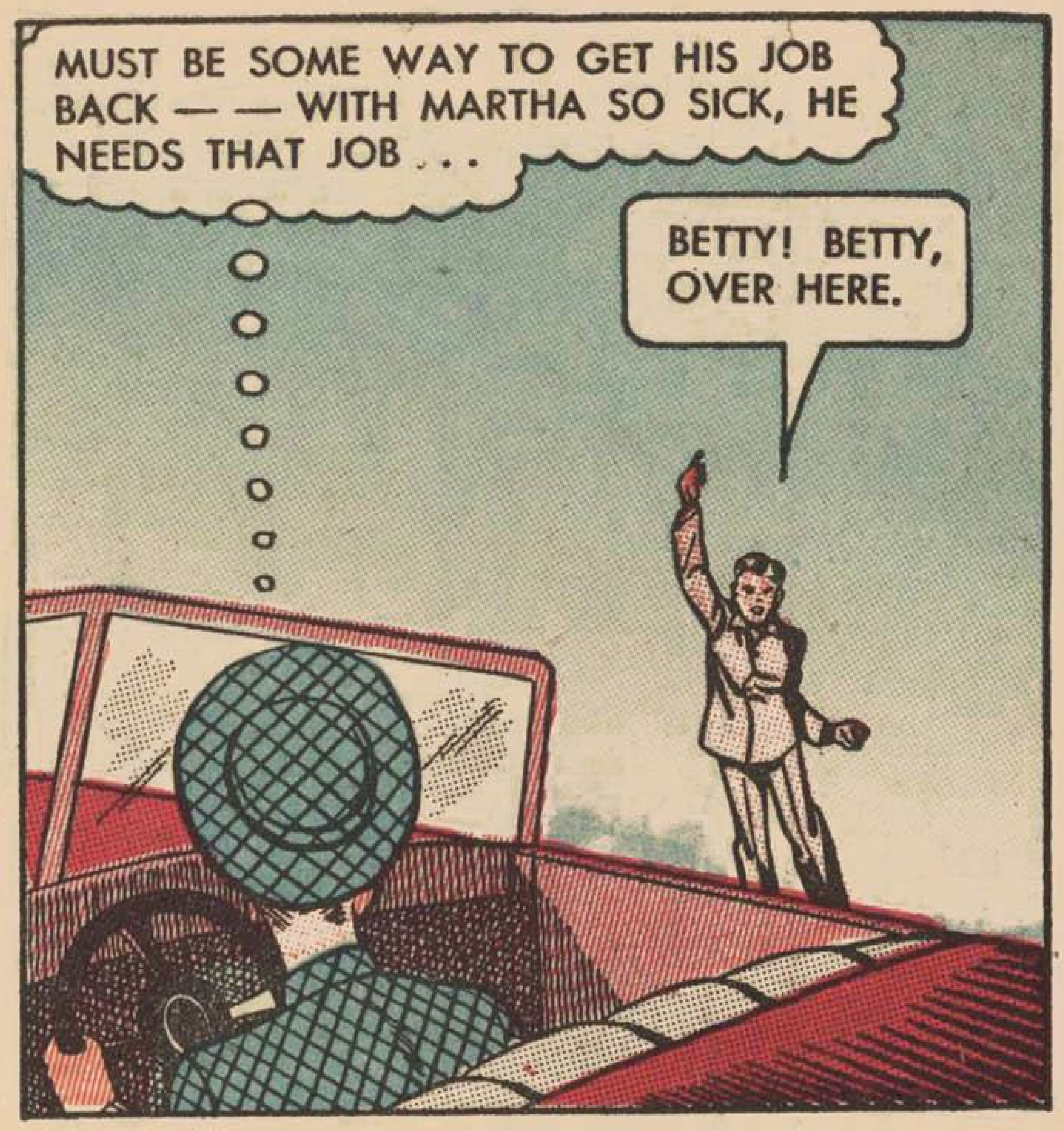
BETTY BLAIR

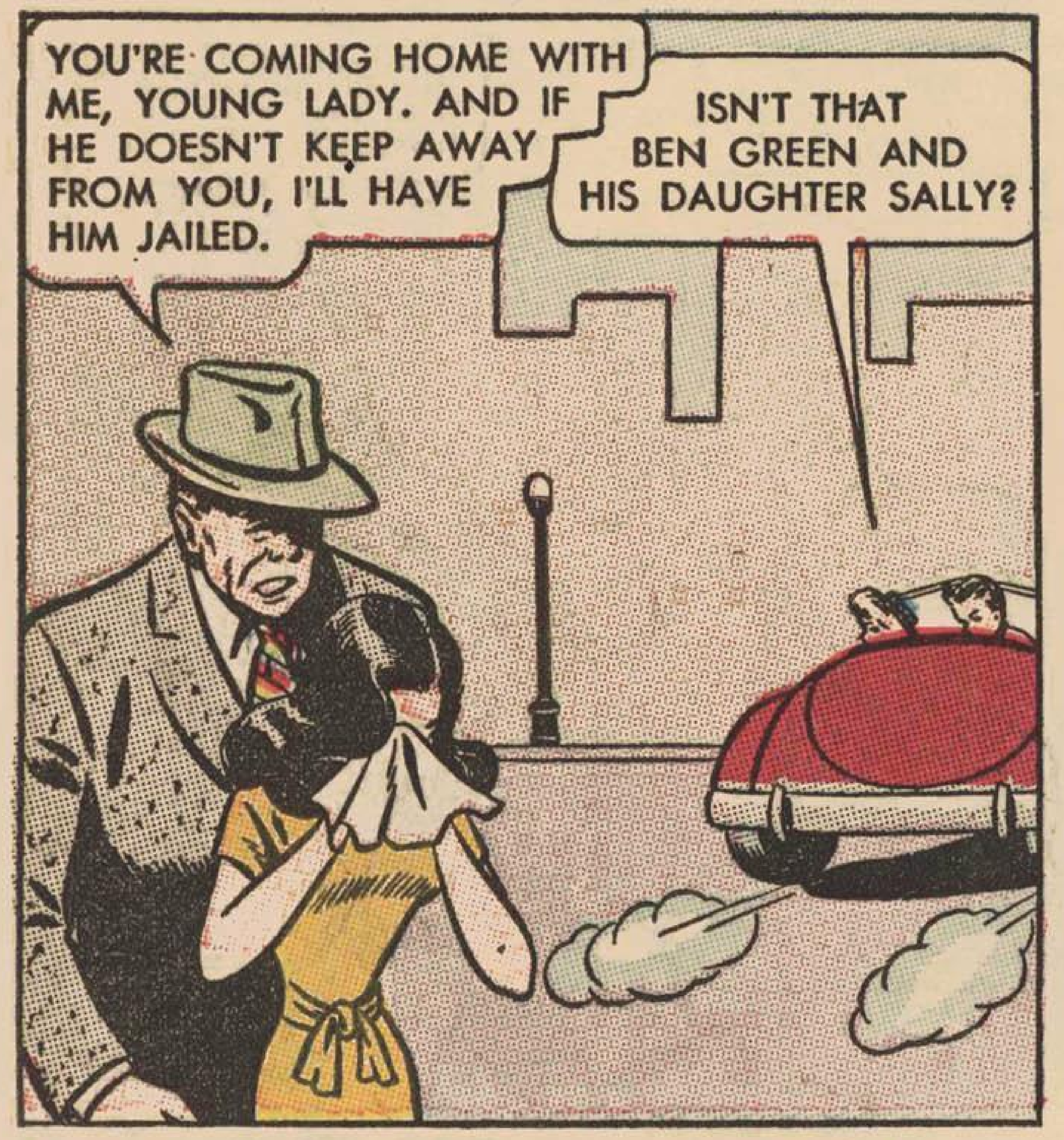

THE OFFICE OF THE MIDDLETOWN CLARION —
JEEPERS! THE BOSS IS SURE ANGRY.
CAN'T BLAME HIM MUCH — NOT AFTER SEEING THIS.
EDITOR
CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW A SWELL REPORTER MISSED THIS STORY —
MIDDLETOWN CLARION
BANK ROBBERS FOILED IN HOLDUP OF MIDDLETOWN BANK
BERT GREEN, EDITOR OF THE HILLDALE COURIER SCOOPS HOMETOWN PAPER ON STORY

INSIDE THE EDITOR'S OFFICE THE ELDERLY REPORTER TRIES TO EXPLAIN...
IF YOU'LL ONLY LISTEN — —
LISTEN?? I DON'T WANT EXCUSES. YOU'RE A POLICE REPORTER AND IF YOU WERE ON THE JOB, YOU WOULD HAVE HAD THE STORY.
AND — AND THAT — — THAT BEN GREEN WOULDN'T BE GIVING ME THE HORSE LAUGH. YOU'RE THRU — — FIRED — WASHED UP! GET OUT!
FIRED? OH NO, JIM. YOU'VE BEEN WITH THE PAPER SINCE IT STARTED.
I DON'T BLAME HIM, BETTY. I DID FALL DOWN ON MY JOB. (SIGH) BUT— IT DID COME AT A PRETTY BAD TIME.
WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY IT COMING AT A BAD TIME?
HIS PHONE IS RINGING. I'LL GET IT.
RING
RING
THIS IS DR. STEWART, BETTY. TELL JIM TO COME HOME. MRS. ELLIOT HAS HAD ANOTHER RELAPSE.
(GULP) SURE, DOC. HE JUST WENT OUT THE DOOR. I'LL DRIVE HIM OVER IN TOMMY'S CAR.
THE UNHAPPY STORY UNFOLDS AS BETTY SPEEDS TOWARD JIM ELLIOT'S HOME...
SO THAT'S WHY YOU WEREN'T ON THE JOB DURING THE ROBBERY?
YES. DR. STEWART CALLED TO TELL ME THAT MARTHA HAD AN ATTACK. IT WAS MY LUCK TO HAVE A BIG STORY BREAK WHILE I WAS AWAY.

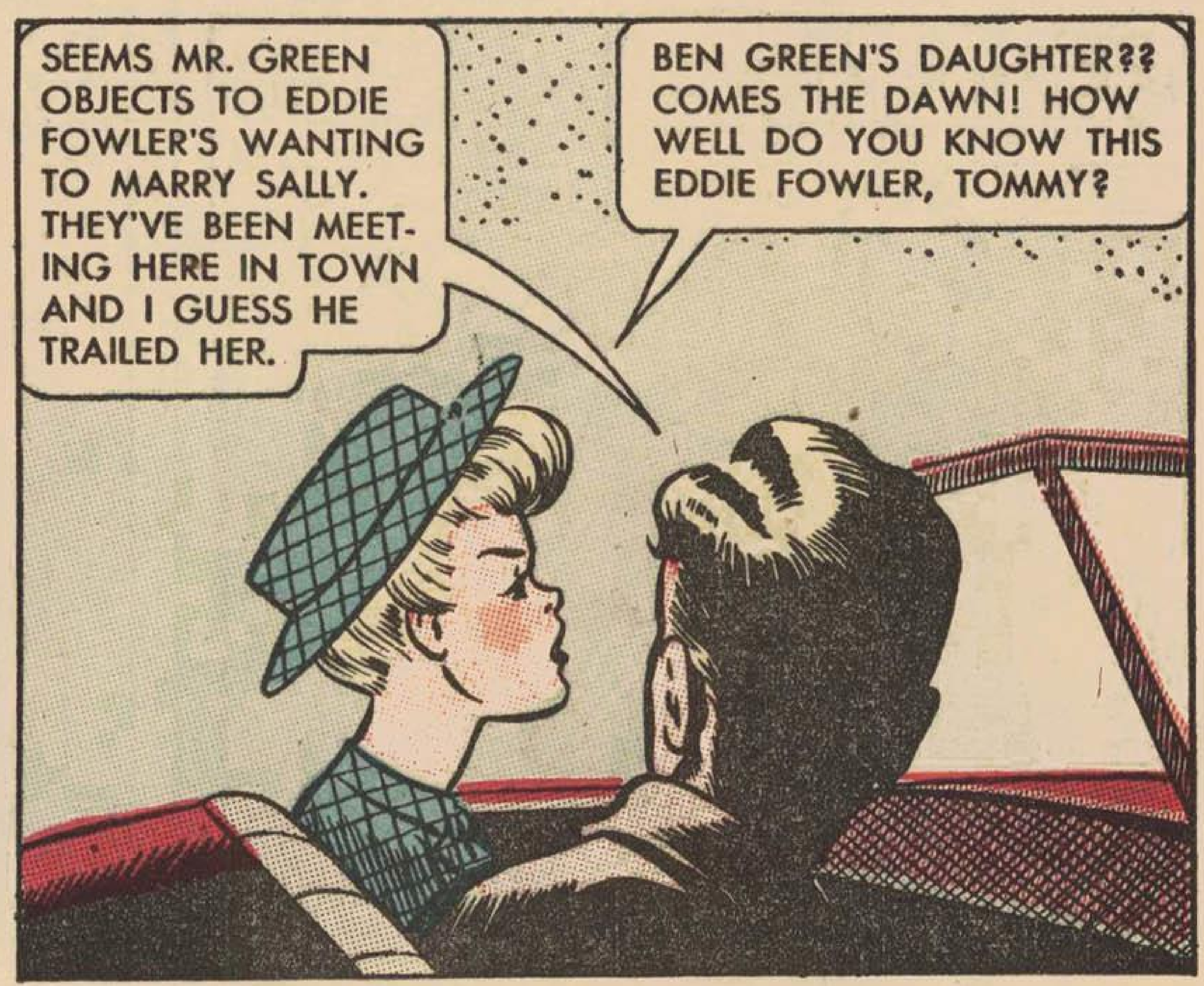

I'M GOING TO GIVE THE BOSS AN EARFUL FOR NOT LETTING YOU EXPLAIN.
WON'T DO ANY GOOD, BETTY. I'D RATHER YOU WOULDN'T. THANKS FOR THE LIFT.

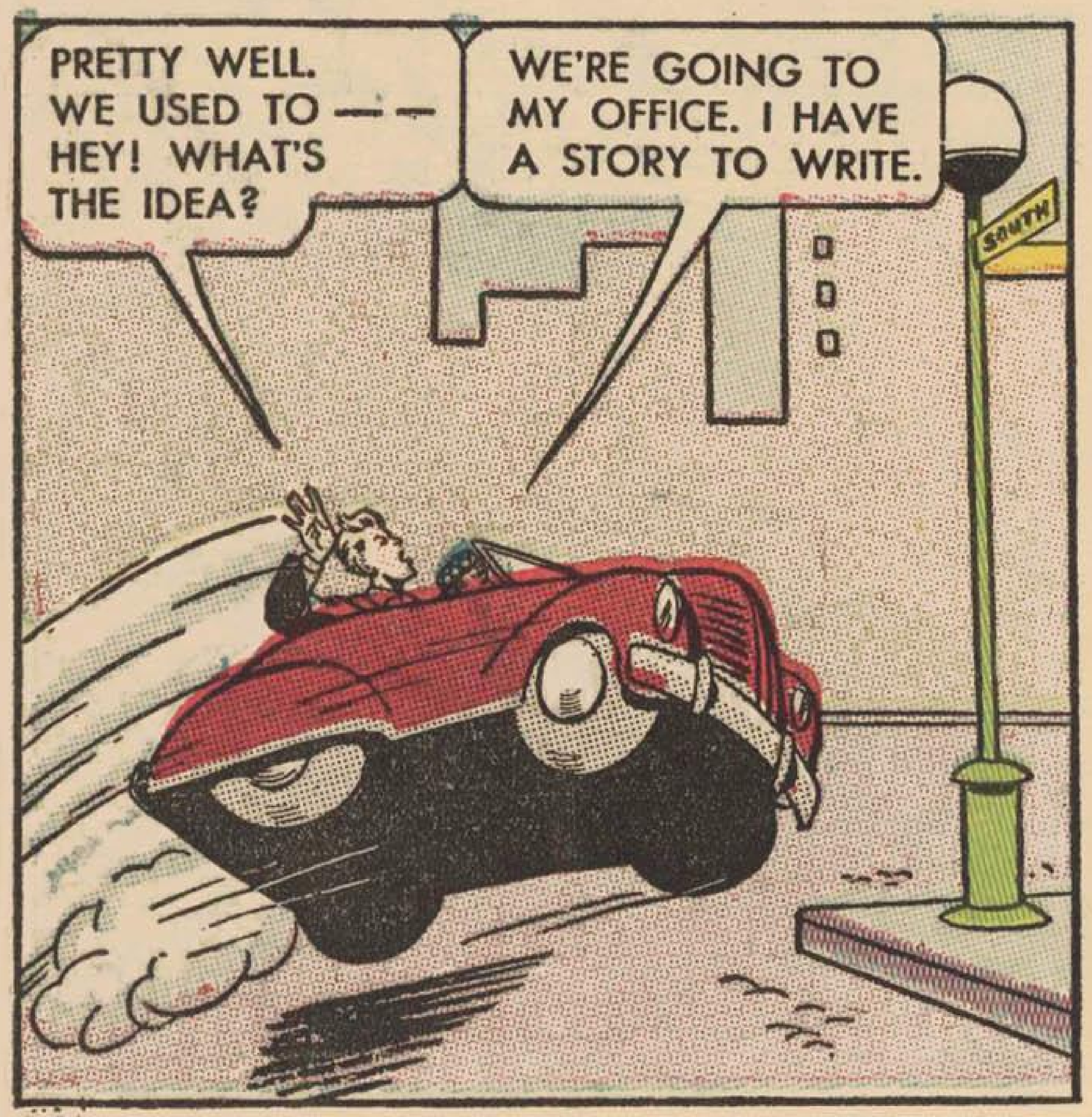
DRIVING BACK TO THE OFFICE, BETTY IS TAGGED...


MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET HIS JOB BACK — — WITH MARTHA SO SICK, HE NEEDS THAT JOB . . .
BETTY! BETTY, OVER HERE.

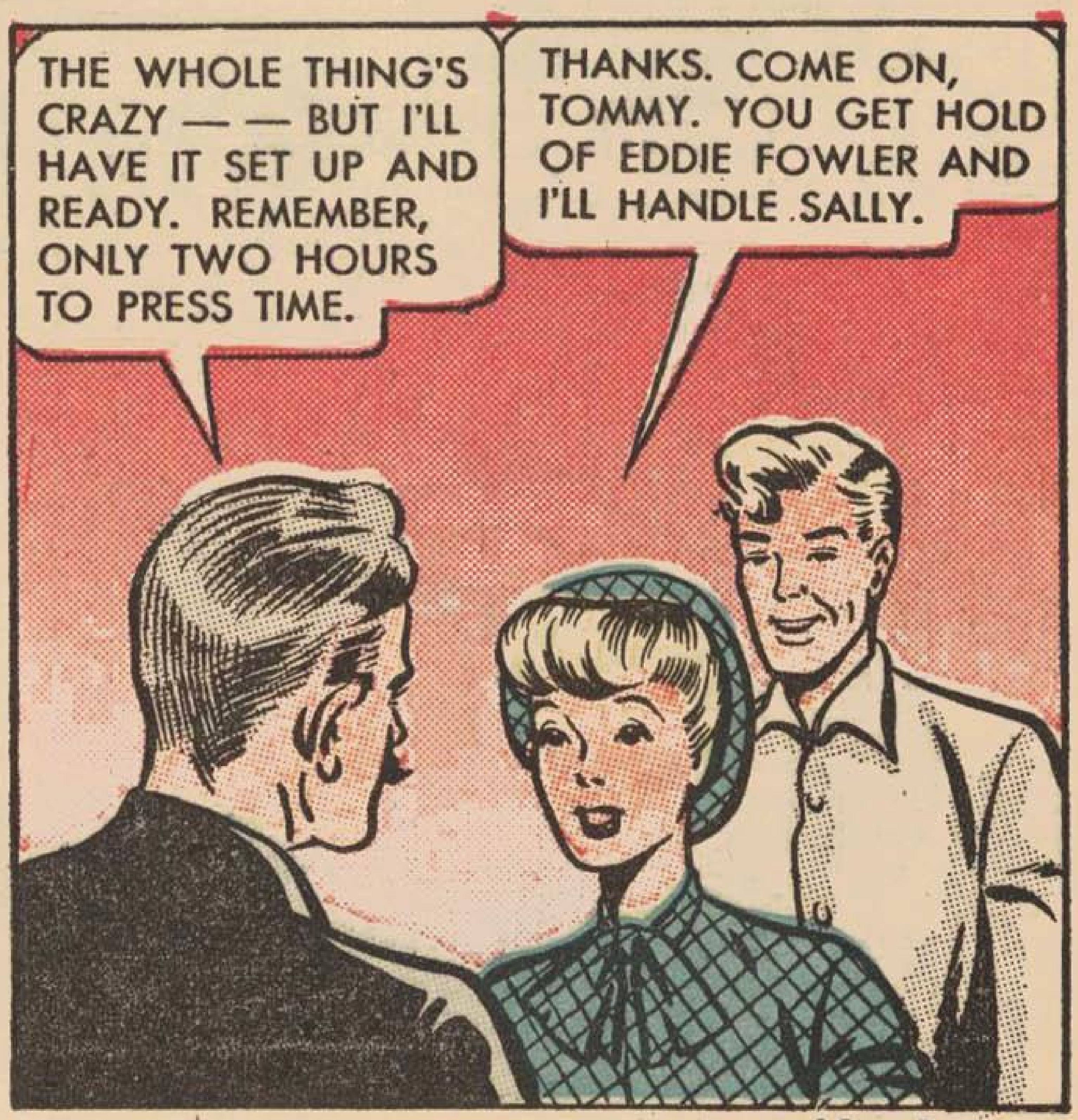

YOU'RE COMING HOME WITH ME, YOUNG LADY. AND IF HE DOESN'T KEEP AWAY FROM YOU, I'LL HAVE HIM JAILED.
ISN'T THAT BEN GREEN AND HIS DAUGHTER SALLY?

SUDDENLY — — BETTY GETS AN IDEA . . .

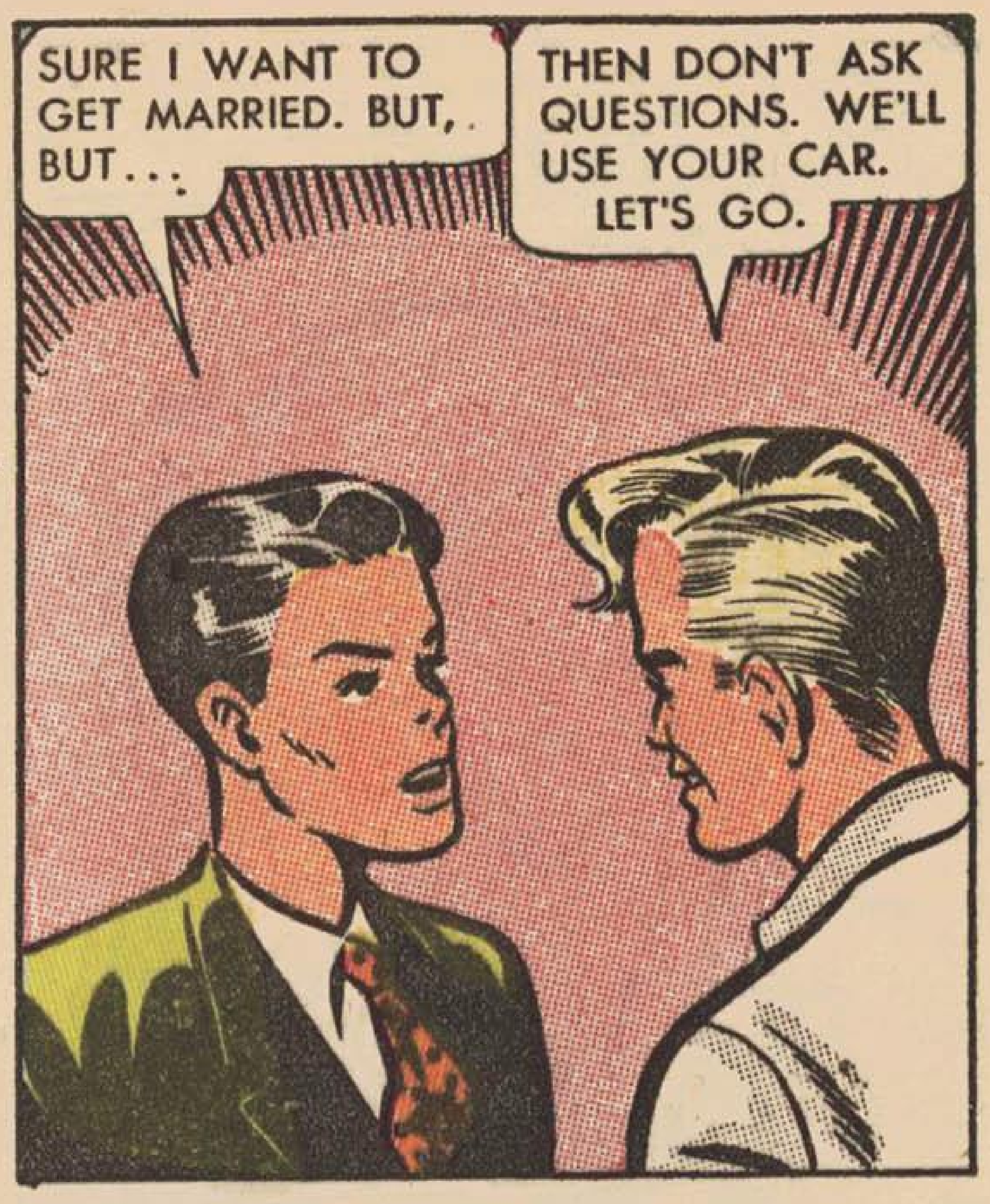

SEEMS MR. GREEN OBJECTS TO EDDIE FOWLER'S WANTING TO MARRY SALLY. THEY'VE BEEN MEETING HERE IN TOWN AND I GUESS HE TRAILED HER.
BEN GREEN'S DAUGHTER?? COMES THE DAWN! HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW THIS EDDIE FOWLER, TOMMY?


PRETTY WELL. WE USED TO — — HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?
WE'RE GOING TO MY OFFICE. I HAVE A STORY TO WRITE.
SOUTH

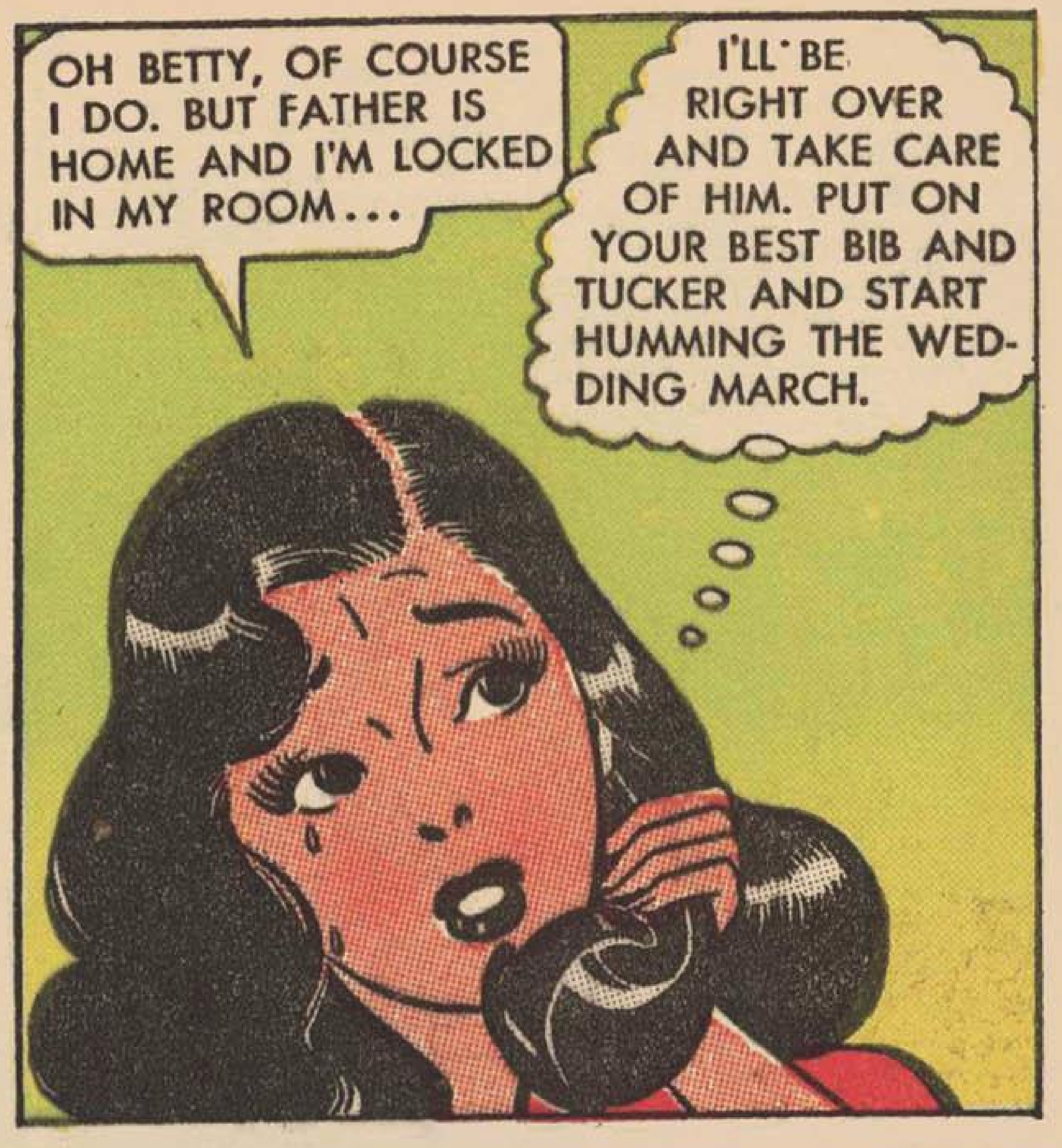
LATER — — AT THE MIDDLETOWN CLARION...


THE WHOLE THING'S CRAZY — — BUT I'LL HAVE IT SET UP AND READY. REMEMBER, ONLY TWO HOURS TO PRESS TIME.
THANKS. COME ON, TOMMY. YOU GET HOLD OF EDDIE FOWLER AND I'LL HANDLE SALLY.

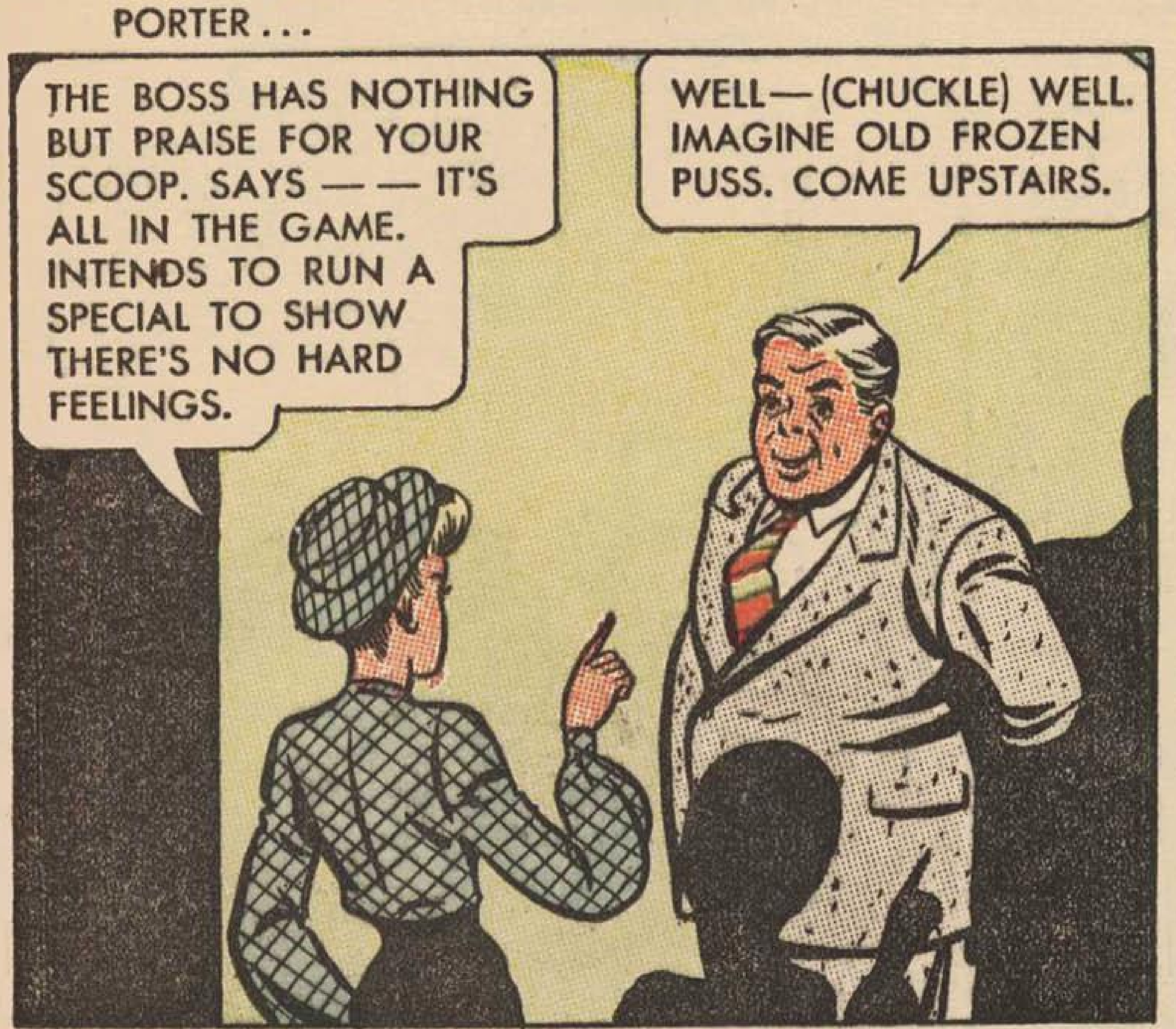
TOMMY CARRIES OUT HIS PART OF THE PLAN...

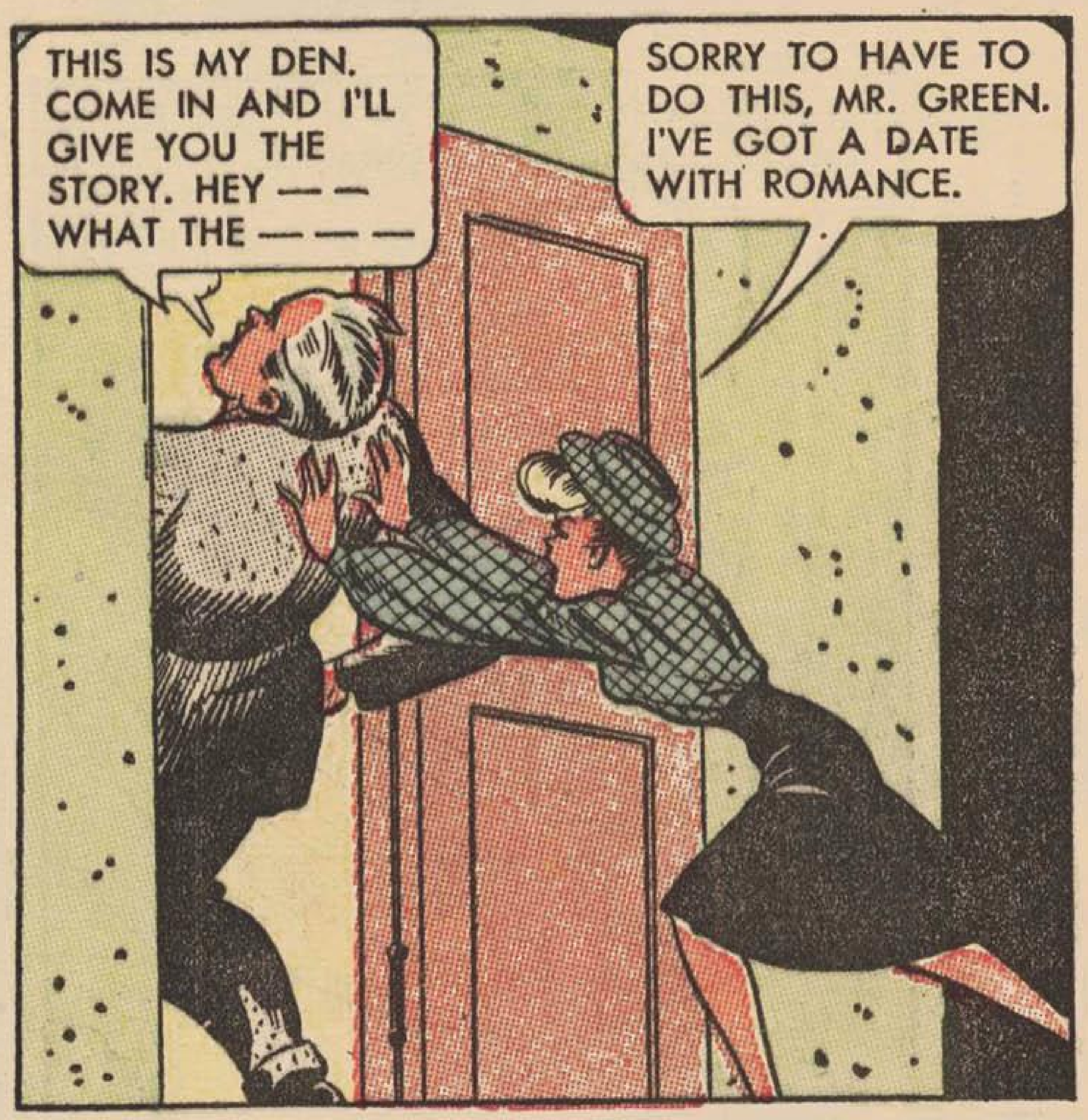

SURE I WANT TO GET MARRIED. BUT, BUT...
THEN DON'T ASK QUESTIONS. WE'LL USE YOUR CAR. LET'S GO.

WHILE BETTY TALKING TO SALLY GREEN, DOES HER PART...

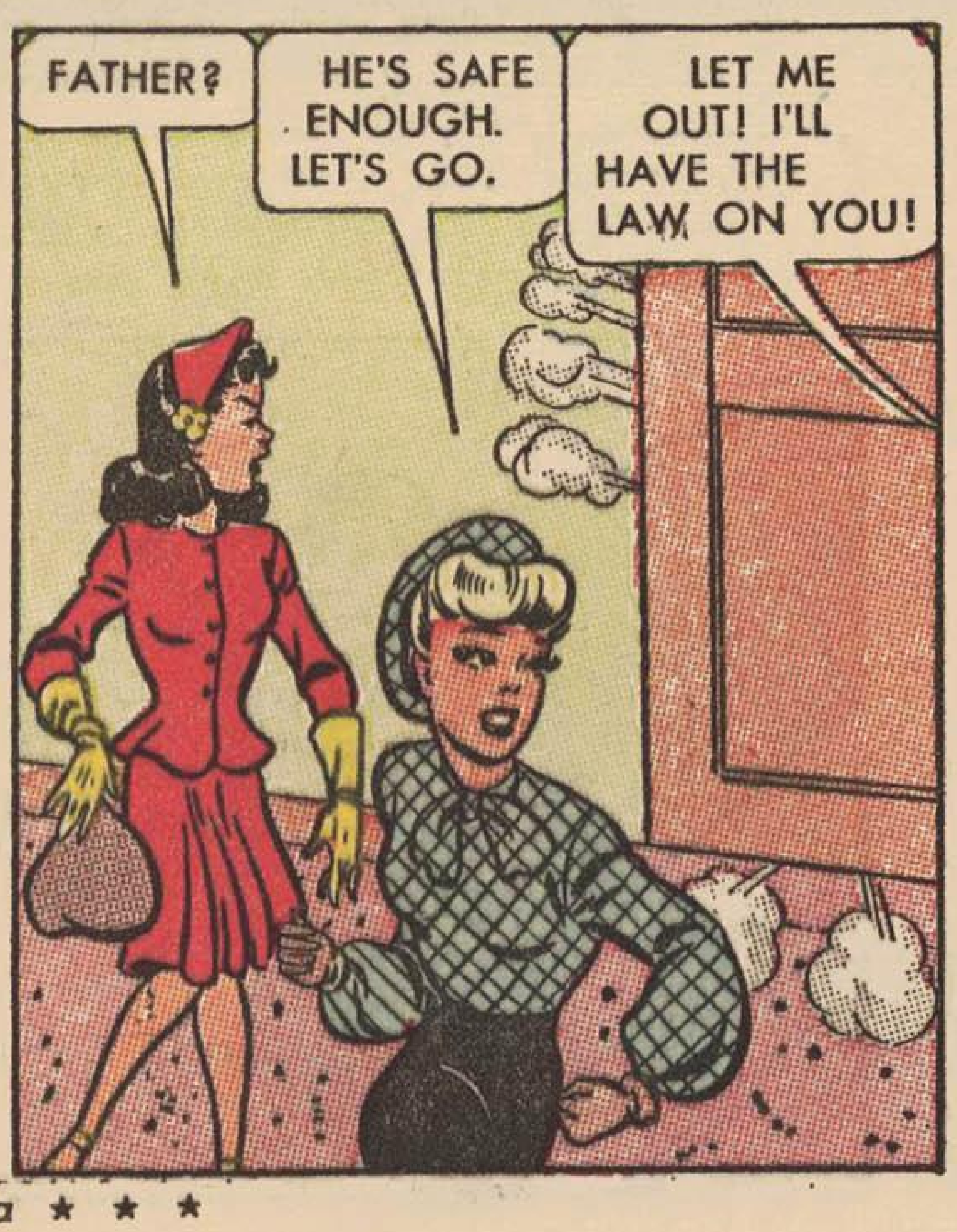

OH BETTY, OF COURSE I DO. BUT FATHER IS HOME AND I'M LOCKED IN MY ROOM...
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER AND TAKE CARE OF HIM. PUT ON YOUR BEST BIB AND TUCKER AND START HUMMING THE WEDDING MARCH.

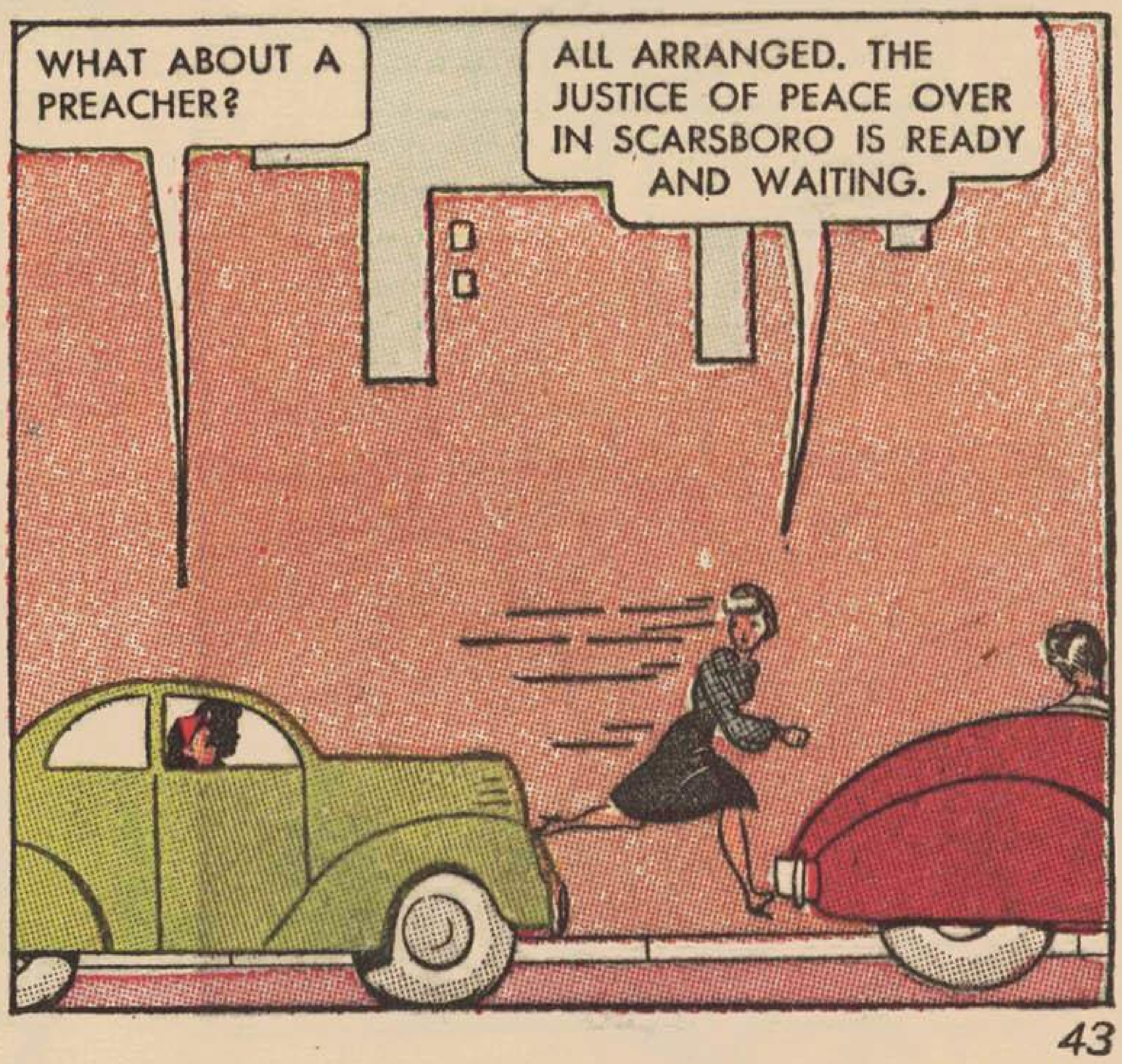
LATER...BEN GREEN'S SUSPICIONS MELT UNDER THE FLATTERY OF THE GLIB-TONGUED GIRL REPORTER...


THE BOSS HAS NOTHING BUT PRAISE FOR YOUR SCOOP. SAYS —— IT'S ALL IN THE GAME. INTENDS TO RUN A SPECIAL TO SHOW THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS.
WELL—(CHUCKLE) WELL. IMAGINE OLD FROZEN PUSS. COME UPSTAIRS.

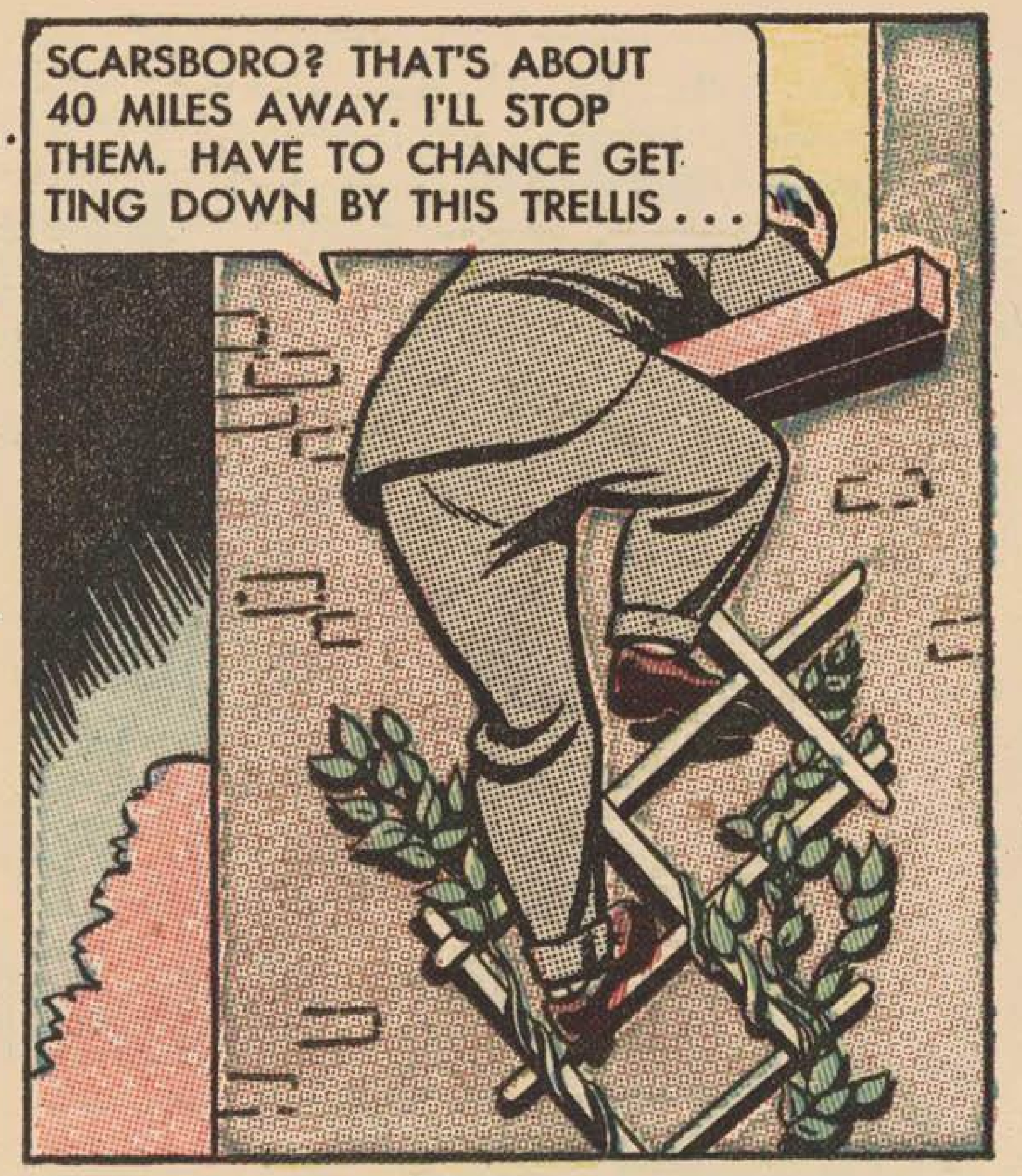

THIS IS MY DEN. COME IN AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE STORY. HEY —— WHAT THE ———
SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS, MR. GREEN. I'VE GOT A DATE WITH ROMANCE.

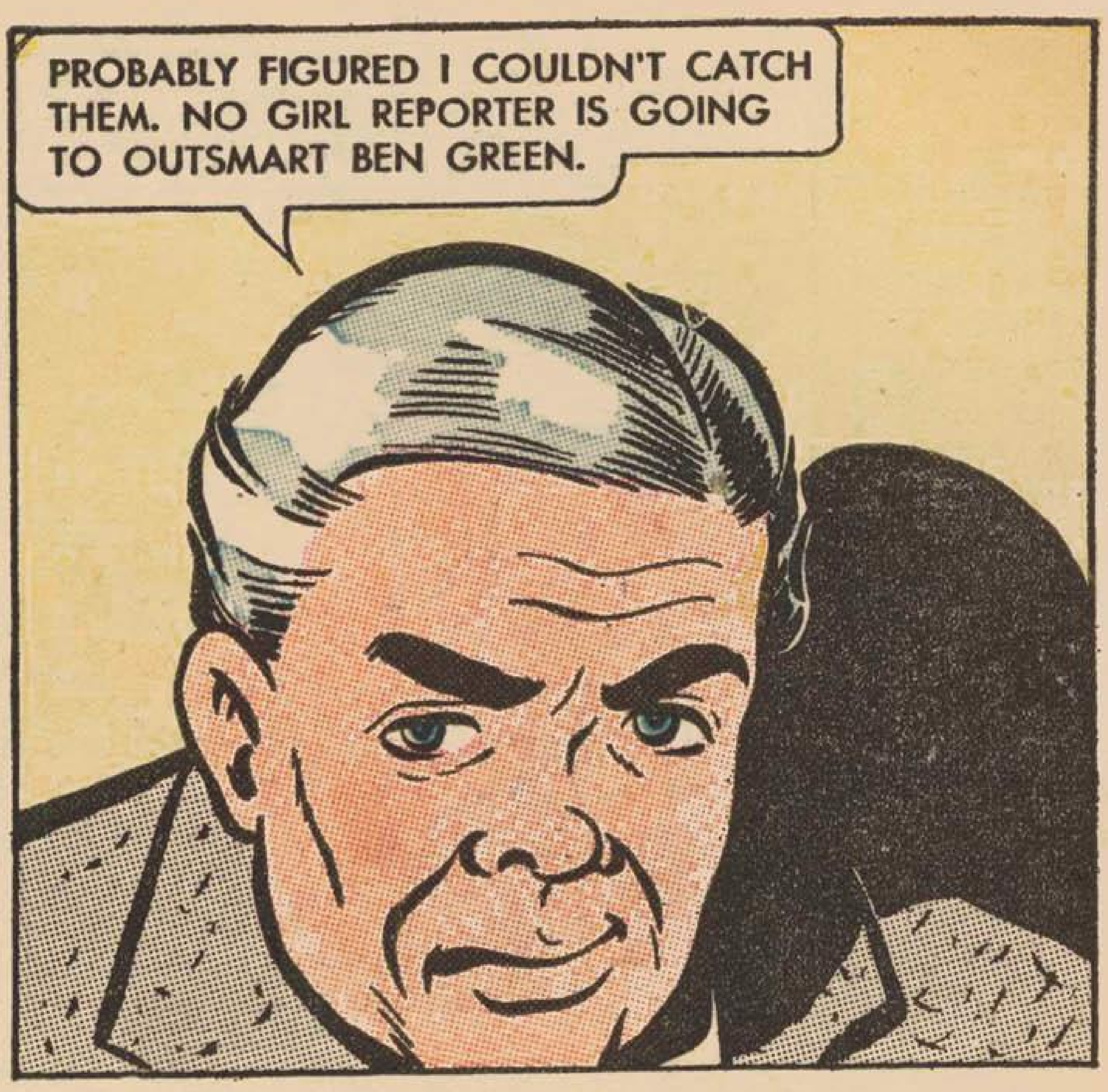
BETTY QUICKLY LOCATES SALLY'S ROOM AND UNLOCKS THE DOOR...


FATHER?
HE'S SAFE ENOUGH. LET'S GO.
LET ME OUT! I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU!

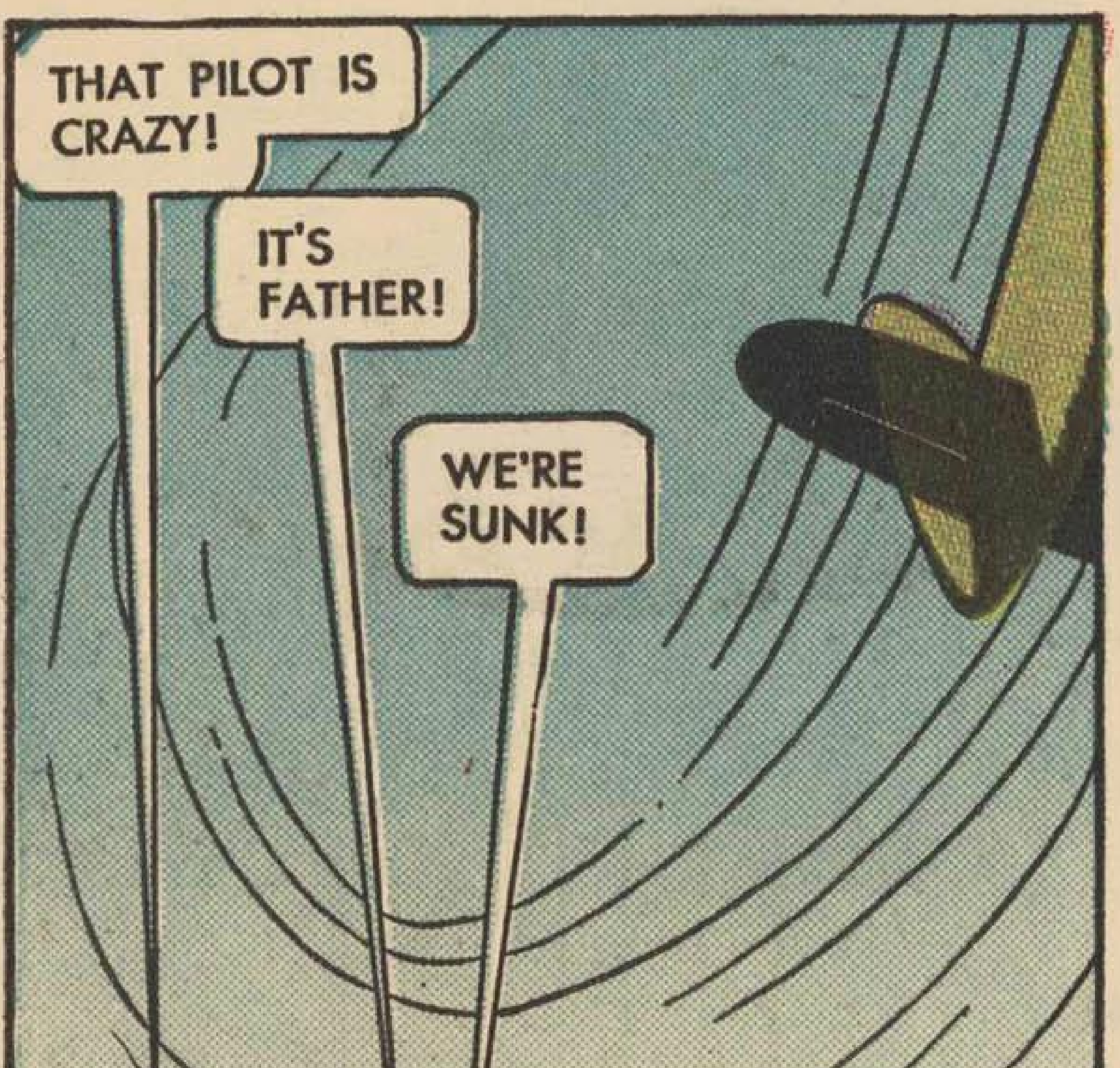

WHAT ABOUT A PREACHER?
ALL ARRANGED. THE JUSTICE OF PEACE OVER IN SCARSBORO IS READY AND WAITING.

MEANWHILE... THE RAGING FATHER FAILING TO BATTER DOWN THE DOOR, HURRIES TO THE WINDOW...

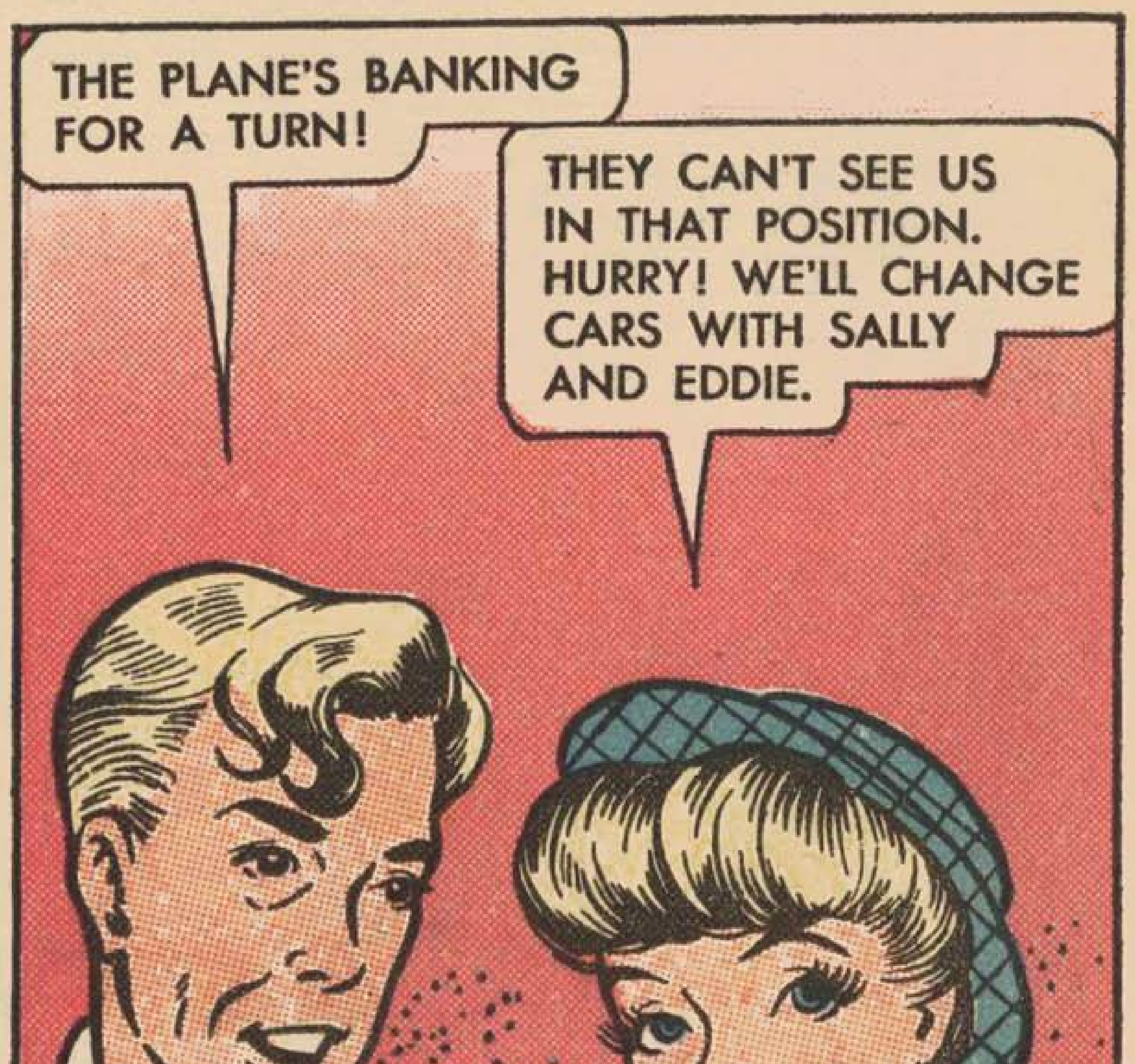

SCARSBORO? THAT'S ABOUT 40 MILES AWAY. I'LL STOP THEM. HAVE TO CHANCE GETTING DOWN BY THIS TRELLIS...

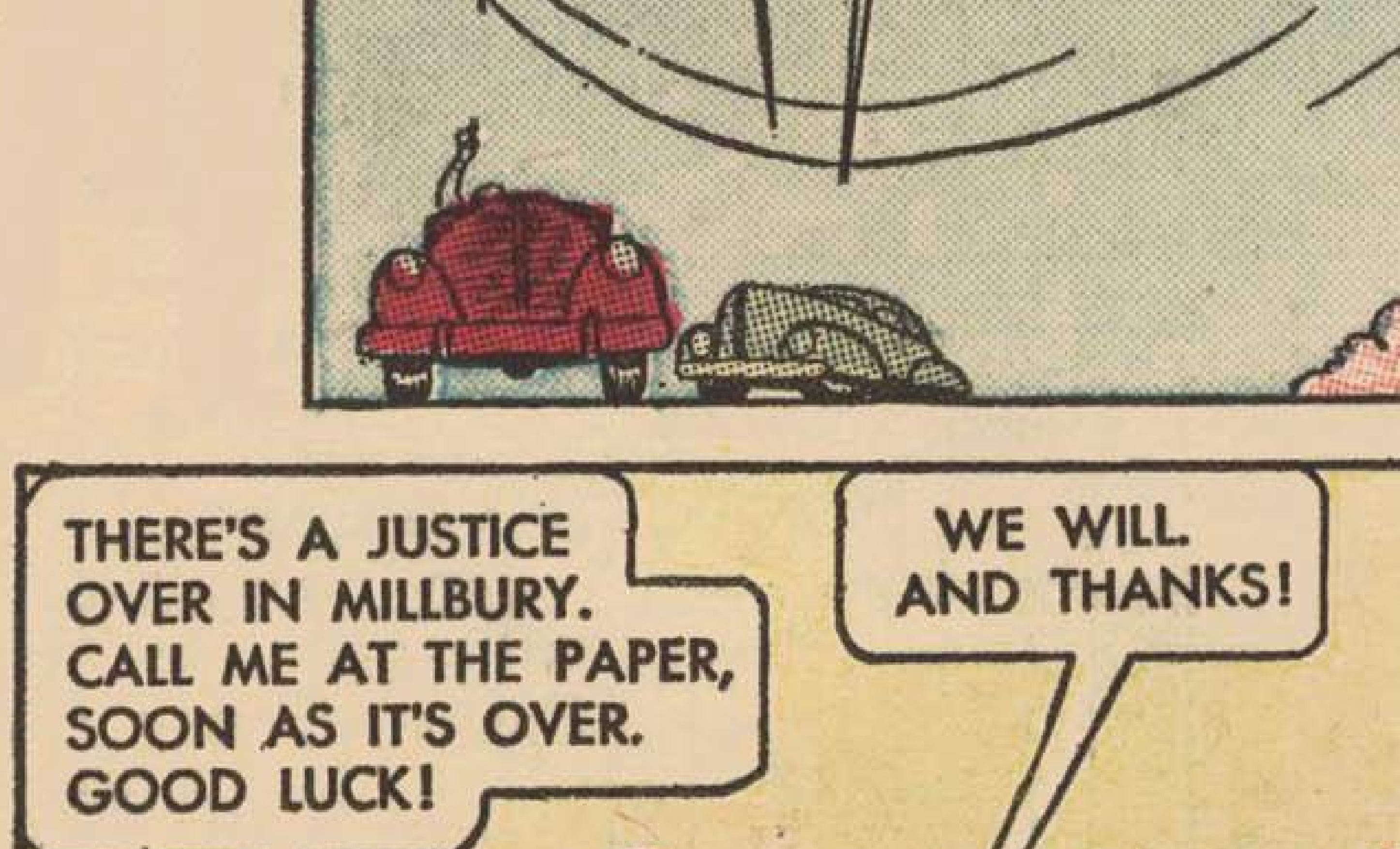

PROBABLY FIGURED I COULDN'T CATCH THEM. NO GIRL REPORTER IS GOING TO OUTSMART BEN GREEN.

A FEW MILES FROM SCARSBORO...

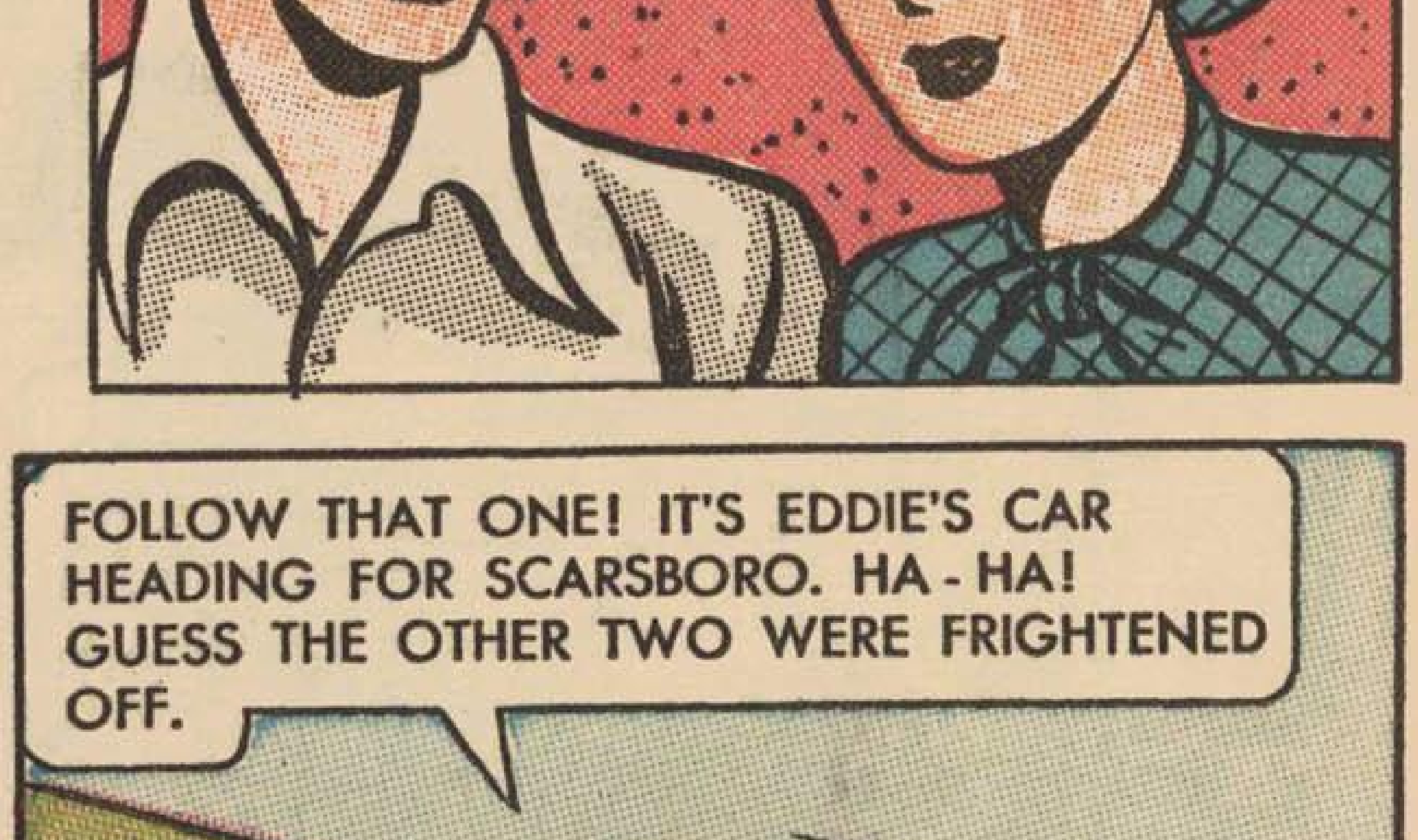

THAT PILOT IS CRAZY!
IT'S FATHER!
WE'RE SUNK!

ONCE AGAIN THE NIMBLE-MINDED BETTY CLICKS WITH A PLAN...

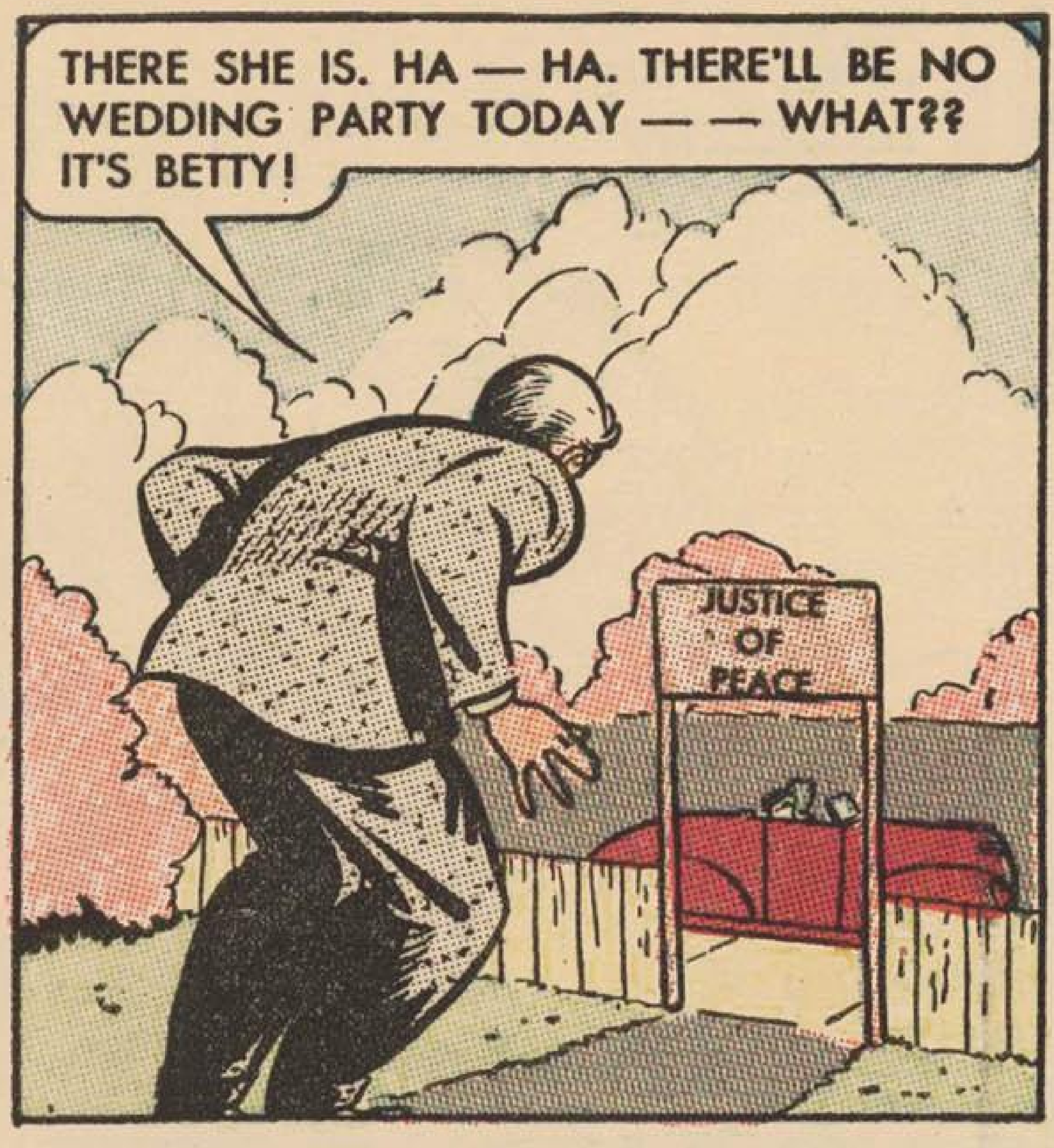

THE PLANE'S BANKING FOR A TURN!
THEY CAN'T SEE US IN THAT POSITION. HURRY! WE'LL CHANGE CARS WITH SALLY AND EDDIE.

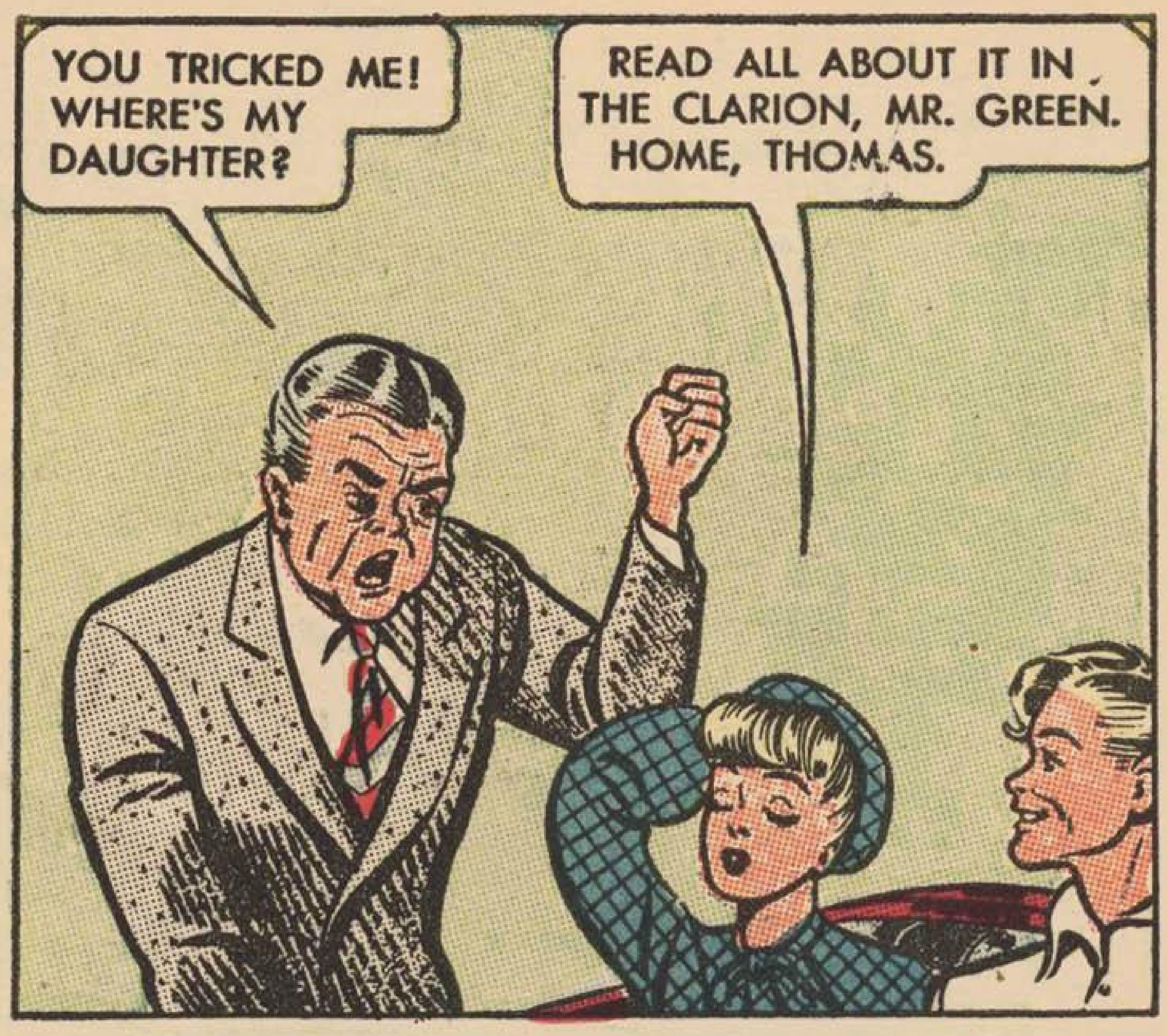

THERE'S A JUSTICE OVER IN MILLBURY. CALL ME AT THE PAPER, SOON AS IT'S OVER. GOOD LUCK!
WE WILL. AND THANKS!

MEANWHILE... THE JUBILANT FATHER FALLS FOR BETTY'S RUSE...

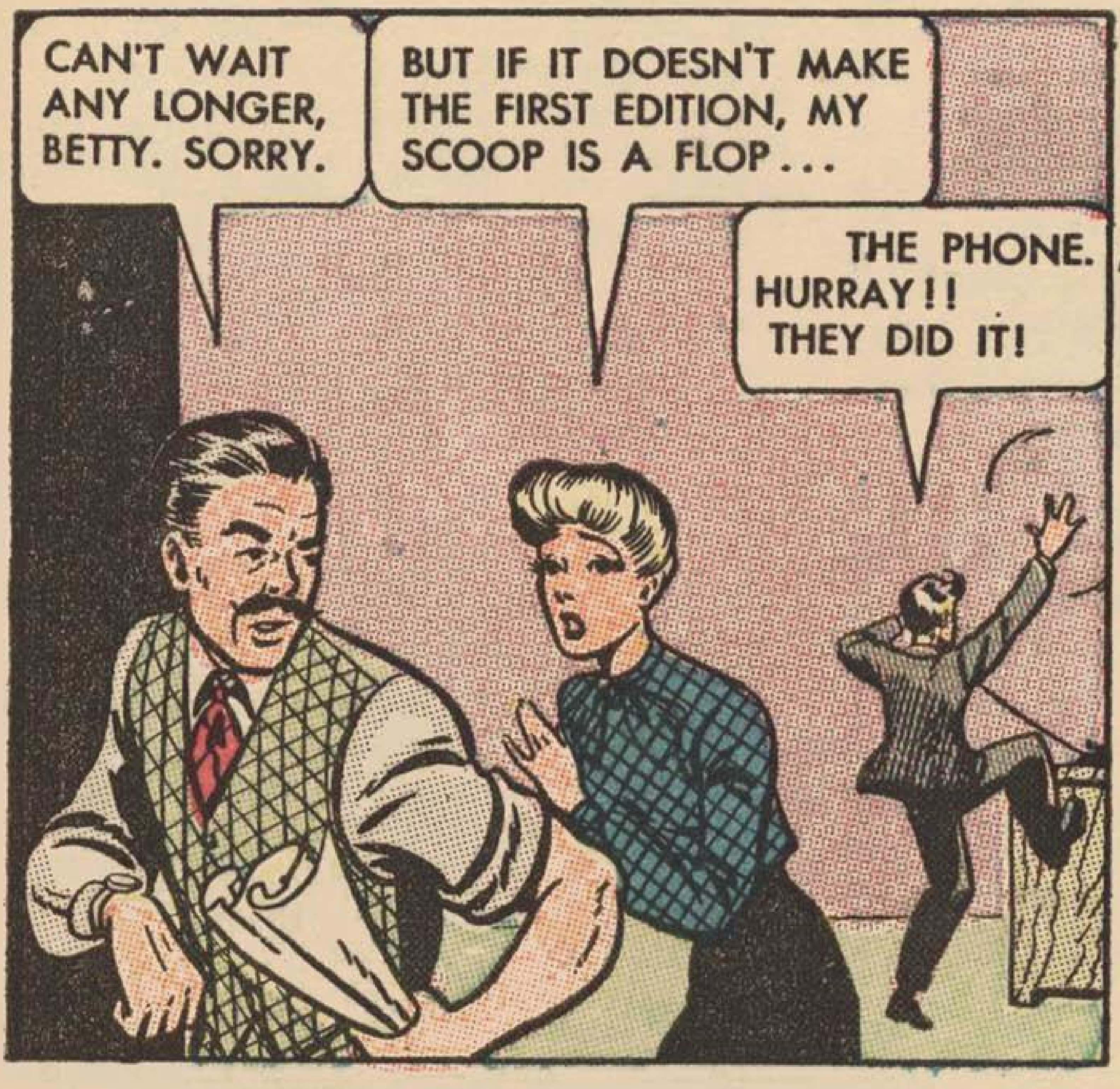

FOLLOW THAT ONE! IT'S EDDIE'S CAR HEADING FOR SCARSBORO. HA-HA! GUESS THE OTHER TWO WERE FRIGHTENED OFF.

LANDING IN A FIELD NEAR SCARSBORO, THE TRIUMPHANT FATHER RUSHES TO THE JUSTICE TO AWAIT HIS ELOPING DAUGHTER...

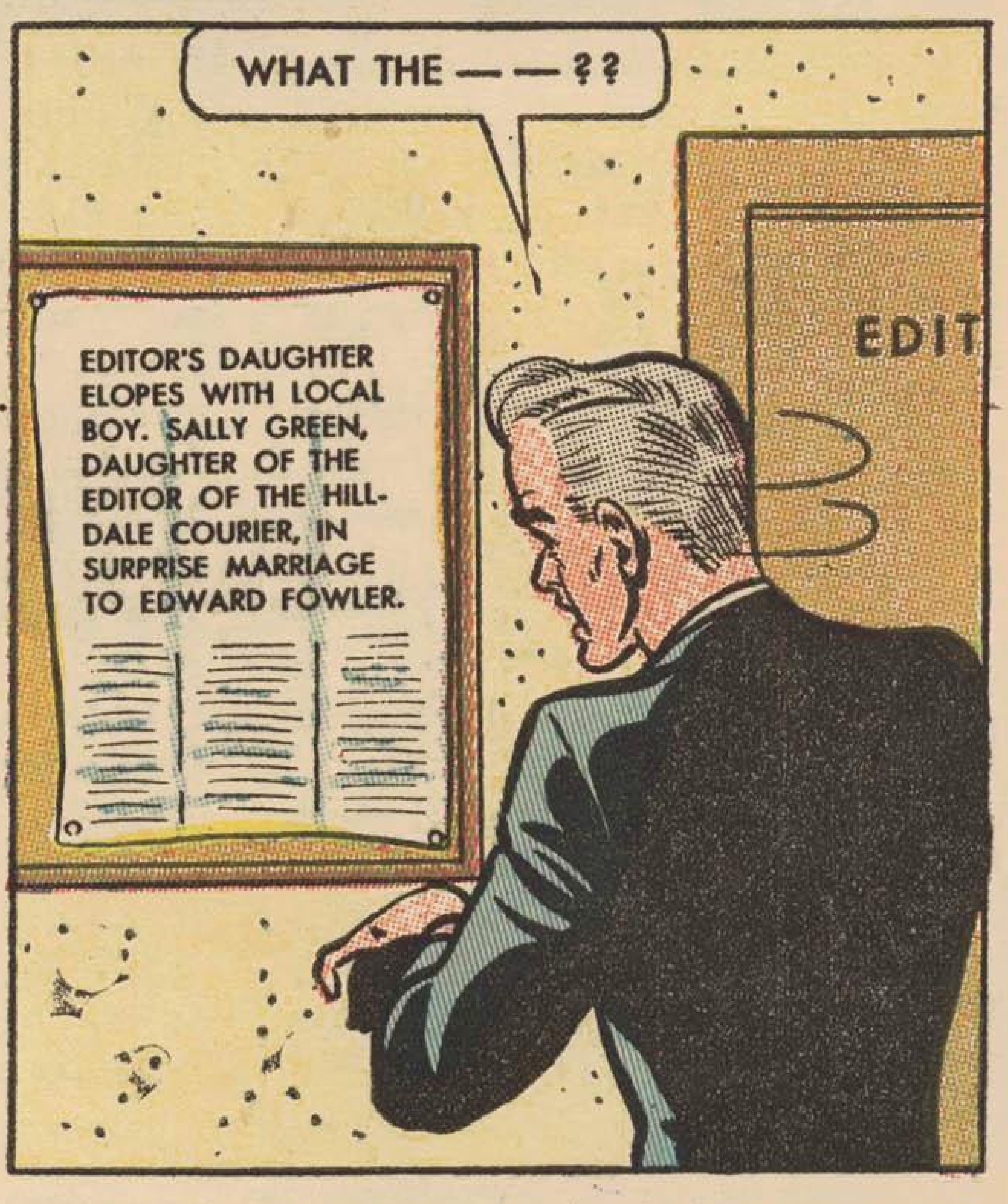

THERE SHE IS. HA — HA. THERE'LL BE NO WEDDING PARTY TODAY — — WHAT?? IT'S BETTY!
JUSTICE OF PEACE


YOU TRICKED ME! WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?
READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE CLARION, MR. GREEN. HOME, THOMAS.

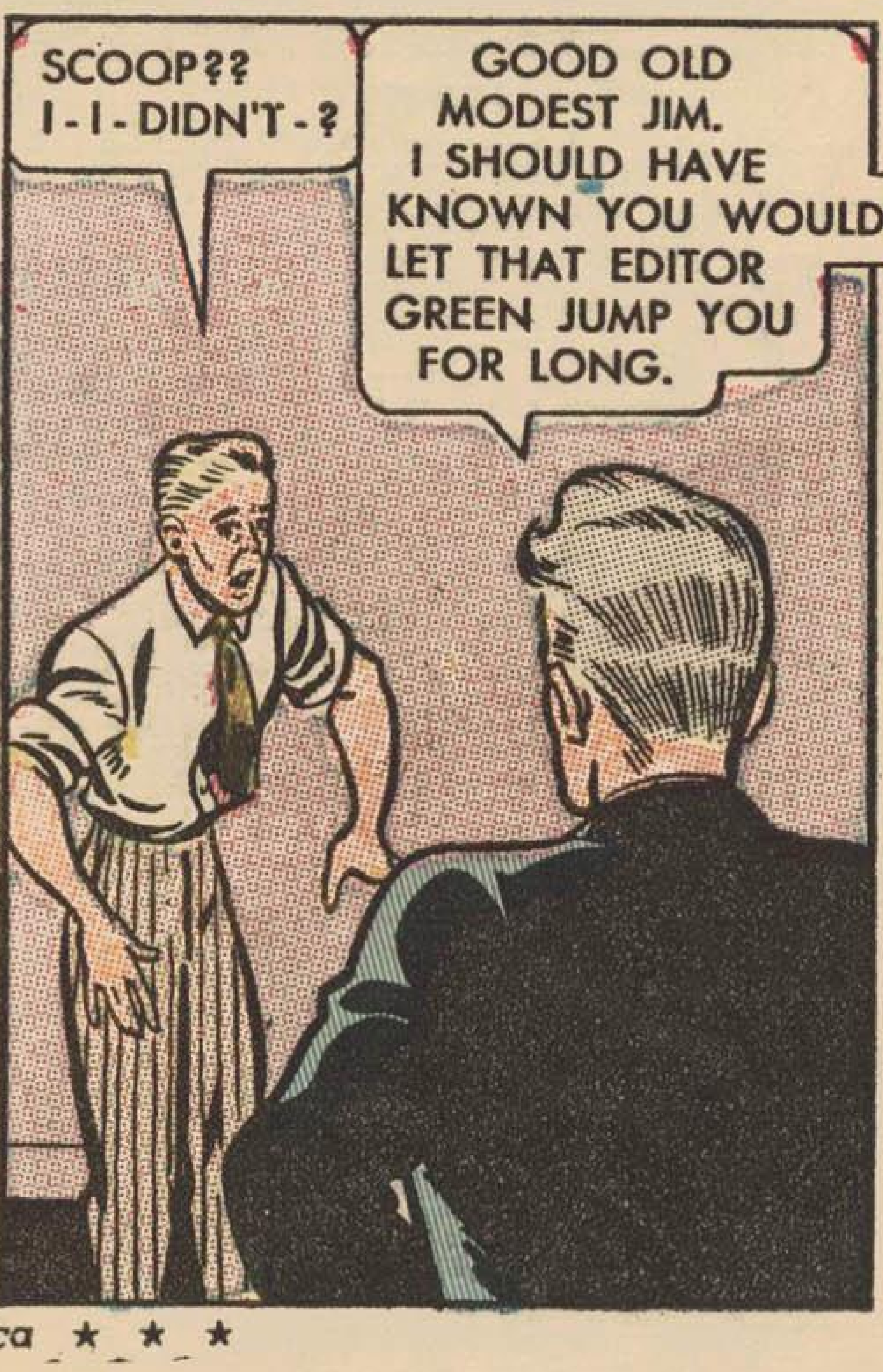
LATER... DEADLINE AT THE CLARION...


CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER, BETTY. SORRY.
BUT IF IT DOESN'T MAKE THE FIRST EDITION, MY SCOOP IS A FLOP...
THE PHONE. HURRAY!! THEY DID IT!

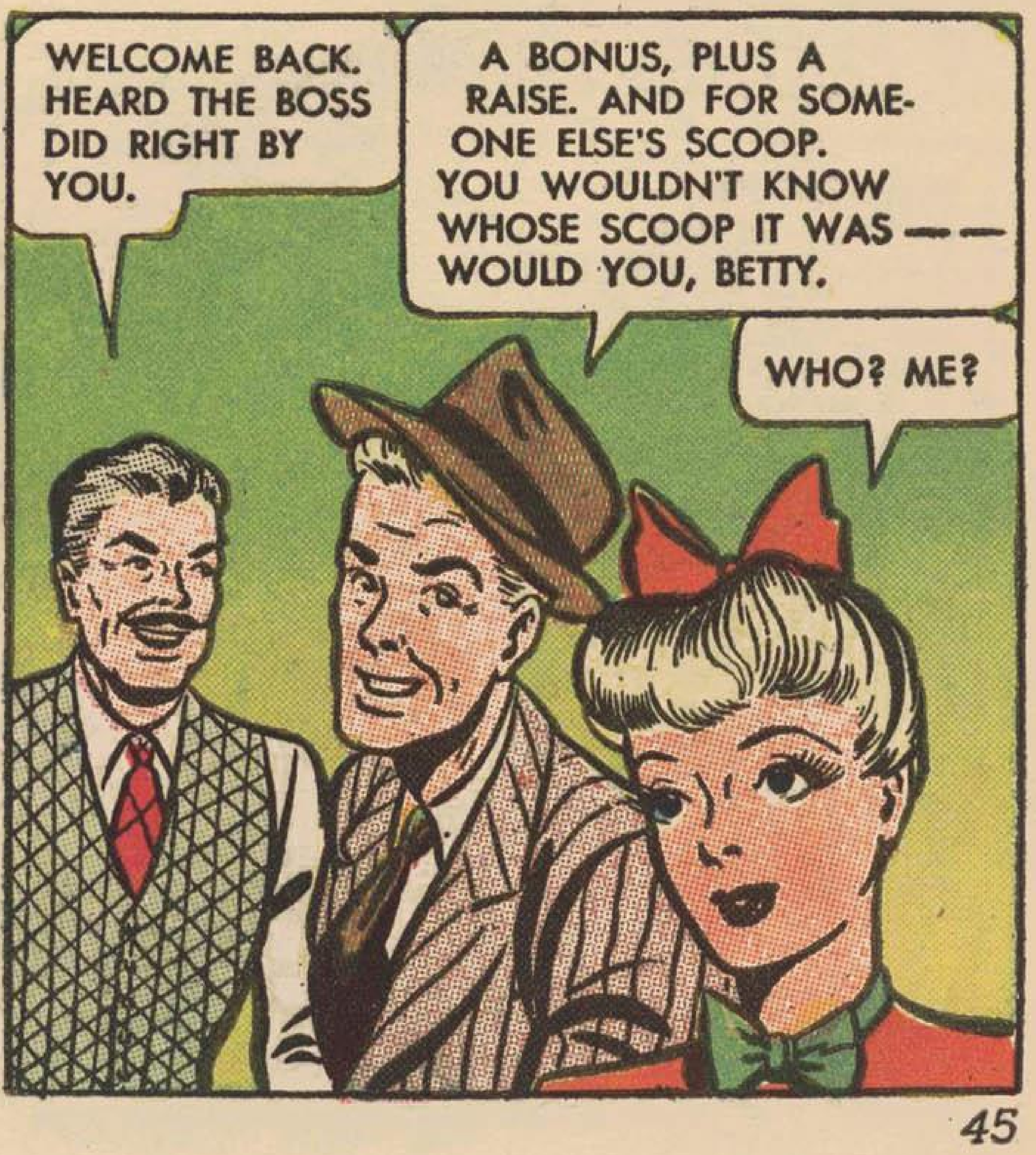
EARLY NEXT MORNING... THE CLARION'S EDITOR IS ABOUT TO ENTER HIS OFFICE...


WHAT THE — — ??
EDITOR'S DAUGHTER ELOPES WITH LOCAL BOY. SALLY GREEN, DAUGHTER OF THE EDITOR OF THE HILLDALE COURIER, IN SURPRISE MARRIAGE TO EDWARD FOWLER.
EDIT

LATER THAT MORNING AT THE ELLIOT HOME...


SCOOP?? I-I-DIDN'T-?
GOOD OLD MODEST JIM. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULDN'T LET THAT EDITOR GREEN JUMP YOU FOR LONG.

THAT AFTERNOON ....


WELCOME BACK. HEARD THE BOSS DID RIGHT BY YOU.
A BONUS, PLUS A RAISE. AND FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S SCOOP. YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHOSE SCOOP IT WAS — — WOULD YOU, BETTY.
WHO? ME?

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 27

just why are you scratching up the furniture?"

Everyone tittered, and honestly, Betts, I was so mortified.

"I am really not responsible," I replied. "It is destiny!"

Then that awful peasant, Darlene, (imagine such a sweet name for such a terribly snooty girl—it just goes to show how mistaken parents can be in naming their babies, when they grow up into such contradictory personalities. But there, I shouldn't have said it, Betts, for that makes me just as bad—and worse—for I truly believe that you shouldn't say anything if you can't say something nice.) anyway, Darlene said, "Get a load of her, The Dreamer!"

Like a flash, my loyal friend Beverly up and retorted right back at Darlene, "Get a load of yourself, Drip!"

Before the teacher could do a thing, Darlene had pounced right on Beverly and pulled some of her hair right out of her head. What could I do, but go to Bev's defense? I grabbed a handful of hair and pulled, only it was Bev's, by mistake.

Betts, for a moment it was terrible. The teacher had us all separated and made Darlene say she was sorry. Then she told me I had no business scratching up public property.

Of course there was nothing to do but to show her the prophetic note! And then the initials carved on the desk!

The whole class became so excited. Beverly said, "We must all admit that Vicky is destined to become the next movie star from 'Hollywood High.'" Everyone began to applaud.

It was just wonderful, Betts, how everyone wished me well. That is, until we began filing out after class, and Darlene came up and said, "You certainly fall for everything. I placed that note in that desk just for a laugh."

The whole class gathered around to hear what she was saying, and Betts, I felt so embarrassed I wanted to cry. Some of the kids laughed, and some of them just stood there feeling sorry for me. That is until Lester Hunt, (he's a very cute boy with the bluest eyes and the blondest hair), said, "Don't worry, Vickie, I think it's unkind to embarrass you like that. Anyway, my uncle is a talent scout at Paramount, and I'll ask him to meet you for a soda over at the malt shop. I think you look a lot like Lauren Bacall—(I was in my Lauren Bacall mood in a fast second)—and if he thinks you should be a movie star, he'll see that you get to be one!"

Darlene almost fell over dead at that. In fact, me too! Then Lester Hunt said, "Gee whiz—you know, I could be your agent and manager. I'll get you publicized and we'll make you a great movie star."

Bev said, "Promise us one thing, Vicky, that you won't get conceited and high-hat and self-important when you become a movie star."

"Sillies," I laughed, "how could I?"

So I went home and broke the news to Mom and Pops at dinner. Mom was all smiles, and Pops said, "Vicky, I don't want you to become a movie star. I want you to stay Pop's sweet little girl!"

Pops means well, but fathers are so complicating in one's life.

Lester Hunt called right at the very psychological moment that Rusty Bramwell, The Third arrived to take me on a rowboat date in MacArthur Park.

Of course I had to explain to Rusty that my conversation with Lester was purely business. Since after all Mr. Hunt is now managing my life.

Well, you know how Rusty is. He wasn't a bit excited about my becoming a movie star. In fact he didn't even seem to consider the possibility!

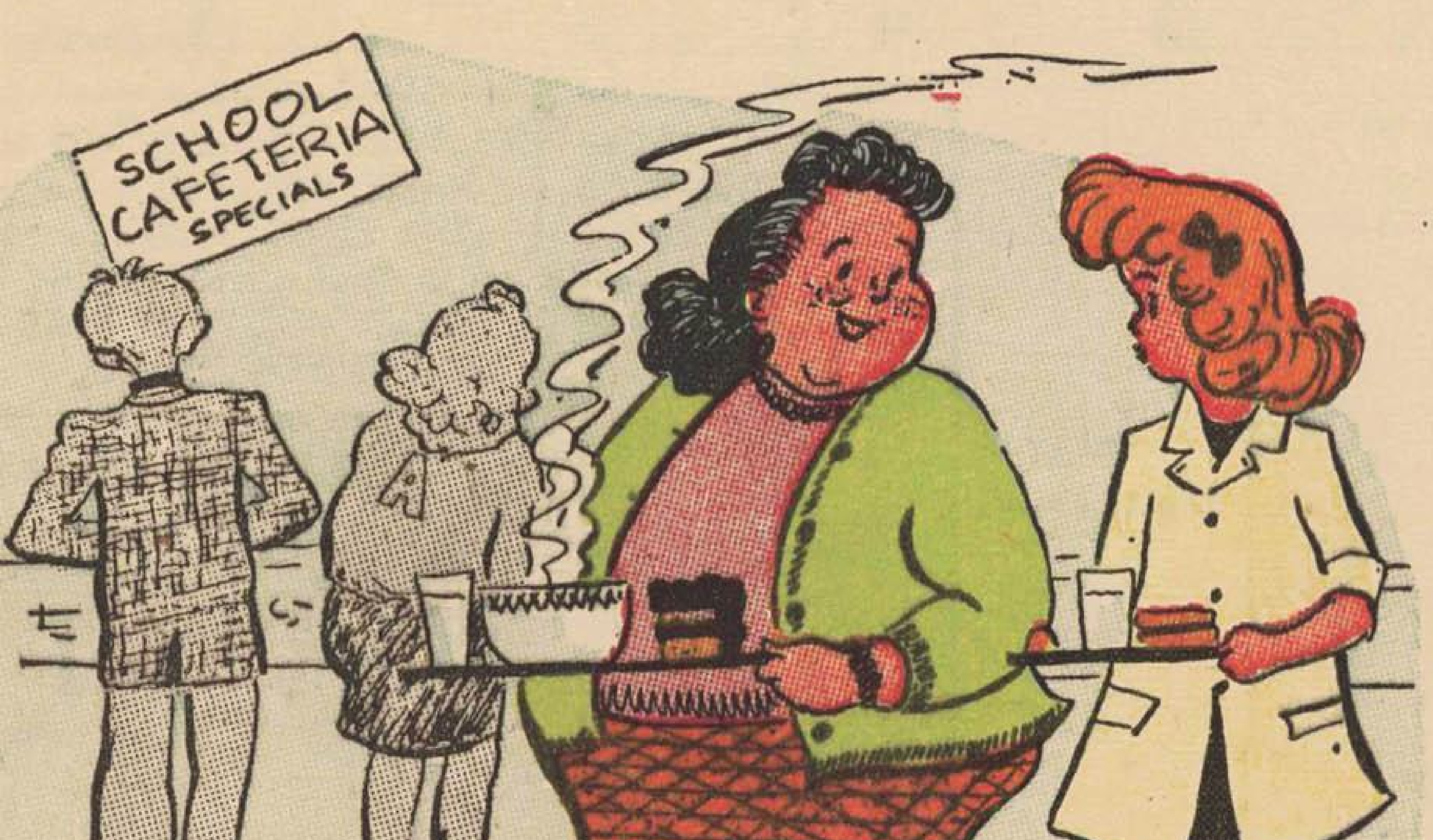
He said, "C'mon, Sugar, let's get going while we have a chance getting one of those yellow rowboats. If we wait until eight, they'll all be taken!" Imagine his unconcern regarding the possibilities of my future!

Anyway, Lester reported that he had conferred with his uncle and he would like to meet me. And that I must be dressed just like a movie star and wear a sweater; it is traditional that all movie stars from "Hollywood High" are discovered wearing sweaters, and we would have a chocolate ice cream soda at the malt shop across from "Hollywood High." And next Thursday right after school is the date!

Doesn't it sound thrilling—just too thrilling, Betts?

Just the minute I know that it is all set, I'll be writing you and I'll send it "air-mail special delivery."

Your devoted friend,
Vicky
Victoria Allen Dunford



I hate food, but they say you just can't exist without it!

YOU WHIP ME TO A FRILL

From page 37

promise to be nice to her, do you? I'm as hopped as you are!"

They looked a little more sympathetic. Then Sue said, "But we've got to do something! How long is she going to stay?"

"Just three weeks, now," I told them. "Her folks changed their plans a little, bless their Kindred Souls."

"Well—" Maggie began, and then she stopped hopelessly. "There's not much use in trying anything, I guess. After all, three weeks—"

"Three weeks is twenty-one days." That made it sound longer than ever. So we watched them dancing. Jane was a smooth dancer—I mean she was really *creamy!* And the way she talked to those wolves.

"Oh, goodness," she would sigh, "you just whip me to a frill!" Whatever that means. But those fool boys just lapped it up like the syrup it was. "You have such *broad* shoulders for a boy!" she told Ted, while the smoke came out of my ears. "Do you play football?" That started Ted off, the big jerk, because he loves to talk about football, in which he is a whiz of a player, and besides, it puffs up his Masculine Ego.

So the evening dragged on, with we four girls doing very little dancing, because the boys all wanted to show off to Jane. And she told them *all* that they "whipped her to a frill" while we sat and glowered into our stale cokes . . .

Wednesday night of the next week, Kath called a meeting of the Four Floozies at her house. We really were going to try to hatch a Plan.

Well, we thought and we thought. (I hadn't worried about bringing Jane along, as she was at the "Bijou" with Ray. That was why *Kath* had called the meeting.) We made fudge and washed the dishes. We ate all the fudge, and doodled in our notebooks. But all this time, no one had had a really good idea. We had just been getting madder and madder as we talked about it.

Finally, Maggie said, "If there were only some way we could make the boys sick of Jane. The Fall Dance is coming up a week from Saturday. And I just know all the boys will ask her!"

"She can't go with all of them," said Sue.

"You never can tell," said Kath, bitterly. "She might go with all of them just to show she can get them."

"If we could only think of a plan," Kath said.

Friday after school, Sue met me at my locker. "Got somethin' I think is an Idea!" she yelled in my ear. "Meet me at Theobold's drugstore in thirty minutes!"

So, over Theobold's malted moos, Sue told us her Idea. It was good, but it sounded a little hard to do at first.

However, after a lot of gabbing, we decided we were desperate enough to try anything—so we agreed to Sue's plan . . .

The night of the big Fall Dance at "Winslow High" had come. I came downstairs in a dreamy new formal of yellow net that I had practically got down on my knees for Mom to get, but I had it, and was feeling pretty good. Ted would be by for me at eight —(I knew I was second choice, but I tried to forget *that* in remembering what I was supposed to do.)

Jane had finally decided to go with Joe, so Maggie was in mourning. She was going with a second-rate dud named Cuthbert Harris, whose mother always made him part his hair in the middle and come home by nine-thirty. But we all had *some* hope.

SWEET STUFF

from Laraine Day's Cook Book

Here's a recipe for easy-to-make candy. No cooking, no kidding! Add a few teaspoonfuls of canned milk and a few drops of vanilla to two cups of powdered sugar. The trick is to make the sugar just moist enough to make a stiff paste, stiff enough to roll into one-half inch balls. Dip each ball in finely chopped nuts, and you'll have something mighty good for that sweet tooth of yours. Eat a piece for me!

When Joe and Ted came, Jane came drifting into the room in a *very* snazzy aqua number that brought out her blue eyes. It brought out the boys' eyes, too! By the time they had finished gawking and grinning, we decided to go.

The dance was in the auditorium, and the orchestra played from the stage. The decorations were wonderful, and I was feeling ready to take up *any* task. A glorious feeling, but a little rugged.

"Ooh, Ted," I gushed, as the first dance started, "you have such big *broad* shoulders! It's funny, but I never noticed them before!"

He looked at me, puzzled, but smiled faintly at the praise.

"You just whip me to a frill!" I trilled, gazing off into dreamy space. "You really do, Teddy dear!"

"What," asked Ted, "is *this?*"

"Oh, Ted," I said, getting a woman-of-sorrow tone in my voice, "I've just been treating you terribly. I haven't been considerate of you at all, Teddy dear! I'm just miserable to think—"

"Holy golfclubs!" exclaimed Ted, a little disgustedly. "What makes you say that?"

"Why, *you* do, Teddy dear. I know the reason you pay any attention to me at all is out of sense of duty. I've been so mean to you, Teddy dear!" I smiled grimly inside myself. It was beginning to work.

"*Don't* call me 'Teddy dear,' " said Ted. "You haven't been mean to me! I've never noticed anything!"

"Oh, Teddy dear, you whip me to a frill, you really do!" I sighed, and gazed at him sweetly. He smiled back, a little confused, but definitely more interested. We danced on . . .

At intermission, the Four Floozies met in the powder room.

"It's working — yippee!" shouted Kath. "Jane hasn't had two dances with Ray, because he's trying to find out what I'm talking about. And I think he's getting sick of that 'Ray dear' stuff."

"Joe's been the same way!" bubbled Maggie. "I got Cuthbert to cut in on Jane and Joe—and she's been stuck with him ever since. Joe keeps saying, 'Why do you keep saying, you're whipped to a frill?'."

Sue was also smug. "I told you it would work. Bill's simply wild, too."

We were still discussing it in rather loud whispers, when suddenly, my stomach felt like parting my teeth in the middle. I was combing my hair in front of the mirror, and I noticed Jane standing in the doorway. She must have been standing there quite a while, because her face was the color of Santa's pants! I gulped, and nudged Maggie, who was talking. She stopped. We all stopped. And looked at Jane.

"Well, go on," said Jane, in a small voice. "Don't let *me* stop you!"

"J-Jane—" I choked, "we didn't know you were there. I hope—"

"I know you didn't. Obviously. Well, I guess I had it coming."

We all looked at each other in shame—but amazement.

"Jane," said Kath, "please don't think we—I mean that we—" she just didn't know quite what to say. Nor did any of us. We just stood, in embarrassed silence. Then Jane sat down. She put her arms down on the dressing table and her shoulders heaved. She was crying.

"Please, Jane," I said, "we didn't mean it! We were just—"

"Leave me alone," sobbed Jane, in a muffled tone.

It was at least fifteen minutes before she stopped crying, and we had all apologized our heads off. We were *really* remorseful, too. After all, she was only a temporary guest—and we had sort of tried to ruin her good time by thinking only of our troubles.

And then we got her story. It was amazing, too! I mean, really! She told us that in New York, she went to a private school for girls. And that on the only dates she had ever had she was so self-conscious with boys that they never asked her again. It was getting worse and worse. Then when the chance came for her to visit me, she decided she would change everything. She read three books on "Personality" on the way from New York, so she could "practice" on the boys here. She thought she was getting along fine, too—until—well, until she heard the other side of the question. So now, she was sure she had failed again.

It was too gruesome. We were so mortified we didn't know what to do again. *I* felt like a limp meringue—all soggy in the middle—to think that I had done the things I'd done—I was *still* her cousin . . .

It wasn't until a little later that Sue got another one of her Ideas. And it solved everything! She remembered about a boy named Pete Wallace who hadn't been going to "Winslow High" very long. And he was really a *divine* boy, too. We knew him only slightly, but that didn't stop us from introducing Jane to him.

From there on, everything was solid! Because you could tell that he was simply oogled over Jane. They got real well acquainted, too, in just that one evening. And he dated her most of the time she was in Winslow.

The other boys were cured, from that night, though. Ted never mentioned anything about it to me except once—on the way home from the dance. He said, "Gosh, Sunny, you whip me to a frill!!"

I looked at him, startled, and then we both burst out laughing . . .

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17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
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20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
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24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
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28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
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33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
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39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
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44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others: let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to hardle the question of money matters.
49 Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
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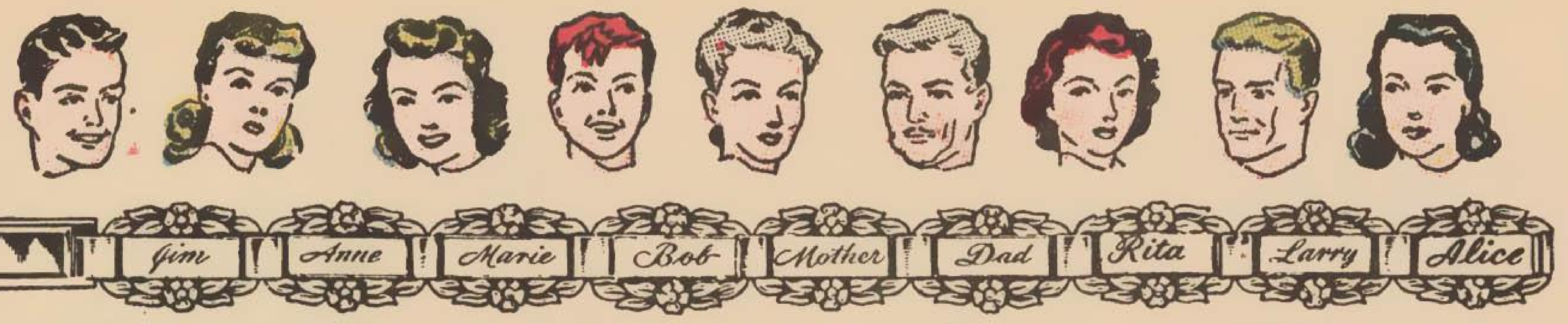

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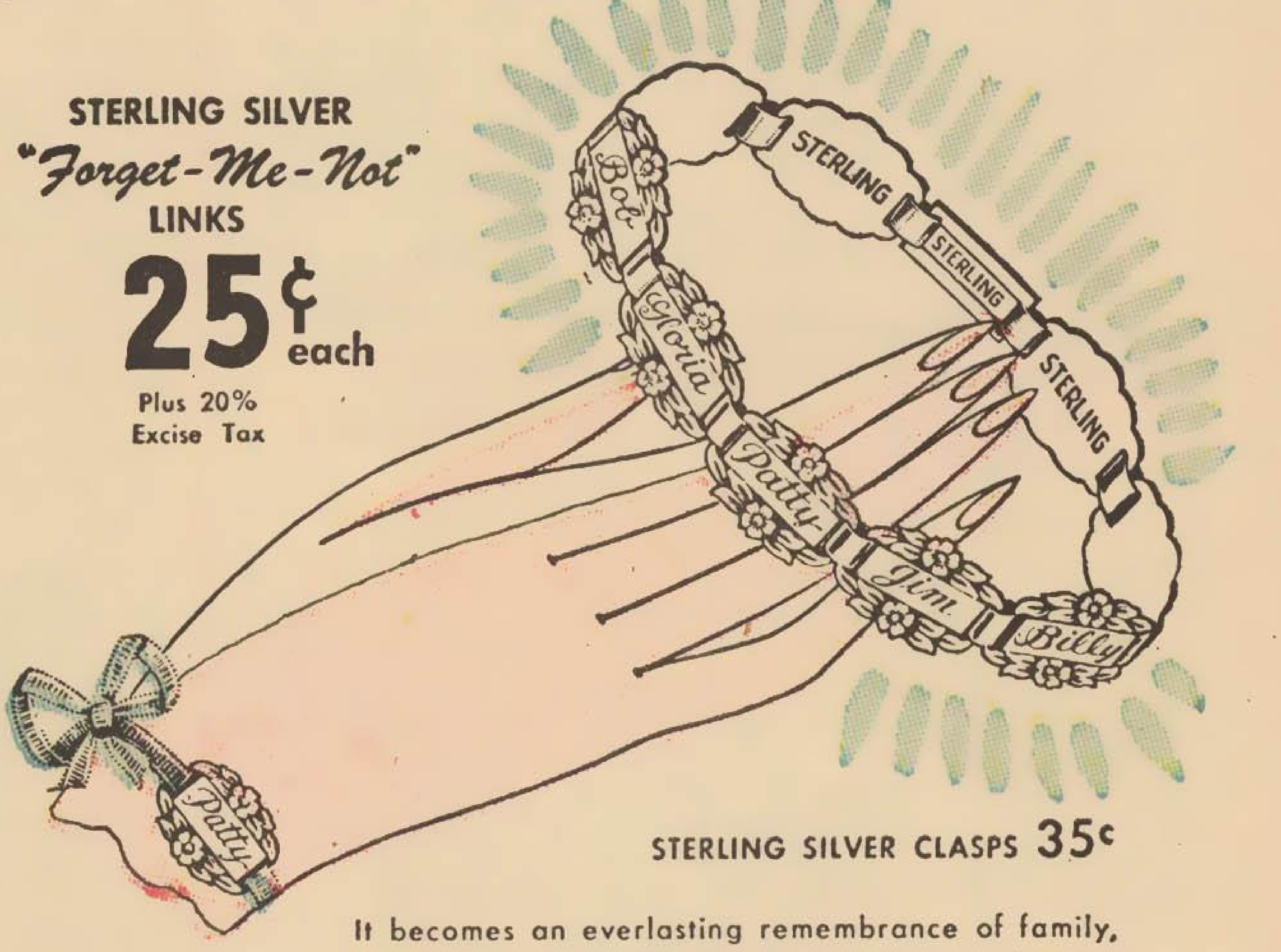

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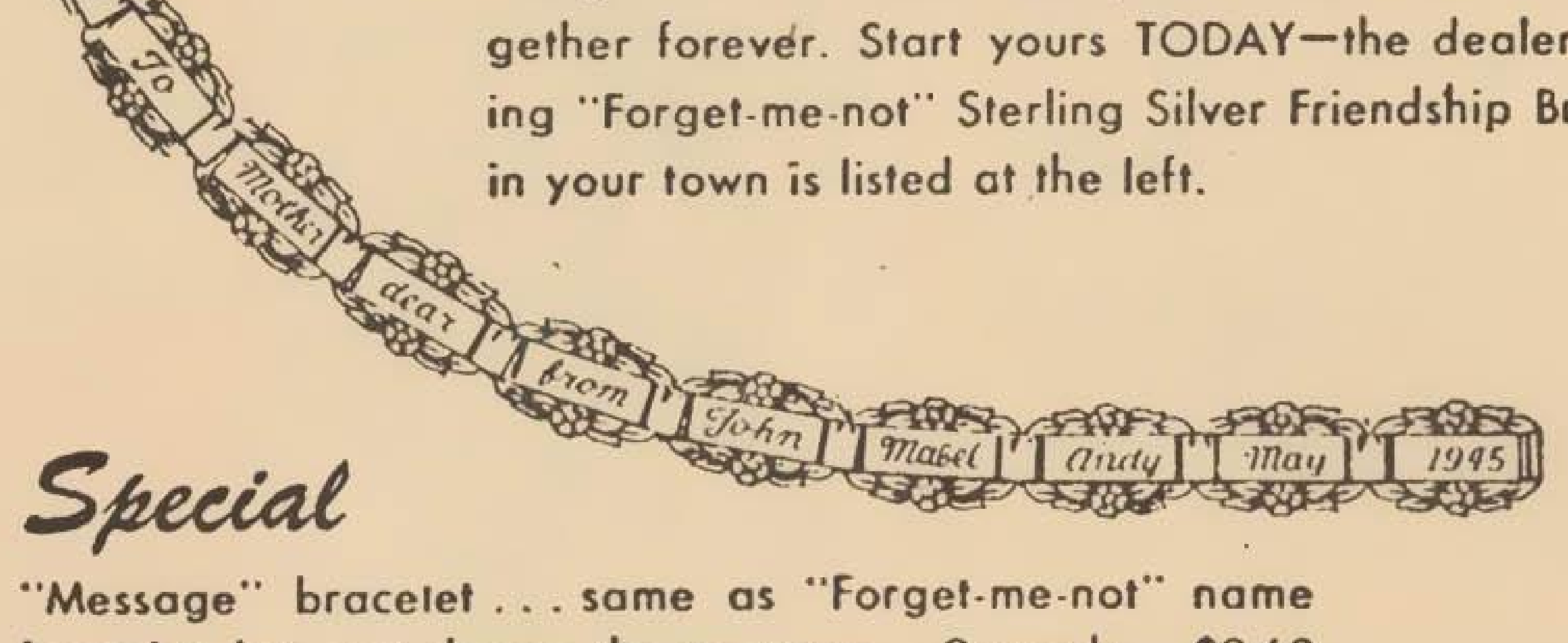

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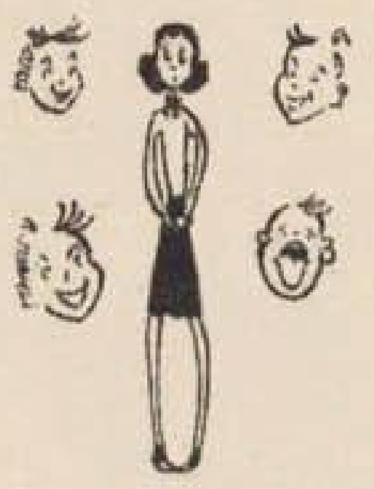
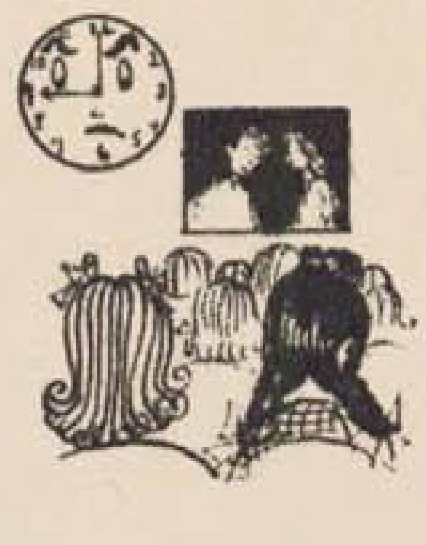
by Laraine Day

Dear Laraine: I very much want your personal advice. I am madly in love with a boy, and I'm sure he likes me, too. At nights I cry myself to sleep, just praying I'll see him. I haven't seen him for quite awhile, although I see his sister. Do you think it's all right to ask her about him? I think he's going into the service. If he does not write, should I write him first? And, if you meet a boy, who should be the first one to say "Hello!"? Will you help, *please!* Margarita.

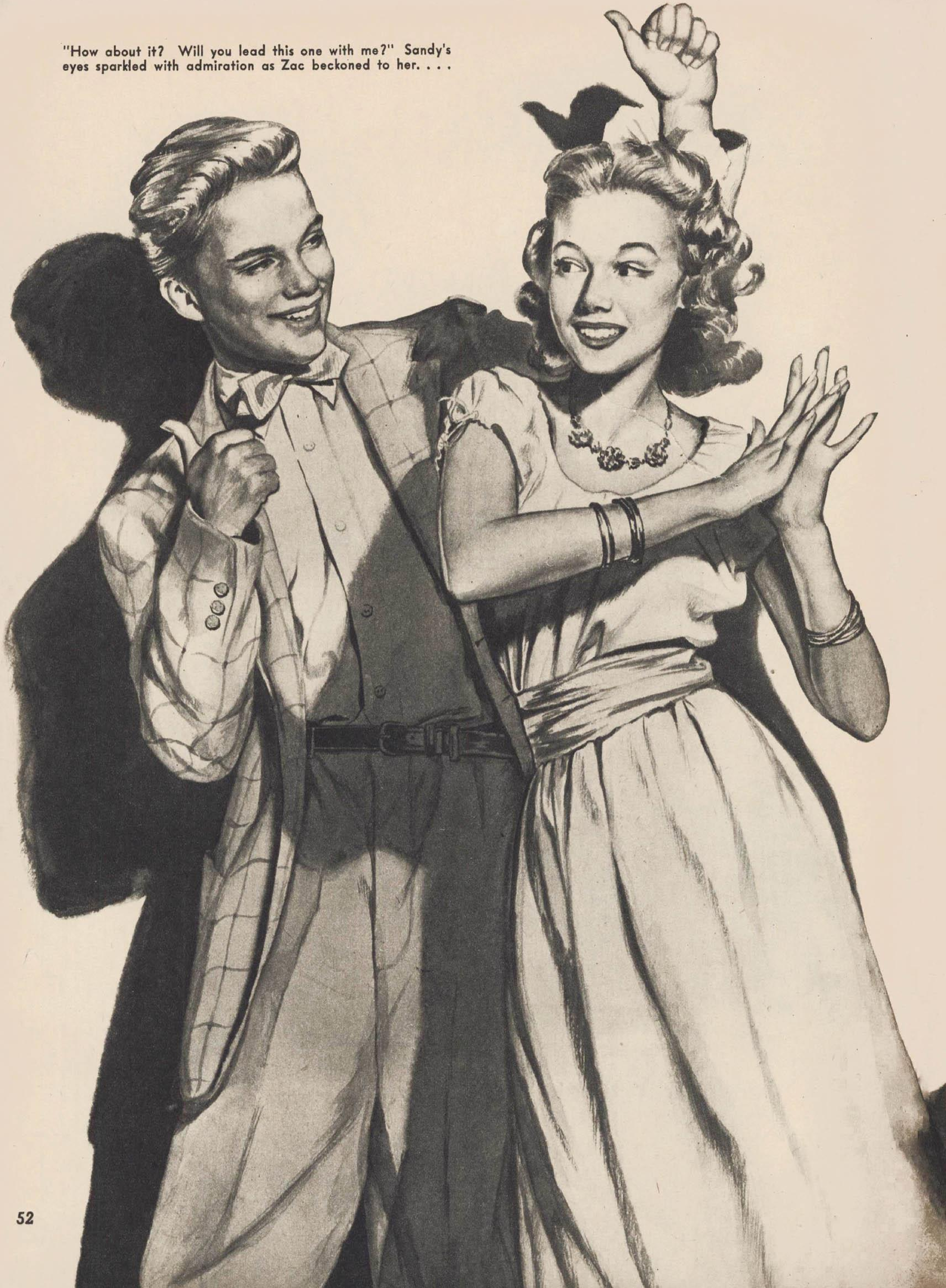
Dear Margarita: You are having a very bad case of puppy love, and the day will come when you will be able to laugh about it, although you are experiencing tears and heartache now. I realize, however, dear Margarita, that this is small consolation for *now*. In the first place, you say the boy likes you, but that you have not seen him recently. Therefore, it would seem that he is not actively interested in keeping up the friendship. If you chase him, he will only run in the other direction. I'd stop thinking about him for a while. Get new interests. This means new boy friends, too. Don't let everyone know how you feel, even the boy's sister. One other tip: The reason you may not have been seeing him recently is because boys, like colts, shy away from fences. If a boy feels caught or fenced in, he loses interest very fast. You may have shown him how you felt before he had any desire to become serious. This is a very big error and one you should file away for future reference. As for writing, he should be the first to write, unless he has given you his address and specifically asked you to write. In the matter of greetings, if you know the boy, you should be the first to say, "Hello!"



Dear Laraine: My girl friend is fourteen and her parents think it is terrible if she's out later than 9 or 9:30. If we get to a show about 7 or 7:30, her mother wants us home by 9:30 on the dot. The show lasts three and a half hours, and besides it takes twenty minutes each way on the bus. Will you please tell me if you think she's being treated as a fourteen-year-old should be treated? R. L.



R. L., dear, fourteen *is* pretty young to be out at night. But, on the other hand, if your girl friend's mother allows her to go to the theater at night at all, then it is certainly wasting money to get up and go home when the show is only half over. I think it's possible to work out a solution to this problem. Your girl friend should do (*Continued on page* **62**)



"How about it? Will you lead this one with me?" Sandy's eyes sparkled with admiration as Zac beckoned to her. . . .

Rhumba on the Square

Charlie—pardon, Carlotta—had gone high hat . . . which led to the trying situation that followed . . .

by Bunny Kerman

ILLUSTRATED BY
LOUISE ALTSON

CHARLIE was a very attractive girl. They had to admit it. Lucky too, for how many in Redfield could boast of a trip to Chicago to visit rich relatives. But since her return she just wasn't the same. She had developed "illusions of grandeur," her two best friends decided. Sandy and Joan had just left Charlie's house, feeling pretty low.

"Charlie is becoming almost impossible with that bragging," said Sandy, brushing a careless lock of ash blonde hair from her forehead.

"Aren't you forgetting? It isn't Charlie any more. *She* prefers to be called Charlotte." Joan mimicked the girl they were discussing, "'If you please, don't call me Charlie any more. It's *so* childish. I prefer Charlotte, or perhaps I might even change it to Carlotta; it has such a dignified sound.'" Joan struck a pose, chin on shoulder, eyebrows raised and eyes half closed in an expression of boredom.

"Oh Joan, you're terrific," laughed Sandy. "You'll make a swell actress some day."

Joan grinned and then frowned again. "She certainly made me mad—giving out with that sophisticated act."

"And did you hear what she said about the *men* in Chicago?" asked Sandy.

"'Why they're just *too, too* divine,'" Joan assumed the tone Charlie had used.

"Now that we're on the subject of men, will you tell me why you manufactured that story about my New York conquest?" Sandy's blue eyes met Joan's twinkling brown ones.

"Oh Sandy, don't try to fool me. You enjoyed it. And as a matter of fact, *you* helped make it sound convincing!"

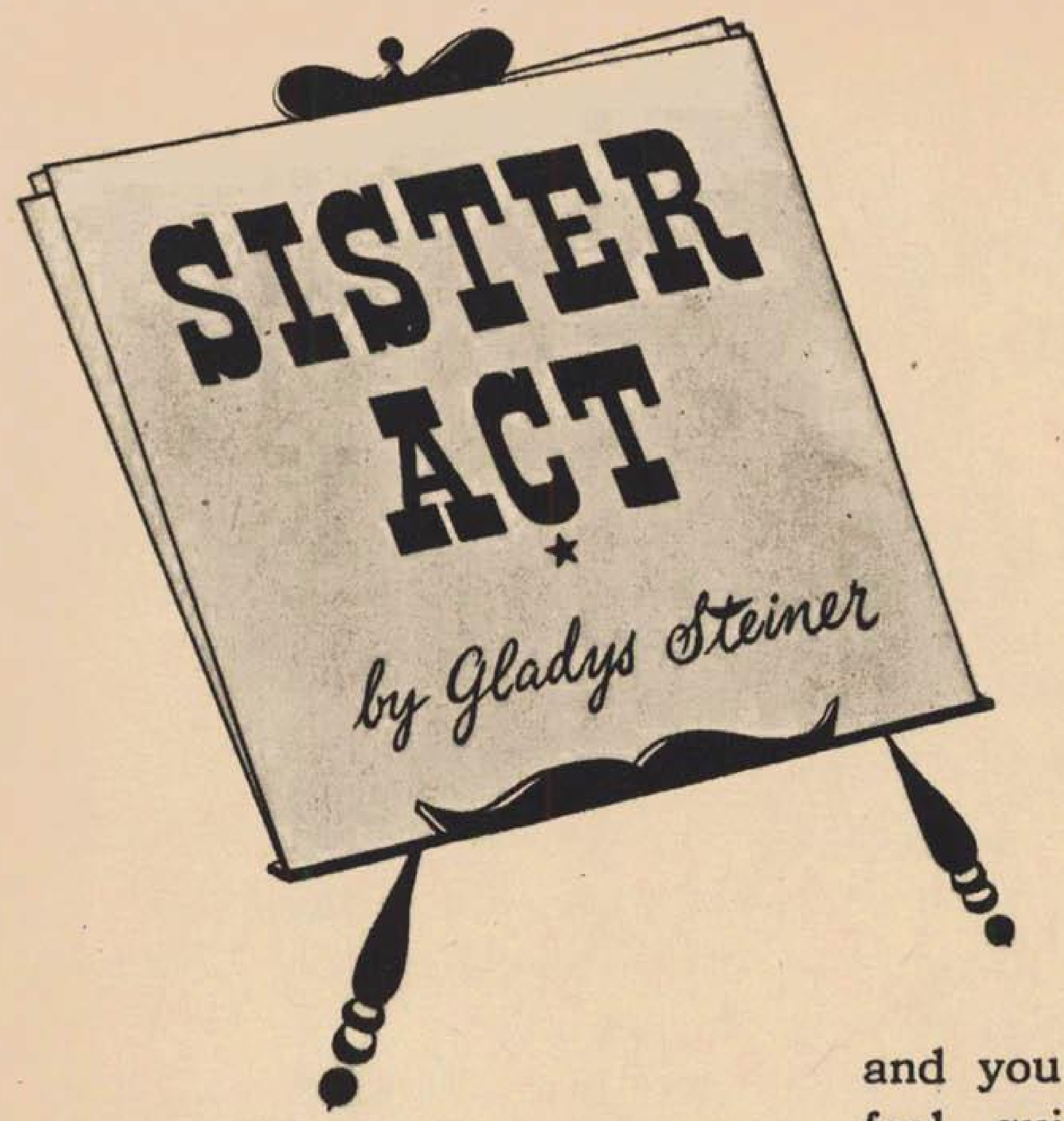
"Well, what *could* I do? When Charlie started hurling all those questions at me, about how . . . when . . . and where I met him, I *had* to back you up, didn't I?"

"I guess you were on kind of a spot. But that will teach *her* that we know a thing or two ourselves!" Joan felt quite pleased.

"Do you think she believed us?"

"She fell for it hook, line and sinker . . . I think."

They both went into peals of laughter when they recalled the conversation. Charlie *had* been taken aback, for when she bragged about Henry whom she had met in Chicago, a sensational rhumba, tango and samba dancer, Joan had topped her with a story of a boy Sandy was supposed to have met. His name was Ronald, and according to Joan, he was a darling, and when it came to dancing, *he* was (*Continued on page* 72)



SISTER ACT

by Gladys Steiner

Being "kid sister" can be a headache—to you and to "big sister," too. Or you can make it a fine art . . .

So you're a younger sister! And you really love that older sister of yours. But that doesn't keep you from wishing at times to switch places with her. It seems to you anyway that she gets all the breaks. Exciting telephone calls. More dates. More fun, to say nothing of more funds. Wonderful clothes. Even mother and dad appear more interested in her dates and good times than they are in you and your school problems.

What's more you are expected to do things with her cast-off clothes. Wear them, in other words—and you don't like that. You feel, quite rightfully too, that you have a personality of your own and you don't like the feeling that just because your big sister is two or three years older, that she should get all the breaks.

Being a young sister does have its problems, but not unsurmountable ones. Lend an ear.

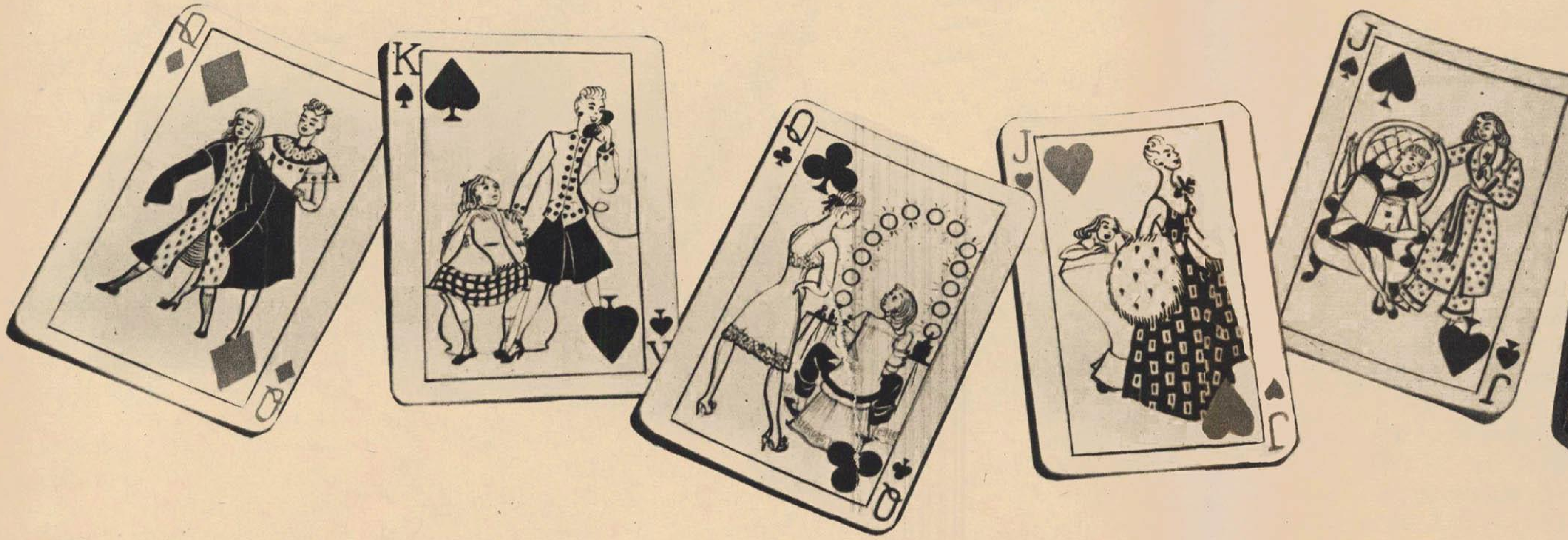
Let's take some examples. Your sister has dates almost every night. She lives in a constant aura of excitement. She is even a bit disdainful of you who have homework to do on week nights, and must be in bed by ten thirty, except on Saturday night when you may have a date, but must be home by twelve. Sis sort of laughs at you because your date is only with Bobby whom she says "is just a kid." Bobby is three months older than you which makes him fifteen years and nine months old.

So figure it out for yourself. Three years ago when Sis was as old as you are now she was going with another "Bobby" who was "just a kid." Three years ago you were envying Sis because she could go out with boys once a week and you were still in pigtails. Sis went through the same stage you are going through now, but she didn't have an older sister of whom to be envious while you were even then being envious of her! You have all the good times to look forward to that she is having now. So don't be jealous because she has more dates than you. Just be glad that all that is still before you.

Then your mother and dad. At dinner time it seems to you that they talk to Sis and about Sis and her activities to the exclusion of little you. They're interested in that lieutenant she's going out with. When you try to tell about that very funny incident that happened today in math class, Sis tells you to be quiet. And mother says, "That can wait dear; you can tell us later," and turns back to big Sis.

So after dinner Sis goes out with her lieutenant and you go to your (*Continued on page* 59)

Almost everytime the 'phone rings it's a new date for Sis . . . More fun and excitement for her, while you make with the homework! But cheer up, Kitten, you've got it all to look forward to!



by Stuart Roberts

SELF-CONSCIOUS SUE

Are you the kind of a girl who makes mountains out of molehills? Lets your imagination run riot? You're being silly and need a good talking to . . . and here it is . . .

SUE worked in a 5-and-10-cent store after school. She was an intelligent girl and the manager had put her to work in the difficult hosiery department. To his surprise Sue requested a transfer after a few days, but gave no reason. The manager put her behind the stationery counter, but again she asked for a transfer after a couple of days. Finally, at her own request, she wound up as a stock girl, lugging boxes and merchandise from the store room to the sales counters. She had worked her way down from selling to lugging; but here, at last, she seemed contented.

Her mother became worried. In school, so far, Sue had always been an ambitious girl. She could not understand this sudden change in her daughter. Maybe something was wrong with her mind? So she took her to a doctor.

An examination soon showed that Sue was not sick and that there was nothing wrong with her mind. The story behind that voluntary demotion in the store was simple, amazingly simple: Sue was self-conscious about her hands. She was a pretty girl, but her hands weren't much to look at. They were red and plump, and her fingers were stubby. Sue had tried soaks and creams and massage, but it had not done much good. In school her hands had not bothered her much, but behind a sales counter it was a different story. And instead of learning how to live with those hands of hers, how to make the best of this little defect, she had developed an inferiority complex about them.

Sue's case is just a little example of the many things about which people can be self-conscious. Her case shows how self-consciousness can become a (*Continued on page* 64)

GIRL MEETS GIRL

From page 19

convoyed me to the couch. We were huddled in the corner sipping "Pepsi-cola" and talking about things—well, about things all girls talk about—boys. Why, a "reporter" didn't need notes to talk about boys; all she needed was to be young and be a girl.

We made a mutual discovery—we liked boys.

Peggy has never really and truly dated, but that certainly didn't lessen her interest in the subject. We agreed that girls our age (13 and 14) should go with boys 15 to 17.

Our conversation inevitably led to movie star crushes and, my notes now completely forgotten, we went dreamy over a few of the males who inhabit Hollywood's Younger Set.

"I liked Peter Lawford for a while," Peggy said. "He's a friend of the family. But oh," she added, "please don't print that, Sandra, as Dick Haymes is my present dream boy."

Peggy thinks Dick's record, "Let the Rest of the World Go By", is out of this world. I well understood her feelings because I, too, have this record and it is everything that she claims it is.

Peggy Ann is a real "record fiend," as she puts it, and out of her $5.00 weekly allowance she buys records. She makes her allowance go a long way, too. Victory stamps are a "must" and a regular part of her expenses. Furthermore, she buys thoughtful little gifts for her pretty mother.

"I know they sound queer, but they're awfully nice," Peggy exclaimed as she ran to her bureau to show me the attractive snakeskin earrings and bracelet she had just gifted her mother.

We really went to town on the subject of clothes. Peggy, who adores sports—especially ice skating—loves sport and casual clothes best. Smart, tailored outfits, we agreed, were our favorites, even for dressy wear.

"My mother has lovely taste and we have fun shopping together," she told me.

"I go in for swimming, horseback riding and skating," Peggy Ann said when I asked her what she did in her spare time. If I didn't think it would sound silly I would have told her she looks like a dream while gliding over the ice. I have seen her ice-skate and she is graceful and terrific competition for Sonja Henie.

You know how girls have a habit of collecting things—well, Peggy Ann is no exception. She has a yen for collecting charms for her bracelet and over 60 dangles make up her lovely silver one.

The Garner family live in a neat six-room apartment on the outskirts of Beverly Hills. Peggy is in her freshman year and, believe it or not, likes algebra best. I might add here that Peggy Ann, despite all the lavish attention people bestow on her, is sweet, modest and unspoiled. The acclaim of the critics and public, her amazingly fast rise to stardom, has not gone to her lovely head. She's just a typical teen-age girl and prefers to chum with girls who like sports. Her friends are non-professionals.

"I only use a little lipstick," Peggy Ann told me, "and that only on special occasions. I'm hoping mother will make a slight change in that rule next year."

She usually has a party on her birthday, February 3rd. And talking about parties, Peggy Ann has the surest way to be a successful hostess—to "treat everyone equally and graciously."

Making cookies is a pet hobby and no amount of failure can discourage her. Peggy said her cookies are probably the reason for the number of illnesses at 20th Century-Fox, but we'll keep our own ideas on that.

Peggy, a natural born actress, loves making pictures and, practically beginning from the time she could write, kept a diary—"on and off."

She answers to the nickname of "Blondie" and it fits her beautifully. Hazel eyes and complete naturalness add charm to her appearance and personality.

In reading this interview with Peggy Ann, whose latest picture for 20th Century-Fox is "Home, Sweet Homicide," you can see how easy it was for me to lose my initial nervousness. Her delightful manner and, to repeat, typical teen-age outlook, helped me to spend an enjoyable day with a true Miss America.

Hello, Girls:—

SEEMS I've been dispossessed from my usual corner on the contents page by that very worthy product, Arrid. Which gives me the chance to remind you how important it is to start the day off by using an underarm deodorant. A daily tubbing does not always assure us of absolute freedom from offensive perspiration. But this is a fine way of greeting up-to-date girls who *know* the rules of cleanliness and daintiness!

You're all well-acquainted with the labor unrest that is temporarily sweeping the country. This is not an unhealthy sign because many readjustments must be made in our mode of living following the victorious conclusion of a globe-encircling war. Because of a printers' strike, now fully settled, we were forced to combine the December-January issues.

Last month I told you to watch for the larger size February MISS AMERICA; now I must tell you it will be several months before we can change our appearance. The printer, at the present, is unable to handle the large size until the help situation eases up. It takes a lot of manpower and presses to accommodate a magazine running a million copies!

Meanwhile, we've many grand articles and stories in store for you. Don't miss, for instance, Elias Lieberman's inspirational piece entitled "Charting Your Success." It will give you new courage, new ideas and ideals. And—mm!-mmmm, I almost forgot to tell you about your new department, "Male Box", which is, as you can guess, all about BOYS!

How about you taking over some of the editorial responsibility, and suggesting ideas for *your* magazine. Tell us what you like most; also least, etc., etc.

Affectionately,

Jean Goodman

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 4

she doesn't know whether to continue her screen career or not. It all depends on her husband and where he locates.

With Bill Williams, the handsome husky at RKO, it's pretty Barbara Hale. I had lunch with Barbara and Bill recently in the RKO commissary. Bill loves Barbara to wear sports things, and goes with her to pick out pretty blouses and scarves. And that lovely Mexican silver jewelry she was wearing was his gift.

Sonny Tufts telephoned me to say he had just taken delivery on his new plane and was plenty excited about flying. Maybe we'll go for a ride with Sonny Tufts some day. Which will really put a girl up in the clouds and out of this world—huh?

Margaret O'Brien is an angel in M-G-M's "Bridgit." We think she's an angel—as is! And take a good look for Margaret's pretty young Auntie Marissa! Mmmh!

Ann Blythe, as well as ever again, is a joy to see. And Susan Peters is making a fast comeback on the road to complete recovery. Van Johnson, I hear, insisted on taking the smaller half of the salary when Susan appeared on the radio with him. Susan wore her hair coronet fashion with braids, and was gay and gave a wonderful radio performance, indicative of her future. Better still, she'll soon be walking again.

Johnny Garfield is publishing his own newspaper called "The Plaindealer," and thus breaks into print weekly at Chula Vista. Wonder if it will carry a movie column?

"Mr. and Mrs." will be the name for Esther Williams and Sgt. Ben Gage, and Lana Turner and Turhan Bey.

Good news: Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart are to be co-starred, and by popular request.

Attention girls: We're about to see Dane Clark in civvies—or were you conscious that Dane has worn a uniform in all of his six picture roles? Anyway, Dane's next is "Her Kind of Man" with Faye Emerson, and Dane's personal tailor is going to town on his wardrobe.

Speaking of men, Bob Alda has one of those new jeeps, which he says does everything on the farm except milk the cow. His faithful war mule, which did the plowing on his valley ranch, is now on vacation in a clover field.

All of the Gee-Gees (Glamour (Girls) were giving their telephone numbers and open evenings to one of Jimmy Stewart's close friends, just in case Jimmy was dateless when he arrived in Hollywood. After all, he's been away in the wars a long time, so there's much introducing around to be done in the G. G. set. It will be interesting to see which girl he singles out.

And that's Hollywood!

A POEM

He asked her out to cut a rug,
Never dating her before.
She made up like a glamor girl—
So, he dated her no more!

BLOUSE DESIGNING CONTESTS

APPLICATION BLANK — CONTEST No. 1
Fill out this blank and mail to Sally Mason, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y., together with your approveddesign, not later than February 28, 1946.

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ADDRESS ________________ AGE ________

CITY ________________ STATE ________

SCHOOL ________________

HOME ECONOMICS TEACHER'S PERSONAL SIGNATURE ________________

Read all about it! Fashion flashes that teeners all over are buzzin' about...Three new blouse designing contests sponsored by MISS AMERICA Magazine and Sally Mason, Inc. to help you fashion the career you've always dreamed about...Read the rules carefully and make your blouse the frill of a lifetime!

RULES FOR CONTEST NO. 1

1. Design to be for a "dressy" blouse only.
2. Contest closes February 28, 1946.
3. Sketch or draping of your design must have the signature of your Home Economics teacher written on it.
4. First prize winner will receive a $25 Victory Bond. Her design will be produced as the "Sally Mason Blouse of the Season," in a Townbrooke fabric. She will also receive one of these in her own size. Second and third prize winners will receive $15 and $10 in Victory Stamps respectively.

SISTER ACT

From page 55

room. Somehow what happened in math today doesn't seem funny any more. The reason that it doesn't is because you've let yourself be too sensitive. Naturally your parents are interested in Sis' beau. Sis is at the age where marriage is uppermost in her mind. And this beau is very likely the one she is going to marry. And it's also true that Sis who works all day and is out practically every evening is home so little that when she is, she takes the floor. So forget those sulks; don't be jealous of her. Your time is coming.

Sis, who buys her clothes with the money she earns, gave you her last year's coat. You wanted a new one, but now because of her "generosity" you're going to have to wear her old one.

Well, you can make that coat your own by having it remade or if you are handy with the little old needle, remodeling it yourself. You can change the shoulder line, or the collar style. If it's a box coat, it can be made into a fitted one. Anyway—that coat will be so good-looking and smart that Sis will want it back again. But don't let her have it; it's yours.

But even with the coat which is now identified with you and you only, you're still not happy about your relationship with Sis. You may think she treats you as though you weren't all of the fifteen years you are. When you go into her room to talk to her she doesn't pay much attention to you until you start fiddling around with her perfumes and powders. Then she'll say, "Be careful! You'll spill it!" She doesn't like you to come into her room and start milling through her things. If she were to do that to you you wouldn't like it either. And you probably would have told her to stop.

She may seem a bit condescending to you. That is—she treats you like a young sister who hasn't grown up. You don't get much sympathy from her either. When you tell her you didn't get a bid to the term dance, she will probably tell you to try to do better next time. Which is really wise of her. For were she to sympathize you'd just start feeling sorrier than ever for yourself. And that doesn't do you or anyone else any good.

If your sister happens on some rare occasion to talk to you about a problem of her own, listen to her, don't interrupt and talk about your own worries. She won't like the interruption, and she certainly won't think you are interested in what she is confiding, otherwise you would pay attention to her. She'll stop right there. She'll close that door which had just started to open between you. Give her all your attention and then if she asks for it, your advice. She'll suddenly realize that you're something other than just a younger sister. She'll realize that you are growing up; that you're an individual same as she; that you have good sense.

She'll know what you've known about yourself all along, but you'll have to work to make the rest of your family know it. And the way to do it is not to be hurt. Just keep your sense of humor and you'll find out that being a younger sister is fun!

"make hay while the sun shines"
says the picture proverb square
by kimball

Hurry and get this witty new fashion! Eight proverbs-you-should-know are fancily illustrated in nursery rhyme style on a gala square for over your hair . . . or to wear as a scarf. Soft spun rayon and wool with pink, blue, maize or turquoise border. Only $1.

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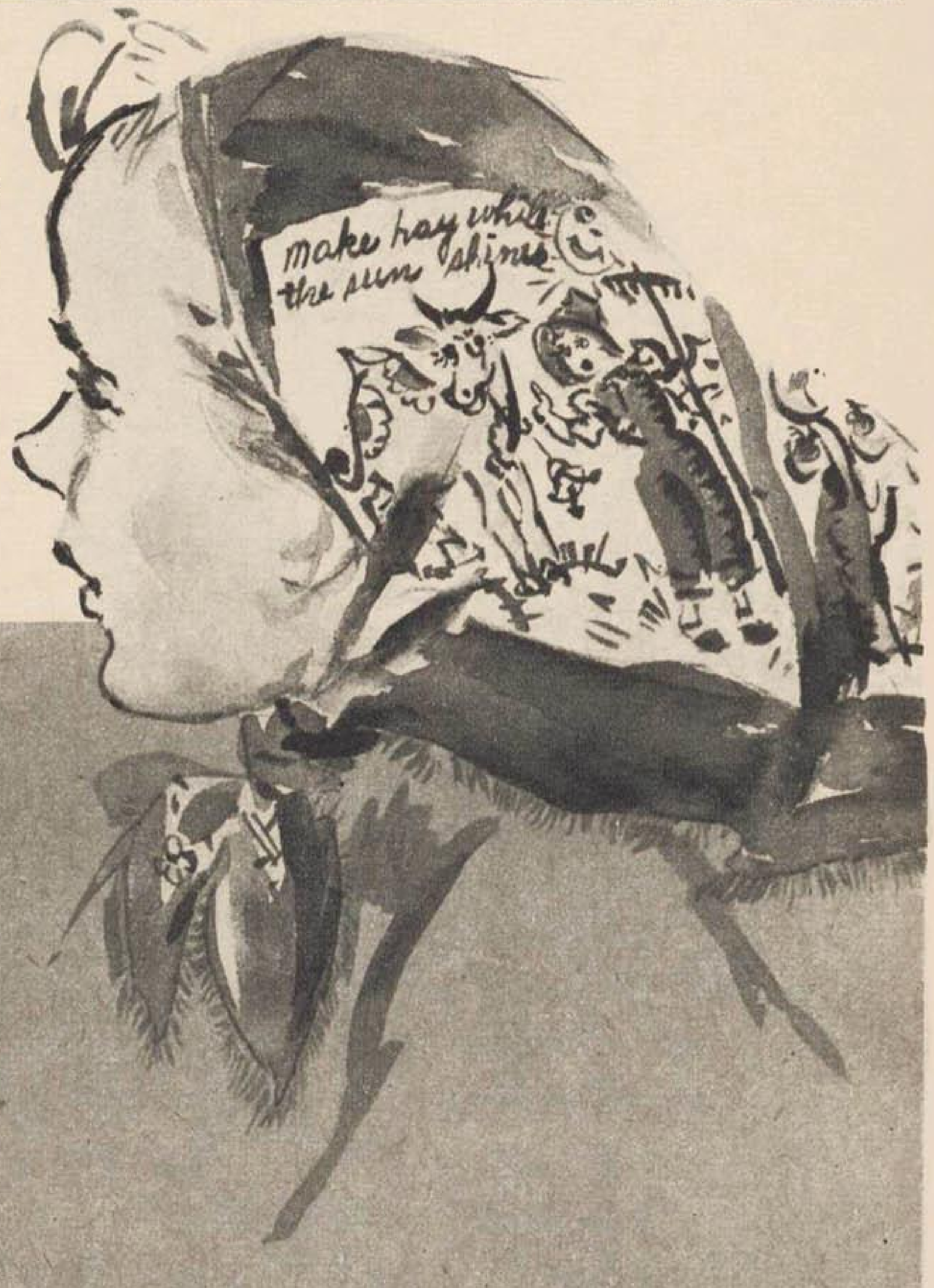
make hay while the sun shines

Evalene Smith
Garland
North Carolina

Miss America SPEAKS

Come on, girls, let's get together and exchange all the up-to-the-minute news in this special corner. What are you making? Talking about? MISS AMERICA Magazine pays $1 for every letter published.

WE HAVE a fine tribute from Renee Katz, Brooklyn, New York, and we want to thank her for such a nice letter:

"May I take this opportunity to thank you for giving us teen-agers such a wonderful magazine to help us to be better people, wiser people and, most important of all, good citizens of the United States and the world. I say this not only speaking for myself and all my friends, but for every girl in the U. S. who shares with me the good fortune of being able to enjoy the pleasure that your magazine affords. Keep up the good work, MISS AMERICA."

Jeanne Johnson, Slater, Missouri, confirms this statement of Renee:

"I have never seen, read or heard of such a wonderful magazine as MISS AMERICA. I hope you will keep on publishing MISS AMERICA forever and ever."

And, girls, here's a way to preserve your ping pong balls. The idea comes from Jill Freeman, New York, N. Y.:

"If your ping pong ball gets poked in, don't discard it. Hold a lighted match about two and a half inches from the dented spot and slowly it will resume its normal shape."

Joyce Greller, Chicago, Illinois, has a word of criticism of Carol LeVarn's suggestion in the October issue about putting nail polish on the rims of your glasses:

"After putting the nail polish on and taking it off again it begins to look very messy and untidy and stains the glass. Having tried it on my glasses I never could quite get them looking the same again. I wish to suggest that when purchasing your glasses you buy a natural colored frame or one tinted aqua or pink and this will pick up the color of your outfit and you will be much happier."

And for rainy days Barbara Zimmerman, of Eaton, Ohio, suggests:

(Continued on page 67)

Jeanne Johnson
Slater
Missouri

Clarice Norton
Bemus Point
New York

Rita Beaudette
Manchester
New Hampshire

Phyllis Marcus
Brooklyn
New York

Ruby Hawk
Lemitar
New Mexico

Ilene Taylor
Murray
Kentucky

Joyce Forsdike
Sidcup, Kent
England

FOOTLIGHT FUN

From page 22

that she's never learned how to get inside another's life sympathetically. Absorbed with the impression she thinks Helen is making, she may forget the character she's trying to impersonate. You've seen many pretty girls who can't act—and plain ones who can.

Peggy? Peggy may be talented and self-assured, as you say—used to appearing before large groups—and yet may not be right for the part. Maybe she'll be overconfident, miss cues. Don't worry about anyone else. Just be sure you're doing your own level best.

Don't be afraid to try out for the leading role, if you honestly think you could do a good job of it. You'll know, deep down, whether or not the part suits you. Be honest with yourself.

But if this is your first dramatic flight, maybe you'll feel easier trying out for a minor role, with a better chance of getting it. Not so much competition. Don't think lesser parts aren't worth taking—they are. Don't forget that movie awards are given annually to actors of supporting roles. *Supporting* roles. That's what they really are. Without the support of all the players, no play can be a success.

It's much sharper to undertake a minor—pardon, supporting—role and make it live, than to be a dismal public flop in the lead. You may not have a chance to walk off with as many honors as the heroine's persnickety Aunt Tessie, but you'll probably have more fun playing a character role than a "straight." It'll be so entirely different from your real-life self. You'll also have more freedom, and less anxiety and responsibility. You can really let go and enjoy yourself when you only have a few lines to pluck from your brain at the appointed moment.

Small roles are steppingstones to better ones. Countless now-famous actors and actresses got their start by eagerly accepting a "bit" or "walk-on."

Now then, if you're fortunate enough to be chosen for a part, large or small—keep on forgetting yourself the way you did trying out. Don't try to overshadow your fellow players, steal all the thunder, gobble up all the laughs. Make the most of your part, certainly, but don't overshoot the mark. Yours is only one part among many. It's the play which counts—not the fact that Mom and Pop and adoring sister 'Lizbeth (not to mention that boy neighbor) are out front watching. Your business is to forward the story, contribute to the general effect of reality—help achieve a balanced production.

But—what's this—you didn't get a part? You followed suggestions to the very best of your ability, studied the play thoroughly, practiced until your family shrieked for mercy, tried out valiantly—and lost out completely? Didn't even get a one-line part?

Well, f'goodness sake, don't sulk. All is not lost. Don't let those hurt feelings show. Don't—*don't*—crawl into that silly dark old brooding hole and try to pull it in after you. Better luck next time.

Until then, get busy. Turn your momentary disappointment into something much more enduring than a touch of spotlight. It takes more than actors and actresses to stage a play.

Offer your services as a stagehand, scenery designer, or costumer. There are lots of things you can help do to help make the play the success you loyally want it to be. Think up publicity stunts, make posters, sell tickets, usher. Doing these things you'll have a real share in the excitement behind the scenes. You'll pick up a lot of fascinating stage lore. You'll learn more about what makes a play tick than the actors. All this will be valuable knowledge for later on when you, too, may be out there before those footlights.

Maybe you can be understudy or prompter. Ah, the times an understudy or prompter has saved the day! Remember, the play's the thing! And you'll want to do your bit to make it the very best production ever.

So—be somebody else! Leading lady, ingenue, stagehand or wardrobe mistress. Hear that applause swelling up? It's for you—for everyone of you who ever helped make a play a success.

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Tish-u-Knit
designed by LEON
for TEENS
DON'T SAY SWEATERS
SAY
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Nothing has yet been created so enticing as this exquisite simulated Gardenia for your hair, dress or coat. By day it makes heads turn your way. At night it makes folks exclaim in admiration as it glows in the dark. Not $5, not even $2, but only $1. Mail on-approval coupon today.

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Fashion dictates a delicate cluster of three soft-colored "cuddly" Tea Roses for certain moods. A rose, a pink and a yellow almost full blown. Bewitching by day, glowing softly at night with strange new allure. Examine on approval . . . and if not utterly delighted, pay nothing. Check Tea Roses on coupon and mail order today.

Lifelike ORCHID Glows in the dark

¼ Actual Size

This gorgeous, lifelike Orchid glows in the dark . . . is a sensation wherever you go. So much like exact color, look, feel of costliest orchids, it actually seems real. Helps beautify your every costume. And the price . . . unbelievably low . . . only $1 when you send coupon.

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This delicately alluring Tea Rose that glows in the dark, will be GIVEN, along with each order, WITHOUT COST as your reward for promptness with any order. So act now!

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Indicate below how many of each you want to order. NOTE: You may select any flower shown, or any assortment. Be sure to mark quantity of each.

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Name. . . . .
Address . . . .
City. . . . . Zone. . . . . State. . . . .
(Postage Prepaid if Cash or Money Order Is Enclosed)

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 51

her part by making every effort to get to the theater early, in time for the start of the first show. Her mother could telephone the theater and find out just when the complete first show would be over and then allow half an hour for you both to get home on the bus. This way she would not worry about her daughter wandering around the streets at night. Failing an agreement of this kind, how about Saturday afternoon matinees?

Dear Laraine: I am thirteen and very thin. Because of that, no boy has ever liked me. I've been hurt many times and I try to forget it, but I can't. Just a few days ago a boy told me he didn't care for me because I was thin and had no shape. I don't know what to do. Will you help me right away if possible?

Irene.

Dear Irene: I would suggest drinking as much rich milk as possible and eating all the fattening foods you can. An extra mid-morning and mid-afternoon meal, as well as hot chocolate or a malt drink on going to bed, may add a few extra pounds. Your doctor or the school nurse should be able to suggest a fattening diet. Another practical tip for now is to wear clothes that don't reveal your slimness. Soft sweaters over white blouses, loose jackets, help disguise the lack of a few pounds. If your neck is too thin, wear high collars, chunky costume jewelry. Don't wear anything skin tight or figure revealing. Accent your face and your hair. Keep your hair clean and fluffy. Wear it long, as this is very feminine and flattering to a thin face. And don't worry about a boy who would make such a personal remark. A nice boy wouldn't.

Dear Laraine: I am a great lover of horses. I have been around them all my life. My parents are convinced that I really love horses, but they do not think a girl is capable of making a career of breeding and raising them, as I would like to do. My problem is whether or not to study horses in college. I am fourteen.

Carol.

Dear Carol: Since you are not going to enter the horse-breeding business immediately, you have several years to decide just how you want to fit your love of horses into your life. Meanwhile, it would be a good thing to major in agriculture both in high school and college. Horses are necessarily associated with ranch life, and there are many things of value to be learned in modern methods of farming and cattle raising. As for making the breeding and raising of horses your career, it is unusual but not unheard of. Women have been successful in this field. If you do well in your studies, I'm sure your parents will know you are serious. You are a very intelligent girl to be able to direct your studies to a specific goal so early in life!

Dear Laraine: Could you give me any suggestions about keeping my legs slim? I go bicycle riding, but it doesn't do any good. The boys kid me because I am fat and my girl friend is slim. Please help me.

S. H.

Dear S. H.: One of the best exercises for keeping the legs trim is to stand on your tiptoes, then on the flat of your feet, then on your tiptoes, and so on, for ten minutes every day. It will also help if you will go easy on sugar, fats and starches. Lean meats, vegetables and fruits are good for reducing and good for your complexion, too. In stubborn cases, where it seems almost impossible to lose weight, it is wise to consult a doctor.

Now for some special tips to my girl friends: if your hair is long and you want to achieve that casual look, try rolling up your pin curls from the roots out rather than from the ends in. You'll get a lush wave as well as a curl.

Fondly,
LARAINE.

GOING FORMAL

From page 16

pads on those orbs and rel-a-a-ax on the bed for about twenty easy minutes. Then up you get and wash off your egg masque with lukewarm water, (and see that lukewarm means very luke indeed or, horrors, you'll cook the egg right on you.) There! Isn't that the freshest, cleanest face you've worn? Now, if your skin is inclined to be oily, rinse with cold water, if dry, coat it with cream. And into the tub with you!

This pre-formal bath should be the pampered-princess kind; bubble bath or bath oil or salts will make it so. Follow with a cologne rub-down while your skin is still warm and faintly moist—you'll be sweet all over. Then brush your teeth, remove face cream if you used it, use your mouthwash, and don't forget your deodorant.

Put on your underwear, stockings and slippers, and, with your hair still scarfed, go to work on the makeup. Fluff your powder on with a big pad of fresh cotton and dust off the excess with more cotton. Lipstick goes on neatly over a little powder on your lips which will give it staying power and save fussing at the party. Shape your brows with a fingertip bearing a touch of vaseline and put a little on your lashes too for a touch of dark luster. Behold—the Face!

Now you can take your hair down and see how nicely the steam from your bath has encouraged the set. Comb and arrange it and then, with a tissue between your lips, slip into your dress. A pat to your hair, a dab of perfume behind your ears and in the crooks of your elbows, and you're set for the perfect evening. So pop your compact, lipstick and best hankie into your evening bag, give a whirl and a twirl before the mirror, and downstairs you go. And if Mom beams, and Dad looks slightly awed, and Johnny forgets the dignity of his dinner jacket and whistles—lady, you deserve it!

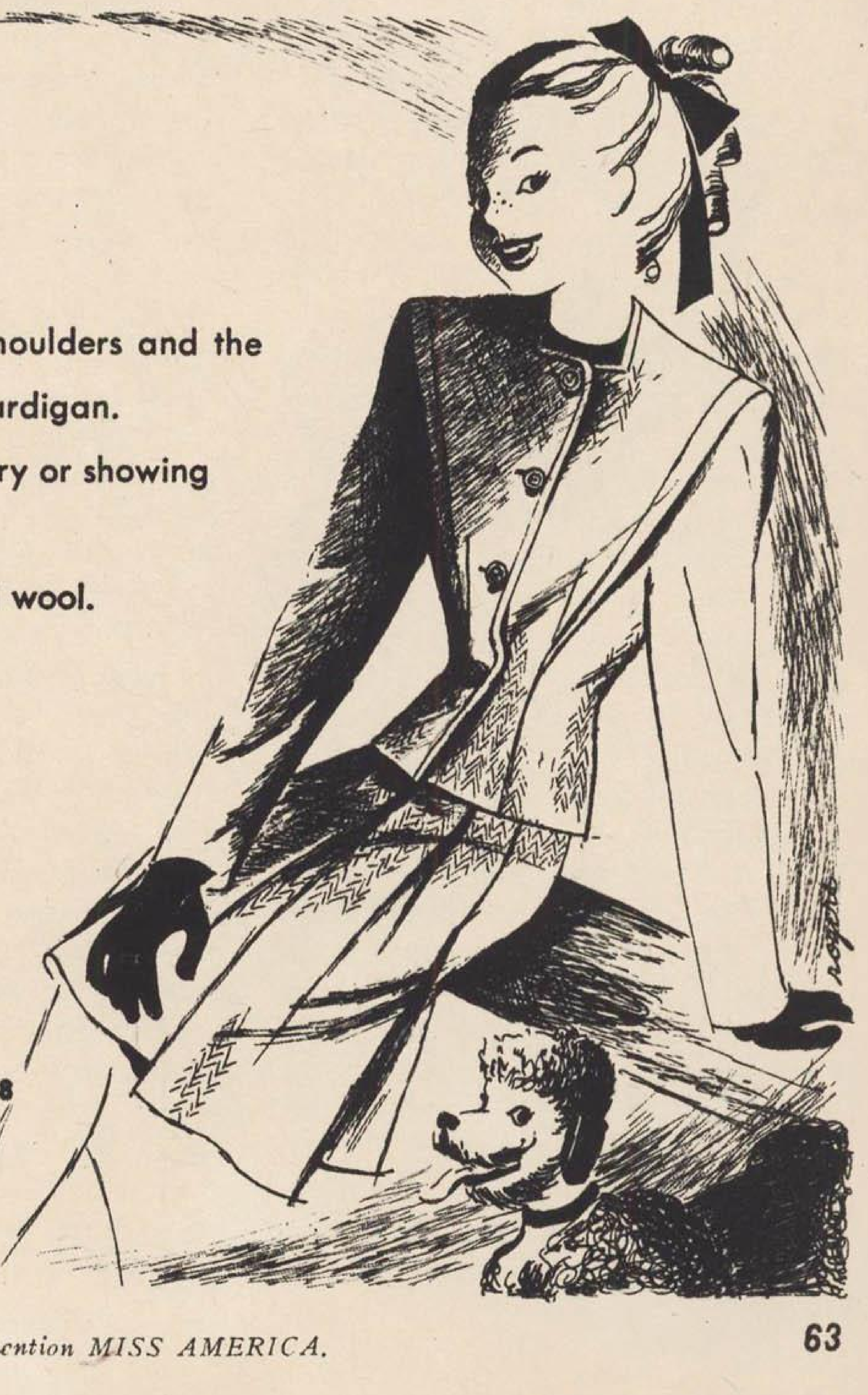
COLD FACTS

From page 8

hot water and bend over it. Put a towel over your head so that it covers everything, including the pan, and then breathe in and out for about ten minutes.

You can repeat that a few times a day, if you want to. But be careful not to get in the way of cold drafts after you have finished the treatment. And don't breathe the cold air right after the steam. Hold a handkerchief before your mouth for another five minutes and breathe through that.

While you've got a cold, or rather while it's got you, you'd better keep your chest and throat warm to avoid complications. Use an extra sweater and a muffler when you go outside. Many girls with a cold also like to wear warm socks when they go to bed at night, and something warm over their nighties. A woolen stocking or a turkish towel around the neck at night is very helpful for colds. It may not be pretty, and not even very comfy, but it helps rid un-



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pleasant soreness in the throat.

A few cold tablets and aspirins are all right to take, because they help relieve some of the symptoms, but go easy on them. And remember that aspirin will make you perspire, so watch out for cold drafts after you've taken the tablets. Nose drops shouldn't be taken unless a doctor says so. Sometimes they do more harm than good.

Some people still think that a person with a cold should drink lots of fluids. In a way fluids are good, of course, especially fruit juices, but there is no special point in forcing yourself to drink until you are all bloated up. But if you are thirsty, by all means drink as much as you like.

Colds can be caught by one person from another. So when you have one, don't breathe into other people's faces, and use your handkerchief when you have to cough or sneeze. With every cough you are throwing thousands of little drops into the air for many feet around you, and every drop carries big numbers of cold germs. You can prove that with a simple experiment; stand a few feet in front of a large mirror and cough. Then look what's happened to the mirror.

And another thing: when you have a cold don't let others use the same drinking glass with you, or the same spoon. It isn't polite to expose your friends to danger.

Speaking of danger, you girls will probably agree that there are enough real dangers in the world without people going around and being afraid of perfectly harmless things. But they do. Take the moon, for instance.

Maybe it will sound funny to you, but there are quite a few people who are convinced that the light of the moon is dangerous. They believe that no one should sleep with the moonlight falling directly on his face. It has a bad effect on the health and on the nerves, they say.

But the whole thing is only a superstition. Naturally, it isn't very smart for any girl to sleep with the moon shining right in her face. But that is because of the light. Just as you wouldn't think of going to sleep with light shining into your eyes. It makes the sleep restless.

Of course, in some ways the moon does influence the things of the earth. The tides of the sea, for instance, follow the waning and waxing of the moon. Also some fishes and insects have their lives arranged according to the moon cycle. But when it comes to our health and our nerves, there is nothing to worry about as far as moonlight is concerned. It's just a star, and a mighty romantic one at that. Maybe some day you'll find out how romantic the moon can be.

SELF-CONSCIOUS SUE

From page 56

bad handicap for a girl; a handicap in work, in love, in social ability.

Such a self-conscious person goes through life in a constant fear of people; a fear of what people might think, what they might say, or how they might treat her. They fear that any look cast in their direction is a critical one. The dread of being made fun of or being laughed at is constantly on their minds. They fret about big things and little things; about a foreign accent, or a pair of eyeglasses, or a wart on a finger, or sometimes about nothing much at all.

If there would be a simple cure for self-consciousness—some medicine or a prescription or a minor operation—most every living person, eight out of ten, would want to get it. Yes, that many people in the world today are suffering from this evil, as surveys have shown. We doctors would have to add three waiting rooms to our offices to hold all the patients who would come complaining of self-consciousness.

Unfortunately there is no such easy remedy, although a cure exists. It may not be quite as simple as a teaspoonful of medicine three times a day, but it isn't very hard either.

Most self-conscious people worry all the time about the impression they make on others. They try hard to fix things so that nobody will NOTICE their little defect. But by fussing about their weak spot, they only draw people's attention to it. The smart thing to do is to act as if you don't even know that something is wrong, or as if you don't care at all about it. The chances are that most people will never notice the little weakness that looks so big to you.

Barbara came to me in a mood of gloom and despair. "I can't do anything," she cried, "I can't go anywhere without people looking at me. It's my hips. People always notice how large they are."

Her hips were large, but by no means abnormally so. Yet Barbara had worried herself into such a panicky condition that she imagined strange people in the street were commenting about her figure. She couldn't look anybody in the face without detecting a scornful sneer.

I tried to tell Barbara how unreasonable her worries were, but nothing seemed to relieve her self-consciousness. Then, one day, fate came to my help; fate in the form of a little beauty contest which the girls of her neighborhood club had organized. They had sent little printed forms around on which every girl was supposed to put down the things she thought most attractive and most unattractive about every other girl in the club. The ballot was secret, and each girl had to mail her bunch of answer slips before a certain deadline. Barbara looked forward to the "day of judgment" with a trembling heart. She could hardly sleep. But when she finally received the slips with her name on them, about sixty in all, she got the surprise of her life. On the plus side there were many nice things, and on the minus side some of the girls had listed her hair, others her voice, still others the way she held her head. And only seven out of the sixty had even noticed or remembered her hips. For Barbara it was a cure, a blitz cure.

Not always are we lucky enough to run into a blitz cure. If you are self-conscious, some effort of your own will be needed to overcome the trouble.

It is important for you to expect to get into embarrassing situations. And when they come, laugh. Laugh at yourself, and the next time you run into the same trouble you won't be so self-conscious about it any more. The most awkward situation you can possibly think of still isn't very bad, if you look at it from a neutral angle. The lady who buys a pair of hose from Sue behind her counter may notice those plump fingers or she may not. She may even remark about them. But do you think she is going to remember them? Or if she does, do you think she is going to hold it against her, if Sue otherwise is a nice girl and a good saleslady? It is surprising how quickly people forget the weaknesses of a person they like. The only ones who remember and continue to worry are the self-conscious persons themselves.

When you get into an embarrassing situation, don't become panicky and run away. You'll only make your failure that much more conspicuous. And there is the danger that you develop the panic habit. Running away is an easy way out, but it quickly becomes a habit which is hard to shake off. If you are being humiliated or made fun of, stick it out. Make a stand. It may hurt in the beginning, but the next time it will hurt much less.

And gradually, with every successful stand, you will get rid of your little fears. Then you will discover that, like most self-conscious people, you have a lot more social ability than you thought.

ODE TO LANGUOR

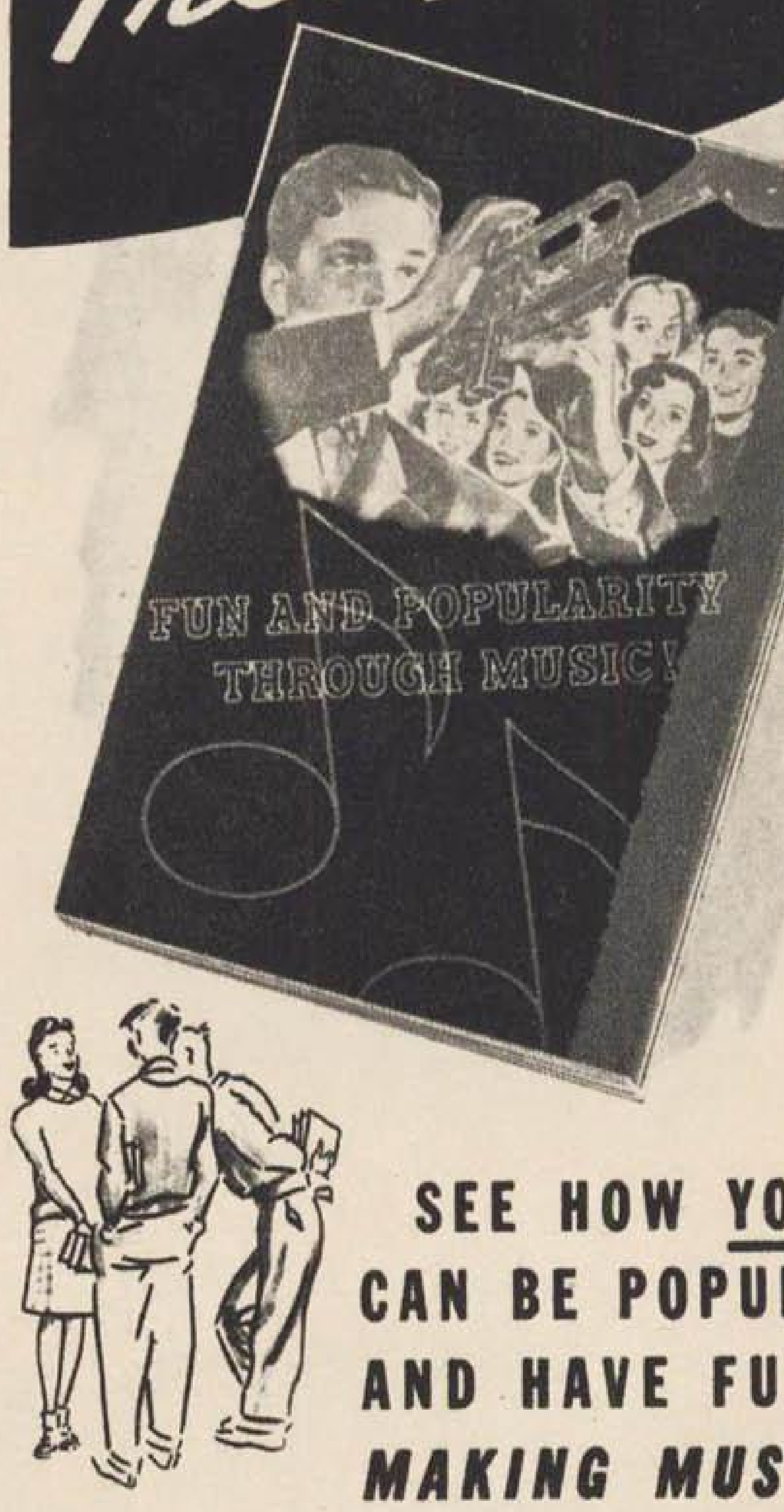
I don't skate and I don't ski,
No nimble basketballer, mi.

I don't hockey, I don't tennis,
I think exercise's a mennis.

You gals take the bulging
muscles,
I'll take frills and lace and
buscles.

I'll admit that sports have
drama,
But I prefer more languid
glama.

You can have your running,
leaping,
I'll stick to my beauty sleeping.



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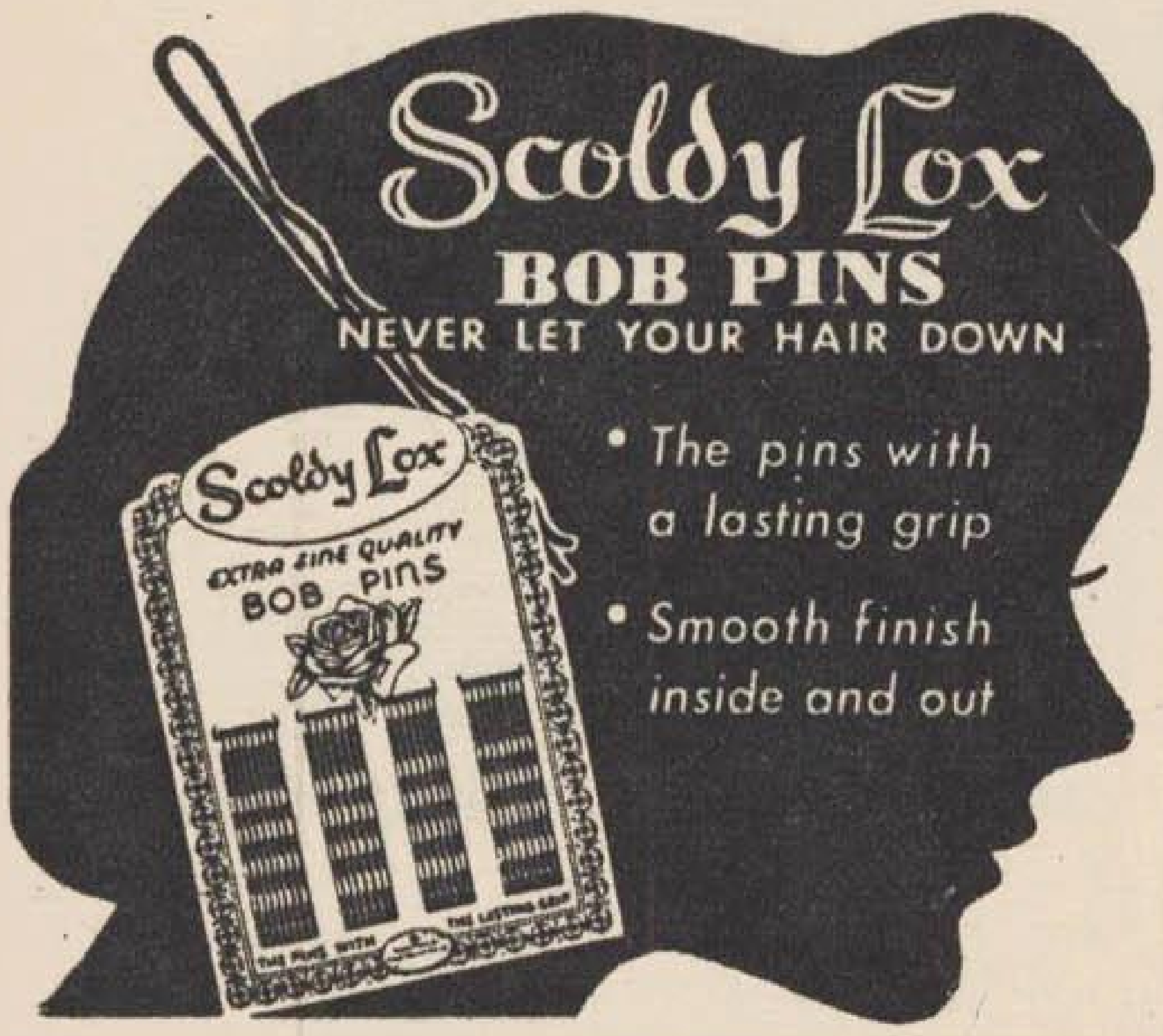

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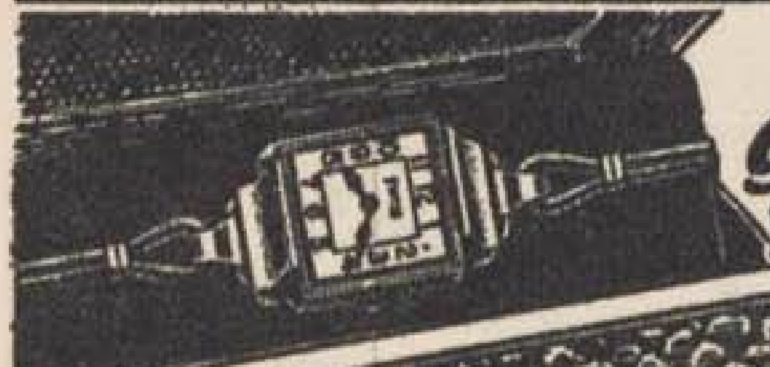

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GAME OF HEARTS

From page 10

between the champions!" the girls yelled enthusiastically to Margie.

"Kids, did you hear? The champs are going to play!"

A game between the champions—and she didn't want to win! Not now, she didn't, not with Lyn smugly holding on to Joe's arm. An old rhyme ran through her head:

" I'm sorry that I spelled the
word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the dark eyes lower
fell—
"Because, you see, I love you! "

Well, she probably wouldn't win, anyway. Joe was too good, but she knew she should want to. One glance at the eager faces of her girl friends told her that.

By this time, Margie had stared at Joe so long that he began to fidget. Lyn noticed it.

"What's the matter? Are you scared?" the girl taunted her.

Margie tensed. How could Lyn say such a thing? But Lyn could say anything!

Margie tried to speak, but the words stuck in her throat. She moved slowly toward the ping pong table and picked up the paddle.

Lyn stepped back among the boys and yelled:

"Go to it, Joey!"

Margie stole one glance at Joe. He threw her the ball. They practised for a few minutes and then they pinged for the first serve. Margie won it. She started to play—dribbles that didn't even get over the net.

"Rah! Rah! Margie!" a girl encouraged.

The girls! Margie must try, anyway. She stopped for a moment to place her ball and sent a long, low fast serve.

Joe missed the ball, but he sent back the next one—with a grand slam! All the fellows applauded, and Lyn let out a squeal. Joe turned around and smiled to Lyn. She smiled back. Then he sent a wild one. It caught Margie unawares.

He sent another—wilder than before. But Margie was ready this time. She sent it back—just over the net. He tried again—and made a foul. Lyn kept yelling and Joe kept missing.

Suddenly, Margie realized that she could win; that Joe was playing wild. She heard the girls yell, but she saw, also, the eager, tense expression on Joe's face. A funny little curl of his dark hair fell into his eye. Margie loved that little curl. But she could win—and must. The girls were rooting for her. She was their champion!

She let him have it—another long, low fast one. He missed.

"Rah, Margie!" the girls cheered her.

Then she sent him a surprise ball—a cut on it and just over the net. He missed it, too.

"Rah, rah, Margie!"

But Margie saw only the bent head of Joe. She was two points ahead. She could afford one—she sent him a slow, high one. Joe slammed it! Then, with beaming eyes, he turned around to catch Lyn's flirtatious smile.

Margie stiffened. So that was why he had asked her to play! To show off before Lyn! Well, she would show him! She began some slamming of her own. At first, she was brilliant and the crowd roared its approval. But a chance game was not her kind of game and soon her balls went wild. Joe picked them up easily. This was what he loved: Margie knew that. His eyes were bright.

Margie got hold of herself. The girls were the ones that mattered, not showing Joe. Planned fast low ones—and cuts and surprise serves. Timing. Following through. No daring plays. The score crept up—four, six, nine—nine to five—thirteen to eleven.

That was when it happened. Joe said, "You're a swell player. Do you know that?"

"Thank you," she mumbled. Then she saw Lyn staring at her and she hastily picked up the paddle again.

It was Joe's turn to serve. He played straight ping pong now—no daring serves. Margie wondered why. Suddenly, she thought that he didn't want to show off at her expense any more. The idea thrilled her. It thrilled her

(*Continued on page* 71)

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 60

"If your knee boots make ugly black marks around your legs, just put colorless nail polish around the top. Result—no marks!"

How I wish I had read the following suggestion from Sara MacKennon, Sydney, Nova Scotia, before I lost a whole bottle of precious perfume:

"When you're packing your grip and taking your perfume along, put a coating of nail polish around the top of the bottle to prevent evaporation or leakage."

Nail polish and nail polish remover have so many wonderful uses! Here's one sent in by Judy Schulenburg, Brooklyn, New York:

"When your hands or legs get spotted with paint and there is no turpentine handy, simply use nail polish remover. But DON'T use it on clothes."

Here's a note from across the sea. Joyce Forsdike, Sidcup, Kent, England, writes:

"I am very anxious for you to know how very much I enjoy and appreciate MISS AMERICA, sent to me by my dear pen friend in Ohio. We girls here in England are most interested in the way in which American girls live, think and dress—and, in fact, everything you do. MISS AMERICA is a delightful means for English school girls to learn about American teen-agers. Very many thanks for the happy hours spent in reading your book."

Rita Beaudette, Manchester, New Hampshire, sends in this fine conservation idea:

"If you have two dresses, or skirts, which you have outgrown, cut the skirts in stripes and sew them all together alternately and you have a cute, up-to-date stripe skirt."

"Wear real flowers on your pigtails. They look very attractive, especially if they are large white flowers." Phyllis Marcus, Brooklyn, New York, writes this and adds that they will rate cheers from all your friends.

Ruby Hawk, Lemitar, New Mexico, sends in this helpful idea:

"With strong thread or yarn, applique on the elbows and pockets of your old sports jacket pieces of soft leather cut from an old discarded handbag."

Here are a few lines of rhyme, with words of wisdom, from Rosemary Fisher, Grand Rapids, Michigan:

If you're gunning for a "smoothie",
  Take a tip from little Rose—
Use your make-up, oh! but subtle,
  And in private "do" your nose!

Verna Fretz, Kaleden, B. C., Canada, writes to tell us that in her high school they have a special pledge and here it is:

"While our hearts are filled with thanksgiving for the victory that is ours, let us not forget that the task is not yet finished. Let us pledge ourselves anew to the service of our country. Let us make up our minds to be the best that we can be, to do the best that we can do, so that we shall grow up to be good citizens of a greater and better America —a greater and better world." These are very wonderful thoughts!

Here's another poem that has been sent in by Mary Leslie Anno, Belle Fontaine, Ohio:

TEEN TOWN
Skirts are whirling
Dancers twirling,
Jumpin' jive fills the air.
Hands are clapping,
Feet are tapping,
Jitterbugs everywhere.
Drums are beating,
Kids are eating,
Everywhere there's joy and light.
They're out for fun,
Yes, everyone,
Teen Town's in swing tonight!

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My choice of color for my compact is:
☐ Red
☐ Pink
☐ Blue
☐ Aqua

★

My choice of lipstick shade is:
☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Orchid
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

are so many parties being planned, here's another hair ornament suggestion from Evalene Smith, Garland, North Carolina:

"For a tricky hair frilly to wear with your formal dress, get six or seven white, short, fluffy chicken feathers, arrange them in a circle, fasten the ends together with thread, and fasten them on to your comb. Then spray very lightly with glue and a sprinkling of Christmas snow. It will look beautiful!"

And for the party itself, if you want to have the room beautifully fragrant, Clarice Norton, Bemus Point, New York, writes:

"Pick a quantity of floral petals and allow to dry for a few days. Then place them in one or more jars, adding a little cinnamon and salt. Screw the covers on tightly. Before your parties, remove the covers, conceal the jars and in a very little while the atmosphere in your room is like that in a flower garden!"

And now, girls, write in and tell us not only about suggestions and ideas but any other newsy items you would like us to tell other girls about—and don't hesitate to criticize any part of your magazine. We welcome your viewpoint and we want you to write to us frankly.

GIVE THE GANG A PARTY

From page 21

list of needed ingredients.

APPETIZERS
Raw Vegetables with Russian Dressing
Bologna Bits
Midget Hamburgers

MAIN DISHES
Casserole of Baked Beans with Wienies
Baked Macaroni with Cheese

SALADS
Cole Slaw
Pickled Beets

DESSERT NIBBLES
Pop Corn
Peanuts
Potato Chips
Pretzels
Salted Nuts
Cookies

BEVERAGES
Ginger Flip
Egg Nog
Coke

RAW VEGETABLE PLATTER

Cauliflower flowerettes
Radish slices
Cucumber slices
Carrot sticks
Celery curls
Celery stuffed with chopped egg or mashed sardines or softened cheese

Wash vegetables thoroughly. Crisp vegetables by placing in ice water for about a half hour. Remove from water, and keep in a covered container in the refrigerator until ready to use. Serve with Russian Dressing, made of ½ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup chili sauce, 1 tablespoon grated horseradish.

BOLOGNA BITS

On bite-size pieces of bologna (about 1 inch) place a tiny pickled onion or a slice of sweet pickle or dill pickle or gherkin. Anchor together with a colored toothpick. Garnish platter with sprigs of watercress or parsley.

MIDGET HAMBURGERS

1 pound ground beef
1 onion, finely chopped
¼ cup celery, finely chopped
2 tablespoons parsley, finely chopped
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup bread crumbs

Combine ingredients and mix thoroughly. Form into 1-inch balls. Spread sifted crumbs on a piece of waxed paper. Beat an egg in deep cereal dish. Dip hamburger first in bread crumbs, then roll in the beaten egg, and again in crumbs. Keep 'em in the refrigerator until you're ready to fry 'em (about 15 minutes before serving time). Fry in hot, deep fat until browned on all sides. Remove from pan, drain on brown paper or paper towels to remove excess fat. Serve **HOT** on cocktail picks, or on plain, toasted crackers. (Yield: Approximately 20-24). Measure **ALL** ingredients accurately.

BAKED BEANS WITH WIENIES

2 cans baked beans
6 frankfurters (cut in 1-inch slices)
¾ cup chili sauce
¼ teaspoon dry mustard

Place beans and sliced frankfurters in a large casserole. Blend chili sauce and mustard together; pour over beans. Mix thoroughly. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 30 minutes or until heated. Serve hot.

(This dish can be prepared, all set to be placed in a preheated oven a half hour before eating time).

I still don't consider a four and a half dollar sandwich a *snack!*

BAKED MACARONI WITH CHEESE

1 (9 ounce) package elbow macaroni
1¼ cups (1 No. 1 can) condensed tomato soup
½ cup boiling water
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup grated cheese

Cook macaroni as directed on package, and drain. Place in greased, shallow baking dish. Combine soup, water, sugar and salt, and pour over cooked macaroni. Top with grated cheese. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) for about 20 minutes until cheese melts, or until macaroni is thoroughly heated. Serve hot.

COLE SLAW

3 cups cabbage, finely shredded
2 tablespoons onion, finely chopped
½ cup green pepper, finely chopped
2 carrots, finely grated
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup salad dressing

Discard tough, outer cabbage leaves. Wash thoroughly. Drain. Cut cabbage in quarters, and shred. Drain off excess water. Combine remaining ingredients, and mix thoroughly. Keep in a covered container in the refrigerator until ready to serve. Serve in a large bowl (a salad bowl if you have one). Garnish with green pepper rings or paprika.

PICKLED BEETS

3½ cups sliced beets (1 No 2½ can)
2 onions, thinly sliced
1¼ cups beet juice, (canned)
⅓ cup vinegar
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt

Place sliced beets and onions in a large bowl. Combine juice, vinegar, sugar and salt; pour over beets and onions. Cover bowl, place in refrigerator until ready to serve.

(The beets taste better if made the day before they're to be used. When serving, drain off the liquid so it doesn't drip or run into the other food).

GINGER FLIP

Mix equal parts of ginger ale or root beer and milk. Serve in tall glasses over a scoop of vanilla ice cream. This beverage must be made just before you're ready to drink it.

EGG NOG

A typical holiday drink. Here's the recipe just in case—

4 eggs
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 quart milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
nutmeg

Beat eggs and sugar together, add salt, milk and vanilla and mix thoroughly. Use an egg beater or an electrical mixer. Chill. Sprinkle each serving with grated nutmeg just before serving. Makes 5 servings.

For fun and frolic and to give atmosphere to your party get some balloons, noise makers and paper hats. Have a song fest—gather around the piano 'n' have a community sing—dance to platter music, square dance, 'n' broom dance. The radio has some good dance music too, so be sure to tune in.

JAM SESSION

From page 24

croon fave with Jimmy Dorsey's band. Bob tells me he has signed with Decca records and hopes to have a radio show of his own by the time you read this. He looks great. Incidentally, see if you can catch Bob's wonderful imitation of Frank Sinatra. It's a cute rib.

Vocalovely Kay Starr has backed down on her proposed "single" act. She will remain with Charlie Barnet's band. . . . Handsome Russell Case, bandleader on the new Perry Como and Betty Jane Bonney discs, has taken over the baton on the Bert Wheeler radio program for that soft drink sponsor. Russ scored and conducted the famous Como "Till the End of Time" disc!

Ted Steele recovering from a nervous breakdown. . . . Shep Fields will take his band to Japan this Spring. The GIs were crazy about his crew in Europe. . . . The very popular Jo Stafford is now lending vocal support to the Perry Como Supper Club broadcast. A handsome addition, we say!

And now that Victor has introduced its new unbreakable phonograph record, to be used only on classical discs, Decca and Asch both announce that they will begin production of unbreakable pop discs. Capitol has been making a limited quantity of unbreakable platters for record reviewers and for radio stations for some months now and will probably follow suit when the others start general production.

Les Brown is reportedly signing final papers which will make him a West Coast ballroom owner. Funny thing, though. Every time a bandleader goes to the coast, his press agent says that he's buying a ballroom. Where do they keep them all, or do they sell them to each other? I wondah!

Johnny Johnston has been signed to a screen contract by M-G-M and will have a lead in "You Are Beautiful," June Allyson-Gloria DeHaven-Jimmy Durante starrer. With Durante as his only announced competition, Johnston certainly should hook one of the gals in the final reel!

Majestic has released a twelve inch disc backing Louis Prima's latest record versions of his biggest hits to date, "Angelina" and "Robin Hood!" And so soon! I also understand that the great Chicago-style saxophonist, Bud Freeman, now out of the army, has already signed a Majestic record contract. That could be great.

Add bandleader traits: Benny Goodman directs like a man with a slight case of palsy. He hardly moves his hand but conducts by eye, staring the men into order. . . . Paul Whiteman looks like an aesthetic window washer, conducting with full, graceful, rounded strokes. . . . Stan Kenton conducts with every muscle, driving like a locomotive, gyrating like a windmill. More than once I have seen him throw himself off the

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bandstand backwards pulling a powerful chord from the floor!

Record raves: I know that Latin American music isn't all you expect from me, but I can't help going a little crazy over Xavier Cugat's swell coupling of "No Can Do" and "You Forgotcha Guitar." The tunes are both very clever with topnotch lyrics, too. And Leah Ray's vocals are sensational.

I've meant to bring Benny Goodman's disc of "Clarinade" to your attention. It was written by my boy, pianist Mel Powell, ex-BG pianist who went with Glenn Miller's army band several years ago. The tune and arrangement are both torrid.

Frankie Carle's band comes around again on another new Columbia platter, "I'd Do It All Over Again" and "Last Night I Had That Dream Again." The record is good, but Frankie needs some special material. He's getting stale just playing dance tunes all the time!

Once again the Duke of Ellington hits the jackpot. . . . and once again he has sliced a chunk out of his jazz symphony, "Black, Brown and Beige," for a dance tune. The latest example of Ellingtonia is a coupling of "Every Hour on the Hour," a ballad featuring Johnny Hodges' moody alto saxophone and Al Hibbler's voice, and "Time's A'Wastin," the B, B, and B excerpt.

Artie Shaw goes commercial, unfortunately, on "That's For Me" and "Yolanda." Artie has a new vocalist, Hal Stevens, who handles the lyrics on both of these new sides. He sings very much like Johnny Johnston but with a heavier voice. The rest is okay and if Artie must be this commercial, at least we can give thanks that the band sounds good on what little it does.

"That's For Me" turns up again, and better done, by Jo Stafford on a new Capitol disc. Coupling on the record is "Gee It's Good to Hold You." Jo is backed by a capable band employing only one brass, the trumpet of Billy "Butterball" Butterfield. Billy sounds like a complete brass section, though. Jo is definitely proving her right to the many "best female singer" crowns she now wears.

Frank Sinatra teams up with Xavier Cugat right on the heels of the Crosby-Cugie coupling, with "My Shawl" and "Stars in Your Eyes," well-known Latin American tunes. The Voice does his usual excellent job of interpretation and vocalization. Cugie, when heard, sounds good.

Cootie Williams makes his debut on Capitol records this month with a pairing of his own tune "House of Joy" and the newie by his ex-boss, the Duke, titled "Everything But You." Cootie takes the Ellington opus at a much faster tempo than does the Duke and makes a nice riff number of it. His own tune is too loud for our money.

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THIS is Contest No. 1 of a series of "Are You A Double?" Look at the picture of Diana at the top of this page. Look in your mirror. Look at your photographs. If YOU decide that you look like Diana Lynn, Paramount star of "Our Hearts Were Growing Up," you may be the winner of a wonderful opportunity to start on the career you've always dreamed about! A $150. three months course at the Grace Downs Hollywood Model School, The Penthouse, 105 West 40th Street, New York . . . the oldest modeling school in the country! You will learn all about the correct fashions for you, the right make-up, hair styling, and all those tiny "figure flaws" that you may have will be corrected. You will be completely prepared for any branch of photographic and fashion modeling with a position guaranteed you at the end of your course! AND—you may even reach Hollywood! This wonderful self-improvement course will be a major help to you in whatever career you choose. All this, and—still more! If you are the winner, you can take this course whenever you wish . . . after you finish your school years . . . during the summer months . . . anytime . . . it will be waiting for you! SO—if you think you look like Diana, mail your picture (not less than 3½ x 4½) to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. ML, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Don't delay. . . . Contest No. 1 closes Feb. 28, 1946. Judges: Grace Downs, director of the Hollywood Model School, and Hal McIntyre, creator of America's No. 1 musical style.

From page 66

so much that she made only one point out of the next five! The score stood fifteen to fifteen. Margie was glad: she was not above him.

The game didn't mean to Margie what it meant to Joe. Boys were supposed to be better than girls in athletics. Besides, she didn't pretend to be a real player. She knew how hard she had worked to get this far.

Suddenly Joe returned a ball that made the game a deuce game—twenty to twenty. She knew that she might have sent the ball back and won the game if she had been concentrating as hard as Joe.

Two points would win the decision—and it was Margie's turn to play. The crowd was tense, now, all eyes were upon her.

Margie had to do something. Well, she would make the first point, if she could, and decide about the second one later. Joe wasn't good at picking up balls that were close to the net. He did the big masculine strokes better. Margie was nervous and felt that she had better play safe. The ball went over—and stayed there.

It was Joe's turn now. Joe aimed carefully. Evidently, he was taking no chances, either. He sent a long, low, fast one. But this was the kind of ball that was easiest for Margie to pick up. She didn't even think before she sent it back—lightly, as one should pick up a fast ball. It was in the instant afterward that she realized that that return might have won the game! Her thoughts were blurred. There wasn't time. But if the ball came back, what?—It was coming!

At that instant, Lyn jumped to her feet and yelled, "Joey, Joey!"

"What are you doing on the boys' side, anyway?" a girl called out.

But Margie felt the words go through her like steel. "What am I doing on the boys' side?" she thought. "I'm Girls' Ping Pong Champion!" And she slammed the ball!

For a moment, there was absolute silence. Everyone stood gaping. Then, all at once, the girls let out a mighty yell and everyone rushed over to congratulate Margie.

Joe got in his words of congratulation, but he was immediately pushed out of the way by someone else. He was being drawn away by Lyn, too. Margie heard her murmuring, "Don't feel bad, Joey. You did a swell—"

"Feel bad? Why should I? It was a fair game." And then he broke away from her.

As soon as the crowd thinned, Joe walked toward Margie.

"Would you like to go to the drug store for a soda?" he asked.

"I thought you were mad at me," she found herself saying, when they were on the street.

"Mad? Why on earth should I be mad?"

"Oh, not because I won. I know you wouldn't be mad about that. But I thought, maybe, I did something you didn't like—the way you suddenly got so quiet and didn't say anything after—well, after you said I was a good player."

"Oh, that. Well, you see, you sort of gave yourself away. When I told you you were good, you were so tickled it showed all over you—I mean—"

Margie tried to help him out. "Well, naturally, anyone likes to think she's good."

"Yes, but, you see, you already knew you were good. Otherwise, how could you have won the championship?"

Margie stood breathless. She didn't know what was coming but she had a feeling she didn't want to spoil it by such an unnecessary thing as breathing.

He went on. "So—don't think me conceited—'course, I am, but, anyway, don't think it—well, that's when I knew you liked me. You were pleased because I was the one that said it."

He was speaking again. "Well, I had to be careful, didn't I, when I knew you liked me, till I found out what kind of girl you'd turn out to be?"

Still Margie didn't answer.

"Didn't I?" Joe insisted.

"Yes, I guess so," she managed. "But how—how are you going to—?"

"I already did," he smiled, and opened the door for her to go into the drug store.

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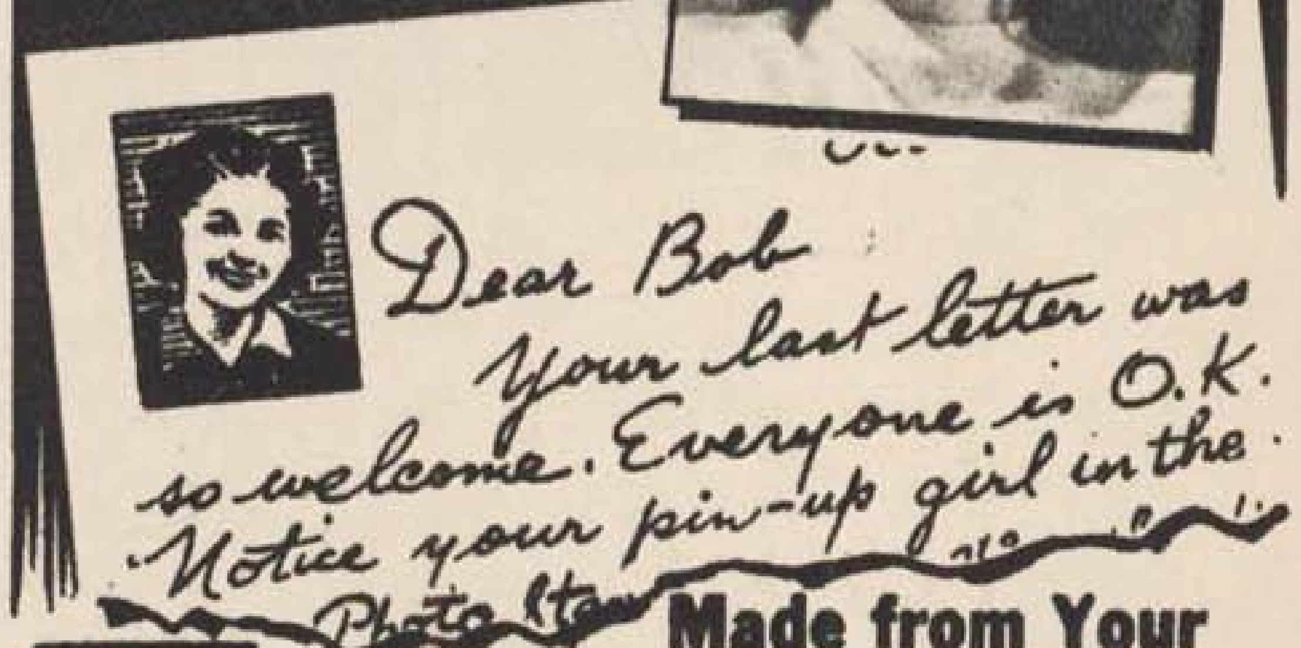
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RHUMBA ON THE SQUARE

From page 53

practically a professional! Charlie asked Sandy a lot of questions. Sandy's inventive mind produced a logical story, they felt. Ronnie had come to Redfield on business for his father, while Charlie was in Chicago. Their meeting was quite romantic. It was on the tennis court. Sandy had turned her ankle while playing there with Joan. He was on the next court and when he saw her plight, he ran to the rescue . . . gave Sandy first aid and then carried her home!

It was fun then but afterwards Sandy began to worry.

Joan assured her that there wasn't a thing to worry about, "Charlie will settle down soon—and become her own self. Then we can all laugh about the Ronnie story."

"I hope you're right," Sandy answered dubiously.

The following Saturday, Joan had to admit she was wrong. They were having cokes at their favorite coke bar when Charlie languidly strolled in. Her dark hair was done in fetching fashion and she looked quite the glamor girl. Even her voice was different. It had taken on a new low, rather husky note.

"H'ya, Charlie, what's cookin'?" called Joan.

She came toward them. "I told you it's not 'Charlie' any more. And is it necessary for you to yell so?" Charlie's face reflected her disgust.

"Forgive me, your highness," said Joan with comic elegance. "Pray forgive me," she added, bowing low. This would have ordinarily provoked much laughter from Charlie, but now she shifted her gaze to Sandy, ignoring Joan's attempt to be funny and said, "By the way, Sandy, I thought you'd be interested to know that I had a most charming letter from Henry this morning."

"Why don't you tell *Charlotte,* or is it *Carlotta,* about that *special delivery* you got from Ronnie?" asked Joan, all innocence. Sandy looked from Joan to Charlie and swallowed hard. Charlie's eyes widened with interest. "I'd adore hearing about it." Her tone implied disbelief.

"Well . . . uh . . ." Sandy fumbled, "it is sort of . . . uh . . . personal," she said in a low voice.

"I don't mind showing you parts of Henry's letter. He writes so well, so intelligently."

Joan couldn't take any more. Charlie was gloating entirely too much to suit her. Without thinking of the consequences, she blurted out, "Sandy's too modest to tell you that Ronnie called her long distance from New York last night and said he was coming to Redfield next week." She realized her mistake too late.

"Why, how nice," said Charlie sweetly. "It's quite a coincidence. If you hadn't interrupted me I was about to tell you that Henry will be here next week too! In fact I'm having a party Saturday night. It will make it so much nicer if there's another city boy."

"If Ronnie hasn't made other plans, we'll be there," said Sandy quietly.

"Oh, I wouldn't hear of your missing the party," Charlie effervesced. *"If,"* she paused. *"If* Ronnie does come." With that she turned to go, looking back at them with controlled amusement and triumph.

As soon as she left, Sandy and Joan eyed each other in despair. "What'll we do now," wailed Sandy. Joan was thinking fast. "We'll *have* to produce a Ronnie!"

"But how?" Sandy's attitude was one of complete defeat.

Joan spoke excitedly. "I have a cousin, just moved to Farmdale from Kansas. He's not exactly what Ronnie is supposed to be but Charlie doesn't know him . . . and *maybe* . . . *maybe* we can get him to cooperate!"

"Oh, it's no use," groaned Sandy. "She'd surely know . . . He's probably never been to New York. And this Ronnie is supposed to be smooth."

"Well, I've been there. I can tell him what to say if he'll do it."

Sandy tried to protest. "It's the only way," said Joan. "I'll ride over to see Zac—tomorrow. He's not bad looking either," she added trying to sound hopeful.

"Well, I don't know . . ." Sandy was wavering.

"Come on . . . where's your spunk! We can't let *her* have this on us." Joan convinced her.

When Sandy completed dressing, even her kid brother had to admit that she looked "super." At eight Joan and Zac called for her. Sandy looked at the tall, broad-shouldered blonde. Zac was good-looking but there was nothing of the big city about him. His sunburnt face and drawling manner seemed to label him "farmer."

As they approached Charlie's house the pulsating rhythm of a rhumba filled the night. Sandy looked up at Zac, "You *do* rhumba, don't you," she faltered. "Rhumba?" he repeated, in his quiet manner, "Oh, that South American dance. No, lady," he laughed good-naturedly, "all I can do is waltz." Joan felt her heart sink. It was too late to turn back.

Before they entered the house, Joan gave Zac final instructions, "Remember what I told you. If anyone questions you about New York, act as if you know what it's all about. Don't say too much, just look wise!"

"I'll try," answered Zac, grinning disarmingly at Sandy.

Charlie answered the door, a slim, dark-haired boy at her side.

"Thought you'd never get here," she said appraising Zac. "This is Henry," she indicated the boy at her side. Introductions over, Zac took Sandy's arm and walked into the living room. The party was in full swing. "Why did you call me Ronnie?" he asked, his brow raised in surprise. Sandy gasped. Joan obviously had forgotten to tell him, "Oh, that's my favorite name for boys," she said trying to sound humorous. Joan was at the record player. She winked at Sandy as "Our Waltz" played romantically. As Zac took her in his arms, Sandy felt as though she were floating through space. Even if he could only waltz, he did it so beautifully. When it was over, she noticed that Charlie had been watching them. "How about a rhumba," Charlie called as she walked toward them, "I hear you're practically a professional."

A look of panic flashed from Joan to Sandy. Zac seemed to realize what was expected of him. "Rhumba? Fine! Fine!"

Zac tentatively put his arm about Charlie. The music halted abruptly after a few notes. "What's wrong?" called Charlie to Joan who was still at the record player.

"The needle . . ." Joan answered. "Didn't you hear what it was doing to the record? I'm changing it, that's all." Charlie hurried across the room. Joan seemed to be searching frantically. "Don't you have any more needles?"

"I certainly have . . . They were right there." Charlie pointed to a vacant spot.

"They were?" Joan asked innocently.

"Skip it. There's lots of good stuff on the air." She ran to the radio and twisted the dial. The strains of "Turkey in the Straw" blasted forth.

"Now you're talking!" It was Zac. He was standing in the center of the room clapping his hands and stamping his foot. "Grab your partners," he yelled. "Let's have a square dance!"

"A *WHAT!*" Charlie was taken aback for the moment, and then looked at Sandy and Joan in utter triumph, her eyes plainly saying, "Tried to fool me, did you?"

"Well-what's-the-matter?" Zac called in time with the music. "Don't-tell-me-you-folks-can't-do-a-square-dance."

Everyone was staring now, on the verge of laughter—everyone except Joan and Sandy. Their faces were dyed red in humiliation. "Oh how *can* he?" groaned Joan, "I don't blame him," defended Sandy.

Just then the announcer broke into the program, "Ladies and gentlemen, you are listening to Hiram Hay and his Hicks, brought to you from the *Greenwich Village Barn,* in New York, where the peppy square dances are all the rage.

"See? What did I tell you!" Zac waved everyone around him. "Come on—it's just the most popular thing in New York. So let's go!" Everyone followed Zac's instructions and formed the pattern for a quadrille. A new look of admiration filled Sandy's eyes as Zac beckoned to her. "Will you lead this one with me?" She smilingly took his arm.

Later everyone agreed that the evening was a huge success!

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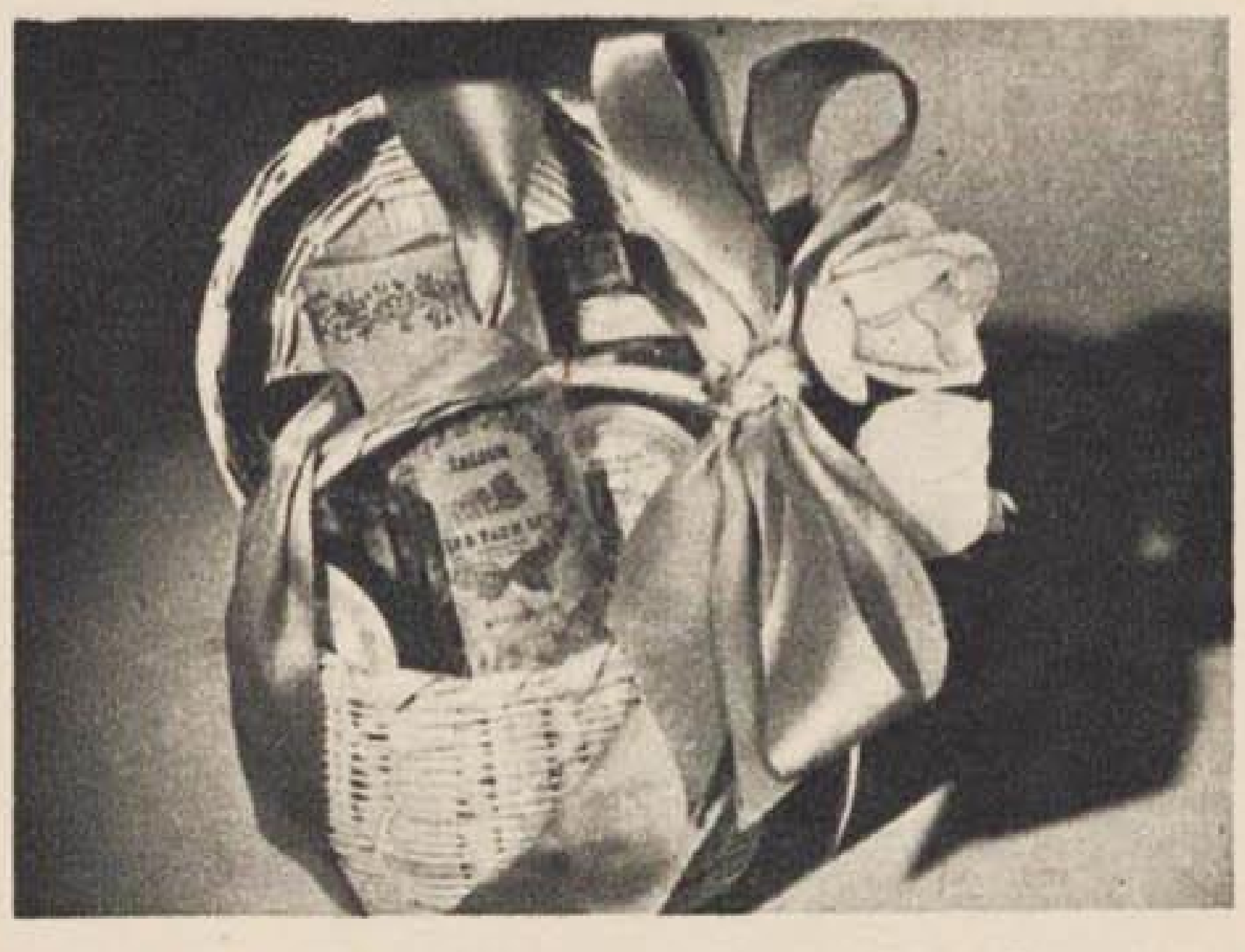

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A pip of a slip . . . Carter model in white celanese rayon jersey with smooth satin ribbon faggoting, and deep borders of lace. Feminine and form-fitting, yet allows full freedom. This "slipshape" one is sold at leading stores for about $3.00.

Yell "Yahooo!" for this svelte felt ME-HI-CAN Poncho, smackin' out of the Old Vest! Tee-Nee sizes in red, kelly, royal, yellow with bright-as-a-Texas-sun braid zigzagging over it. And lookit that tricky gold-buckled belt to rope in your waistline! We wouldn't "steer" ya wrong, Pards—it's a dandy inVESTment for about $3.00 at leading department stores.

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